EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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BRAND WHITLOCK
Photograph by Paul Thompson

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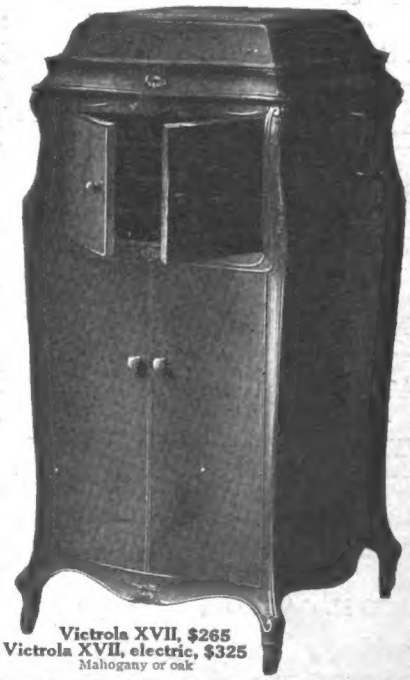

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ALIAS FRAU VERBOTEN

She came as a bride of eighteen to reign over a people. They were eager to welcome her to their hearts, but somehow the King failed to be at the pier when her ship arrived, and thus began a hatred that changed the destiny of nations.

The palace that received her was dingy—she, the daughter of an emperor. The best people of her adopted country were beneath her. The ladies of her court she subjected to "social militarism" until, in their bitterness they spoke of her as "Frau Verboten." But she signed her name

Sophie, Queen of Greece
Princess of Prussia

The amazing story of the Kaiser's sister, than whom "democratic civilization has no greater enemy," is told in the May *Delineator* by Demetra Vaka. The author, herself a Greek, returned to her native land to try to save the King his crown. What she learned when she penetrated the web of Prussianism is told with vivid intimacy in the May issue of *The Delineator*. On sale April tenth.

THE DELINEATOR

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER SIX JUNE 1918 VOLUME XXXVIII

BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

UNDER *the* GERMAN HEEL

"Indemnity"
Cartoon by Boardman Robinson
Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

THIS is the fifth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913 to our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liége and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that Reign of Terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

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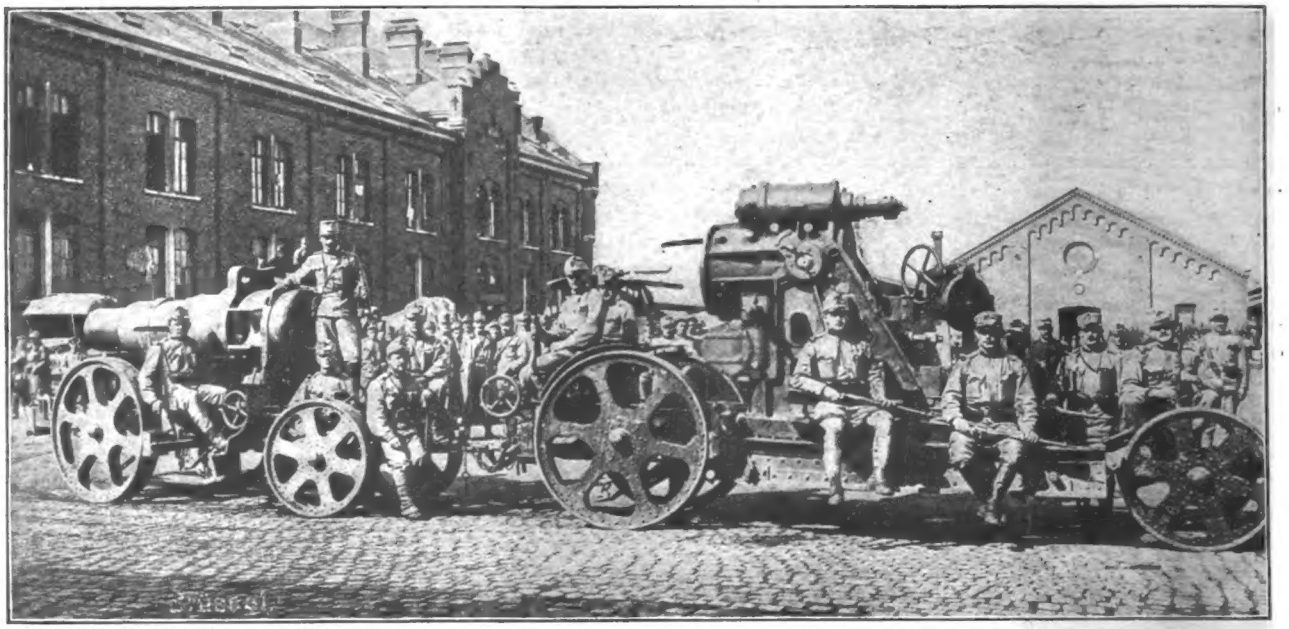

Photograph from Bain News Service.

Austrian siege-guns in the streets of Brussels.

XXXIV

AUGUST, that terrible August, passed away in the floods of its beautiful sunshine, and its days of blue and gold gradually merged into the silvery light of September. It seemed like mockery to the heavy hearts in Belgium; the customary rains would have been more in harmony with the general spirit.

The Belgians, proud as they were of the resistance of their army, which had fallen back within the fortifications of Antwerp, were depressed and humiliated by the daily spectacle of German troops in their city, of German proclamations on their walls. The soldiers were everywhere, trudging by in those uncouth heavy boots, into which their trousers were so clumsily thrust. Huge motors would sweep by, flying the imperial standard, followed by great autobusses heavily loaded with baggage, busses that but a month before had been bowling up and down Unter den Linden. The hotels were turned over to German officers; in the dining-room of the Palace Hotel they were eating and drinking every evening.

The army was evidently moving up to the siege of Antwerp. We heard of a wonderful new cannon—our first account of the "Glorioso," the "Big Bertha," the famous "forty-two centimeter." Some claimed to have seen them going down the boulevards, manned by soldiers in strange uniforms and curious caps, but they may have been the guns borrowed from the Austrians. . . .

We were without news except the statements posted now and then on the walls by the military authorities, and about these the Belgians would gather, and after reading them, turn away with sneering incredulity. We knew that the Germans were marching on Paris and we expected each morning to hear that they had got there. There were reports that Charleroi had been passed on the way south; the guns could be heard no longer in the outskirts of the city. The uhlans, a word that connoted all fearful, shuddering things, were said to be within forty kilometers of Paris. There were always rumors of coming relief. One evening came the Countess S——, reporting a large English army at Vilvorde, which, she said, would be in Brussels in the morning.

Within three days the reported English army had swelled to one hundred thousand in number and had advanced to Laeken, in the northern suburbs of Brussels; and battles were already in progress on the plains west of the city; they could be seen from the Palais de Justice! A gentleman of my acquaintance came breathlessly to the Legation to say that he himself had seen a cavalry charge from the ramp of the great structure. He said if we hurried we might see it. Out then we rushed and gazed far over those plains toward the west, in the warm, glittering September haze; but we saw no cavalry charge, no battle, nothing. I asked the *agent de police*, standing there gloomily in his *kêpi* and cape. He had seen nothing. I asked him why the crowd assembled there every day.

"There is absolutely nothing to see, *Monsieur le Ministre*," he said in regret. "In times of peace, everybody in Brussels stays at home without ever looking at this beautiful panorama, but since the war the ramp of the terrace is always filled with a big crowd." . . .

Then we began to note a new phenomenon, new at least in Brussels—women begging in the street. Hunger, another of war's companions, had come to town. I had the visit of a group of citizens asking me to have food imported from England. But how was I or any one to import it? Burgomaster Max asked Villalobar, the Spanish Minister, and me to come to see him, and we went. He wished us to be patrons of a relief committee that was being organized to provide food for the poor of the city; the situation was desperate. We agreed to act as patrons of the committee of distinguished Belgian citizens at the head of which was Mr. Ernest Solvay, the kindly old Belgian millionaire who has made an immense fortune by the "Solvay Process," which he invented.

I have but the haziest notion of what the "Solvay Process" is, for scientific processes are but mysteries to me, but I did know that he had devoted his fortune in great measure to the poor, had endowed institutions; the popular school in the Parc Léopold bore his name. He was a modest little man of simple manner and attire, with a kindly gray-bearded face and blue eyes that were filled with sympathy and pity. He was at the head of the committee that met that first morning in September there in the Burgomaster's cabinet at the Hôtel de Ville. He and other wealthy men had given liberally and were to provide food for the poor of the city. Villalobar and I were there in our capacity as patrons, and another notice was soon posted on the walls of Brussels announcing this new charity,—or this new justice, or attempt at justice. . . .

General von Lüttwitz had told us one afternoon, Villalobar and me, that a new Governor-General was coming, some famous victorious pasha from Turkey; he would install a civil government and show Belgians how to govern. A civil government! The Germans were to have passed through Brussels in three days; and they had been there for three weeks, gradually spreading out over all the Ministries and very

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much at home. And now they were going to install a civil administration. It had a somewhat too permanent, if not ominous, sound!

Brussels was perturbed, for his coming and the manner of it might have its effect on the fate of Belgium. There was a word on everybody's lips that no one dared to pronounce; did it mean—did it mean—annexation?

The victorious pasha duly arrived, to be followed later by whole regiments of functionaries. It was the old Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz. I had word that the Field-Marshal would call on me formally on Thursday, the third, in the afternoon. So, then, on that day, promptly at four, his Excellency Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha, in blue Bismarckian uniform and decorations, a little squat black helmet, wearing an enormous sword, arrived with his staff in two big gray automobiles with great excitement in the Rue de Trèves. The Pasha, a big man and old, had a heavy, mottled, much-scarred face and wore large round spectacles; he expressed himself in excellent French, and thanked me for my work in charge of the German Legation. He said something of his experiences in Turkey, remained but a few minutes, smiled, bowed, and was gone.

It was on that occasion that I met a man with whom I was to have much to do for the next two and a half years, a tall, exceedingly handsome man in a smart uniform with white trimmings, with a smiling, intelligent face, blue eyes, and the manner of a man of the world, Baron von der Lancken-Wakenitz. He could speak I know not how many languages beside his own, though he did not like to speak English, and he always conversed in that French he had so perfectly mastered during his ten years' service as Counselor in the German Embassy at Paris. He had come to Brussels to occupy an important post in the Government of Occupation that was about to be established. We exchanged but few words that day, for the call was brief, but we were destined during the succeeding two and a half years to become better acquainted and to exchange many words, the occasional asperity of which not all the delicate nuances of the French language could soften or shade away.

The bulletin next morning bore the proclamation in which the Field-Marshal proclaimed his accession to the seat of power in the little kingdom. The people gathered about in sad, silent groups, reading the announcement of their fate. Many of them with scraps of paper and bits of lead-pencils almost surreptitiously copied it down. The proclamation stated that the German armies were advancing victoriously in France, and then proceeded to threaten the population with dire consequences if any act inimical to the German cause were committed. And then there was the declaration of a new and amazing doctrine, new in our times, at least, and in the western world, namely, that the innocent should be punished as well as the guilty!

"C'est la dure nécessité de la guerre que les punitions d'actes hostiles frappent en dehors des coupables aussi des innocents." (It is the stern necessity of war that the punishment for hostile acts fall not only on the guilty but on the innocent as well.)

The sinister threat needed no commentary after Louvain, Dinant, Aerschot, and a hundred other towns to the east, still smoking at that moment under their ruins. The people read it in silence; but took what comfort they could in another phrase:

"Citoyens Belges: Je ne demande à personne de renier ses sentiments patriotiques."

("Citizens of Belgium:" the proclamation continued, "I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments.")

Nor did they miss the implications of another feature, one little word, and that an insignificant preposition, suddenly swollen with an immense importance, pregnant with a deep meaning. That was the preposition "in"—Governor-General *in* Belgium, then, and not Governor-General *of* Belgium! Men stood perhaps more erect, they were not required to renounce any of their patriotic sentiments, and the land was not annexed!

But it would not have been Brussels had not the people had their fun out of it. That old and unconquerable Flemish and Walloon sense of humor, that remarkable resilience of spirit which is innate in the Belgian character. Somewhere on a wall of the lower town, the notice had been put up so high that it

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Brussels children playing at war

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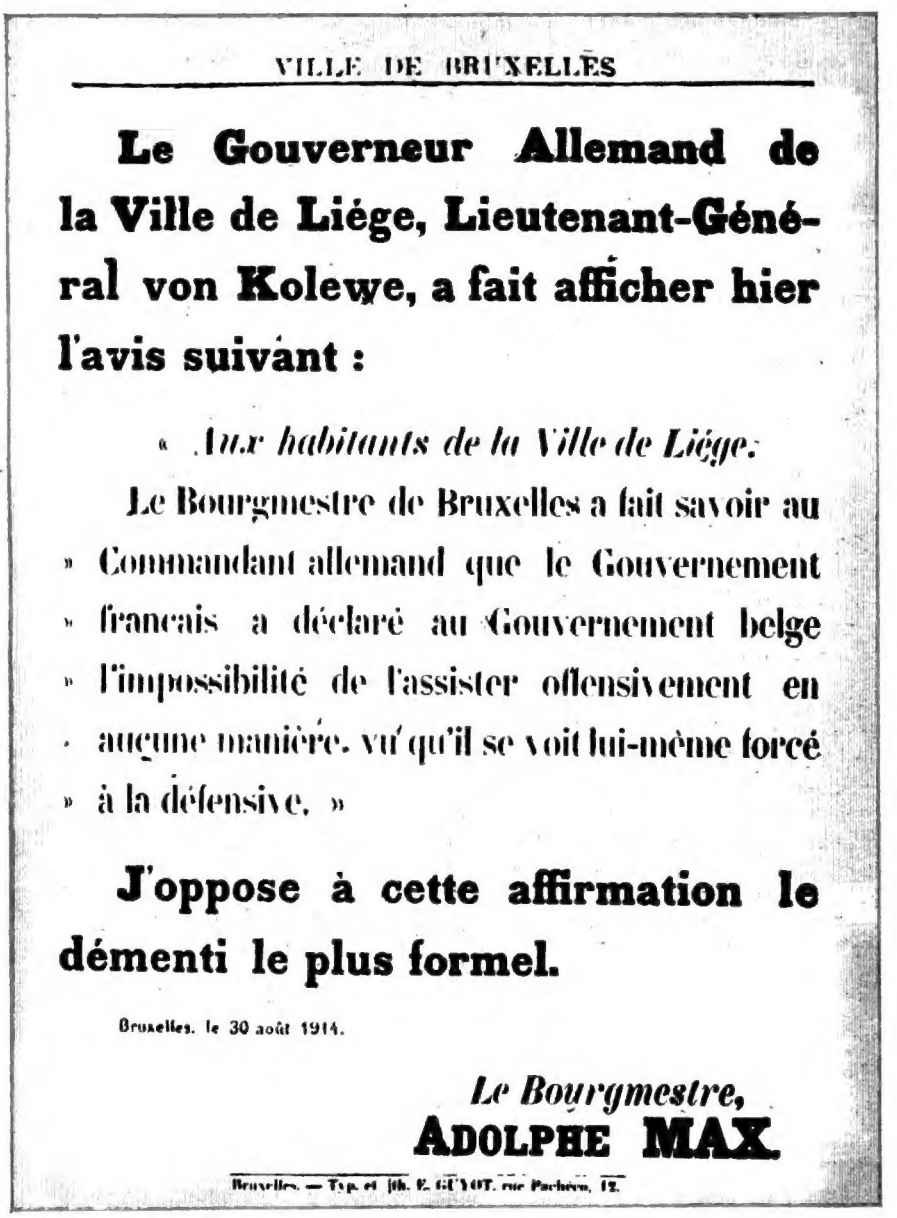
could not be read by the passers-by, and a buxom woman of the people, a "*bonne Bruxelloise*," with the naïveté that is also a part of the Brussels nature, brought from her shop a ladder and mounted upon it to read it for the benefit of the crowd. But her voice was not strong enough, and a man, some droll wag, climbed up in her stead and read the proclamation with running comment on its statements and then held out his hands in benediction, and said:

"*Et maintenant, mes enfants, je vous bénis; avec ça* (waving a hand at the proclamation) *et six cents vous aurez un verre de bière dans tous les cabarets de Bruxelles.*" (And now, my children, I bless you; with that and three cents you can get a glass of beer in any public house in Brussels.)

It was as much respect as the Germans ever inspired in Belgium.

XXXV

AFFICHES (proclamations, notices, or bulletins), indeed, played as large a part in the life of Brussels just then as had newspapers before the war. They might not always provide news, but they could provide sensation, and if written by the proper hand, send a thrill through the community. On the morning of the last day of August the crowds that pressed eagerly up to the walls where the *affiches* were posted, were held, necks craned forward, eyes peering, thrilled by one of the most stupendous sensations the city had ever known. For there was a white poster with black characters, its text vibrating with the passion of the man who had written it. It was the Burgomaster himself, who, with the consecrated phrase the French use when they wish to give the effect of the short and ugly word they are too polite to use, had pricked the German pride:



VILLE DE BRUXELLES

Le Gouverneur Allemand de la Ville de Liége, Lieutenant-Général von Kolewe, a fait afficher hier l'avis suivant :

« *Aux habitants de la Ville de Liége:*

Le Bourgmestre de Bruxelles a fait savoir au » Commandant allemand que le Gouvernement » français a déclaré au Gouvernement belge » l'impossibilité de l'assister offensivement en » aucune manière, vu qu'il se voit lui-même forcé » à la défensive. »

J'oppose à cette affirmation le démenti le plus formel.

Bruxelles, le 30 août 1914.

Le Bourgmestre,
ADOLPHE MAX.

Bruxelles. — Typ. et lith. E. GUYOT, rue Pachéco, 12.

Burgomaster Max's categorical denial.

(See translation on this page.)

CITY OF BRUSSELS

The German Governor of the City of Liège, Lieutenant-General von Kolewe, has caused to be published the following notice!

"To the inhabitants of the City of Liège:

"The Burgomaster of Brussels has informed the German Commander that the French Government has notified the Belgian Government of the impossibility of assisting it offensively in any manner in view of the fact that it finds itself compelled to take the defensive."

This affirmation I categorically deny.
The Burgomaster,
Adolphe Max.
Brussels, August 30, 1914.

It was the very thing to catch the crowd. Brussels was delighted, and celebrated its dashing and daring burgomaster. Then, a few hours later, there was another *affiche* on the walls:

IMPORTANT NOTICE

It is strictly forbidden also to the municipality of the city to publish notices without having received my special permission.
The Military Governor,
Baron von Lüttwitz, Major-General.
Brussels, August 31, 1914.

The town was swept by laughter. The Burgomaster, already popular, became an idol.

Brussels was to spend much of its time thenceforth in reading the *affiches* on its walls, even if it did make it a point of patriotic honor not to believe a word it read when they were German, for, to the proclamations and decrees and orders and *avis* that grew more and more numerous as time went on, there were added "*Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand*" (News published by the German Government)—great white posters on all the walls in three languages, German, Flemish, and French. *Les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand* were edited by I know not what cunning hand over there in the *ministères*, where the vast organization with clumsy thoroughness was getting itself installed, but the task could not have been more subtly performed if Machiavelli himself had been in charge, and wished to poison the wells of public information. I do not know that the statements were deliberately false; they may have told nothing but the truth, but they did not tell the whole truth, and they were most artistically contrived to depress and discourage; a kind of dismal dose of despair. We read in them that von Kluck was before Paris, and we waited daily, almost hourly, for the announcement of the fall of the French capital; we read of the departure of the Government for Bordeaux and of Gallieni's famous phrase, when

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asked if they proposed to defend Paris:

"*Je remplirai cette mission jusqu'au bout*" (I shall fulfil this duty to the end).

We followed in imagination from day to day the progress toward Paris of those armies we had seen sweep through Brussels, the very same, no doubt, which, in a tragic moment, Sir John French's scouts saw looming before them a few days after. The very mystery added to the terror of the thought; the very uncertainty made us all the more certain. Every day, over at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, General von Lüttwitz, with the impersonal calmness of the Fates themselves, would tell me of the progress of their armies, nearer by so many kilometers every day; nearer and nearer Paris, day by day, and at last one day he remarked simply:

"We shall enter Paris tomorrow."

It seemed like the end of the world—our world, the world as we of the West knew it. I did not see him the next day. But the day following I said,

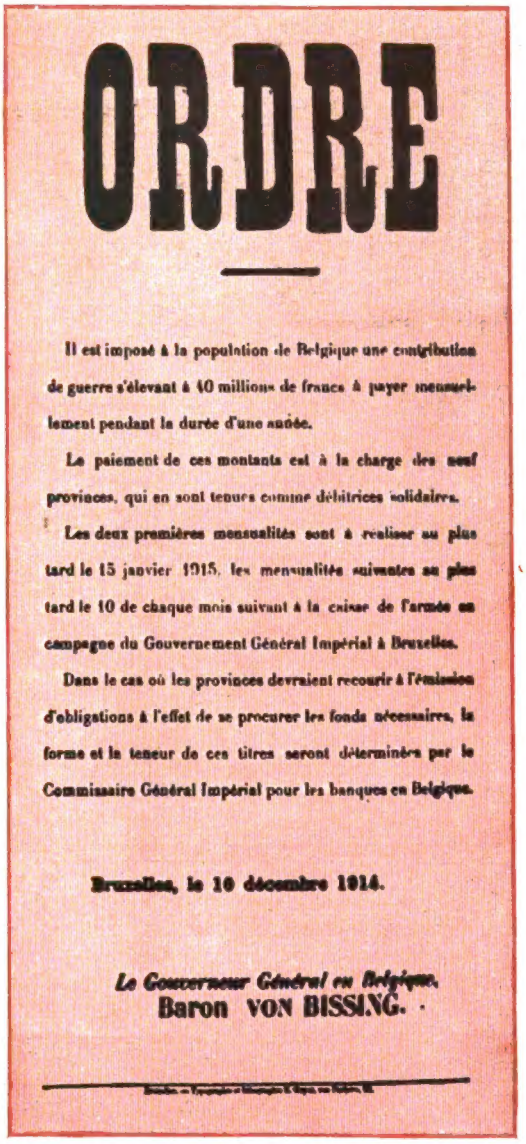
"I presume you are in Paris now . . ."

"No," he said, quite simply. "After all, you see, our objective is not Paris. Our army is swinging around, making an enveloping movement," and he made an enveloping movement himself with his arm, swinging it about with an inclusive gesture that seemed to embrace and gather into its toils the whole of the French nation. "We must destroy the French army."

And that, at the time, was what I knew of the battle of the Marne. I do not know much more about it now; I do not at all understand what happened there south of us on that day. I mean to read, some day, the story, though I shall probably be unable to understand it, military movements being for me a mystery beyond solution. The only description of a battle that I could ever understand is that of Tolstoy's in "War and Peace," and I understand that only because Tolstoy makes it so plain that the military science is not so much a science as a congeries of human fallibilities and spiteful little accidents. If it were otherwise the Germans would have vindicated General von Lüttwitz's predictions, and not have left the imperial armies to the ironic hazard of all those Paris taxicabs, of which, I am sure, there was never the slimmest roster in the archives of the French General Staff.

We heard for the first time [illegible] Hindenburg, a colonel-general then,

whatever that may be. No newspapers were published in Brussels, and none were allowed to enter unless they were German, but as one walked along the streets toward evening, furtive figures would approach and whisper: "*Times, monsieur?*" And one might buy a copy of the "Thunderer" several days old for ten or twelve francs.



ORDRE

Il est imposé à la population de Belgique une contribution de guerre s'élevant à 40 millions de francs à payer mensuellement pendant la durée d'une année.

Le paiement de ces montants est à la charge des neuf provinces, qui en sont tenues comme débitrices solidaires.

Les deux premières mensualités sont à réaliser au plus tard le 15 janvier 1915, les mensualités suivantes au plus tard le 10 de chaque mois suivant à la caisse de l'armée en campagne du Gouvernement Général Impérial à Bruxelles.

Dans le cas où les provinces devraient recourir à l'émission d'obligations à l'effet de se procurer les fonds nécessaires, la forme et la teneur de ces titres seront déterminées par le Commissaire Général Impérial pour les banques en Belgique.

Bruxelles, le 10 décembre 1914.

Le Gouverneur Général en Belgique.
Baron VON BISSING.

A German levy on Belgium.

(*Translation*)

ORDER

There is imposed on the population of Belgium a war contribution amounting to forty million francs payable monthly for the period of a year.

The payment of these amounts is given in charge of the nine provinces, who are held as jointly and separately liable for it.

The two first monthly payments must be made not later than January 15, 1915, and the succeeding monthly payments not later than the tenth of each month following, at the treasury office of the field army of the General Imperial Government in Brussels.

In cases where the provinces may have recourse to the issuing of obligations in order to procure the necessary funds, the form and tenure of the notes shall be determined by the General Imperial Commissary for the banks of Belgium.

Then we learned that these salesmen were being shot if they were discovered. So we bought their contraband papers no more, not caring to be even indirectly associated with such tragedies. When our pouches got through the lines, the newspapers they brought were old, and nothing so quickly evaporates, perhaps, as the interest of a newspaper, which, like waffles, must be hot from the irons to be worth while.

Thus more and more we turned in upon ourselves and our own little affairs, little, that is, in comparison with the larger affairs "outside," as we soon came to think of the greater world beyond those gray lines that hemmed us in.

XXXVI

BUT there was no escape from the sights and scenes and incidents of trouble that so constantly reminded us of war. There were soldiers everywhere, and it was not long before there were sailors too, or at least marines, marching along the boulevard on their way, as everybody supposed, to Antwerp to maneuver the heavy Austrian siege-guns that were being moved up. Then the ambulances began to bear wounded into the city, and after three weeks of idleness the railroads were again in operation, manned now by Germans in blue uniforms, and when the trains that jolted over the crossing at the Rue Belliard were not bearing wounded in our direction, they were loaded with cannon to wound other men to be brought back on the return trip. With the resumption of an intermittent train service, which by way of Maestricht could take one into Holland, those who could obtain passes began to leave the city. The American colony dwindled. The few diplomats remaining began to go. Count Clary et d'Aldrigen, the Austrian Minister, acting dean of the Diplomatic Corps, had turned the Austrian Legation over to me, and now the Clarys were gone. They were sad to leave Brussels; they had lived there for eleven years, and were very popular. Barros-Moreira was only waiting for a special train to take out his Brazilian colony.

The Bottara-Costas were going back to Italy; Gravenskop-Castenskjold, the Danish Minister, was leaving and had turned his legation over to me. We bade them goodby there in the Gare du Nord, littered with straw, filled with cannon, crowded with ill-smelling soldiers, long trains of wounded going back to Germany. The trains were scribbled over in chalk with German phrases expressing childish hatred of England. On our little party—Villalobar, Max and a few others—there was the sadness which is in all partings—like so many little deaths. There were the prolonged banalities, finally, "All aboard!" in German, two smart officers in monocles step on the train as it moves off, the Countess in tears, waving her handkerchief, and so

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

On foot from Antwerp to Holland.

good-by, Gravenskop-Castenskjold thrusting his hand out of the wagon to shout:

"*Pas un Danois à Bruxelles! Mais mettez votre drapeau sur ma legation!*" (Not a Dane in Brussels! But put your flag on my legation!) He died soon after at The Hague.

It was on the eleventh of September that *les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand* posted on the walls of Brussels the telegram in which the German Emperor told the President that "the Belgian Government had encouraged the civil population to take part in the war which it had carefully prepared for so long a time." The Emperor spoke of Louvain and told how his heart bled when he saw that such measures "had been inevitable." "*Mon cœur saigne*" (My heart bleeds), therefore, was added to the current phrases of irony with which the people of Brussels expressed themselves in all the cruel events of the war. It became the same sort of bitter joke that "*Gott mit Uns*" had been since the people had been accustomed to see that device on the round buckles that glistened on the German belts, until some one thought of "von Gott"; then that was the common pleasantry. The changes were rung in all the keys, and many a tale was invented in which they played their part.

It was this sense of humor indeed that kept up the hearts of the Belgian people, that peculiar *esprit* that early won a moral victory over the Germans. This sense of humor is a part of that indomitable courage which has kept the Belgian nation alive along the calvary of its tragic history. Even Baudelaire, the French poet, who in his cruel and acidulous spite wrote as many nasty things about the Belgians as he did about the Americans, whom he so detested, has reluctantly rendered them this justice: "Always oppressed," he said, "but never conquered." This peculiar savory wit, this sardonic spirit, was everywhere in play, and it was not long before even the children of the Marolliens, as they played at war, marching and counter-marching there under the shadow of the Palais de Justice, had a new game.

"*Achtung!*" the little captain of the band would shout, brandishing his wooden sword. "*Nach Paris!*"

And then the little command, doing the goose-step, the absurdity of which did not escape even the children, would begin to march—backward.

XXXVII

IT WAS thus that the children, doing the goose-step in the Quartier des Marolliens, in order to mock the Germans, celebrated the Battle of the Marne when the news in its mysterious way had filtered in.

However, if the Germans were not investing Paris, they were besieging Antwerp.

And there came one evening to our ears a sound like the slamming of a distant heavy door. We listened. The sound came again and again, punctuating the stillness with heavy thuds, and we knew that the siege of Antwerp had begun. The next morning the sound was even more audible in the heavy air. The ominous detonations rumbled like far-off thunder, and the awful echo was tossed back and forth across the gray sky where a German Taube was flying.

The sounds of the guns increased in intensity; it had the quality of a sullen and stupid reiteration, as though there were some argument in the mere bellowing, in the constant asseveration of the same thing. The booming detonations shook the houses; the windows in certain atmospheres would rattle. The weather was gray and heavy; there were frequent gusts of rain and a general intolerable depression began to settle down upon the world. The people went about with long faces, those Brussels faces that used to be almost naively happy. Men as they met could only assure each other, after glancing about to see that no spy was within earshot, that the forts of Antwerp were impregnable. Mourning began to appear; people were hearing of the deaths of sons and brothers. And always those tales of atrocities, saturating the general mind with their horror. Even Lejeune, the coiffeur, had lost his gaiety; Figaro, if as voluble as ever, was not so insouciant. He had two sons at the front; one of them had been a steward on the Red Star Line, and a great boxer. He was one of those fortunate persons who find all things relating to themselves superlative. He

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was filled with a terrible hatred of the Germans and was waiting for the Cossacks to double the atrocities committed by the Germans, though he never referred to them as Germans, but always as "*les boches*," with all the loathing the word connotes. His one regret, he said, was that he could not go to the front himself.

"I," he would say, "I am one of the best shots living, you know." But he was too old.

Late in the afternoon little Bulle came—we called him little Bulle in our affection when we did not call him Hermancito. He had a delicately flattering way of addressing me as "Chief." His eyes were wide with a new horror; he brought a dreadful story that five hundred German soldiers had been murdered in their beds the night before at Louvain, their throats all cut while they slept. Bulle had been told this by Frau Grabowsky, the wife of the old white-haired *conseiller aulique* of the German Legation, and she said that she had details from her husband. The tale had its effect on us, of course, but I had just set myself to the task of analyzing it, in the belief that it could not be true, when luckily von der Lancken came, very calm and casual, very smart in his light gray-blue tunic and dark trousers held under his boots by straps, and carrying a little riding-whip. He said he had just come from Louvain, and I asked him fearfully, and yet with as casual an air as I could command, how things were going on there.

He said, "Why, all right."

Saving the household gods.

Then I told him of the latest rumor, and he was grimly amused and I immensely relieved; there was not a word of truth in it.

XXXVIII

THE Baron von der Lancken had dropped in that evening to inquire about Gibson, who two days before had gone to Antwerp with dispatches. He had been accompanied by the old Count Woest, a distinguished Belgian statesman just then experiencing among his Belgian fellow-citizens the unpopularity of the pacifist in times of war. He had asked for a seat in our motor and we had granted the request without asking why he wished to go to Antwerp, and when a little red-haired German soldier, with his front teeth all gone and a great gun on his back, had come in the rain bearing Gibson's pass, the name of the Count was on it, as was also that of the Marquis of Faura, secretary of the Spanish Legation, whom Gibson was to bring back from Antwerp that he might be at the bedside of a dying son. Gibson, excited with the prospect of adventure, had departed with his aged companion, and the Pasha had arranged an *entr'acte*, had agreed to leave off firing for a time, to allow them to pass through the lines, and they went bearing a napkin to use as a white flag, like Napoleon III. and his table-cloth.

The Count had gone, as the event proved, to see if his Government would be disposed to consider some means, if they could be found, of discussing terms. It was said by the gossips that there were those who felt that Belgium had done her duty and that some sort of truce was not impossible. Indeed, I had had a call from three gentlemen, Belgians, one of whom was connected with the Brussels branch of the Deutsche Bank, who came to me one afternoon—it was Wednesday, the second of September—with some tentative suggestion of conference and

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Refugees arriving at Putte, on the Dutch frontier of Belgium.

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armistice. Monsieur D—— told me that the Germans had summoned the forts of Antwerp to surrender, and with great hesitation, and with evident appreciation of the fact that he was venturing on most dangerous ground, he suggested some sort of truce be arranged by the President. I could, of course, have nothing to do with such a delicate business. I could only explain very carefully the neutral position of my country and that I could do nothing on unofficial representations or without authority from Washington. And Monsieur D—— wheeled into the discussion those famous cannon—a formidable argument, to be sure!

Gibson was back in a day or two with Count Woest, who, however much a pacifist, had shown no fear of the military movements they were compelled to drive through on their return journey, but was as unconcerned under fire as though he had been a militarist. His mission, whatever it was, had been wholly a failure, and any proposal of discussion or arrangement he may have made at Antwerp had been coldly received and instantly refused.

IT WAS a relief, but worry was never absent long, and it promptly came in its protean form as a note from the Duchess of Sutherland, written from the Hôtel Astoria, a hostelry which the Germans had taken over, as they had the classic Hôtel de Bellevue et Flandres, to be used as a club for officers.

The note of the Duchess was urgent and I went at once, not altogether unprepared to find her under arrest, since one of the physicians attached to her ambulance had been in several times from Namur to report the various difficulties the Germans were already causing them there. She and the nurses with her had remained in Namur throughout the bombardment of the twenty-third of August and during the days of the dreadful week that followed. Afterward the Duchess had taken her Red Cross establishment to Maubeuge. But now Maubeuge had fallen; we had had that news from James Barnes and from Commander Gherardi of our Navy, who had come down from Berlin with German officers expressly to witness the reddition of the city.

The Astoria had an empty air, and the porter in his uniform was somewhat subdued in manner by the new guests installed there, but he sent me up at once to the apartments of the Duchess, and at her door I found two unshaven and unkempt sentinels, and, while doubtless not barbarians, smelling very much like barbarians. They denied me entrance, of course. I sent for an under officer who was there, but he was powerless, and then I found an obliging *oberleutnant* who spoke French; he at once went to the *Kommandantur* and returned with Major Bayer, who apologized for the delay, scolded the two sentinels, and gave orders that I was to see the Duchess at once.

She was indisposed and reclining, but sprightly in her smart English speech, recounting her experiences since leaving Namur with her Red Cross ambulance. German officers had promised her accommodations in a train to Holland via Aix-la-Chapelle, but she was suspicious and feared that she might be taken to Germany and held for ransom. I assured her that there was little likelihood of that and that I should try to arrange for her to go to Holland. But she did not wish to start for several days; she was not feeling quite up to the journey and was willing to give her word of honor that she would keep to her room and her bed. She was enjoying her adventure with the relish that our realist Anglo-Saxon races have in all that savors of the romantic, but I was just then for speeding all parting guests of that race. The fact that she was not quite ready to go was, however, an excellent argument to employ on the German mentality, and I spent futile hours trying to see Major Bayer to ask him to permit the Duchess to remain.

I could not find him. The world had changed into a pandemonium of gray motors, gray uniforms, unshaven sentries and, no doubt, swarming spies, in which it was growing more and more difficult to find one's way about. But at the close of the day, as Villalobar and I were telling each other our experiences, Baron von der Lancken suddenly appeared. He was just in from the field of battle near Louvain, and in his great flowing cape of light bluish gray, with its upturned white collar, and his silver helmet, he looked like *Lohengrin*, but a *Lohengrin* whose swan had overturned his frail bark, for he was quite wet through, and worn with fatigue. I gave him a glass of wine and took advantage of the moment to arrange for the departure of the Duchess, nurses, and doctors. Von der Lancken obtained a motor, or two motors, for them, and the necessary papers, and I asked James Barnes to escort them to Holland. Two days later the Duchess was out again, interesting in her nurse's garb, and at the Legation she asked to see *The Times*. There were some old copies and she settled herself in a corner of the salon to go carefully over the long list of the dead and wounded. And when she had done she quietly folded the paper, laid down her eyeglasses, and looking up with an expression from which all the zest of adventure had gone, said:

"This is probably the end of the world; there will be none living after the war. I dread going back to England, where there will always be a newspaper with its 'roll of honor.'"

We were only beginning to learn what the war would do to us; just beginning to apprehend that the world could never again be what it was; that all those who survived would have wounds that would never heal.

XXXIX

ALL day long we heard the cannonade, that dull thump of the guns. We used to stand in fascinated silence and listen and mark the intervals between the reports. The Belgians were making sorties and they were still contesting with the Germans the possession of Malines. Gibson had seen the King standing in the midst of a field of turnips, covered with mud and the grime of battle. And meanwhile the Germans had taken his summer palace at Laeken, there where the dancers from the Monnaie had moved to those sweet measures of Gluck, and they had rummaged through the apartments and drunk his wine. The King had smiled, so the story ran, when he was told of this, while Brussels was indignant. Saddened refugees were pouring ever into Brussels and finding homes somewhere among the poor, who are always so hospitable and are so near to pain and trouble always that they share the little that pain and trouble leave them.

Three times the Germans had taken Malines, and three times the Belgian troops had driven them out, and each time in the sting of defeat the Germans had wreaked their vengeance on the civilian population. The lovely Grand' Place was destroyed and the cathedral almost battered down, the cathedral where on moonlit summer evenings Jeff D—— used to play the carillons, filling all the air with their lovely music, and where the tall figure of the Cardinal came and went in lace and scarlet and red hat.

Meanwhile fresh troops poured through Brussels every day, and every morning along the boulevards the Germans paraded the enormous Austrian cannons that were moving up to the siege, and when it was not cannons it was machine guns, with their sinister warning to the people. And all about the Palais de Justice sand-bags were piled to make a barricade, and guns gaped over the ramp toward the quarter of the Marolliens just below.

In the afternoons German officers rode their horses along the avenues and into the Bois. It was the hour of the promenade in the Avenue Louise, under the chestnut trees that blossom twice a year along the wide plaisance, broad parterres where on pleasant days one used to meet everybody one knew. Along the promenade on pleasant afternoons there used to be ladies and gentlemen walking, bows and smiles and lifted hats, pretty children, toy dogs with jingling harnesses, old women selling toy balloons and girls selling flowers—notes of bright color in the ensemble. In those days, those feverish days of expectancy, the people clung to the old

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Photograph by Brown Brothers

Louvain in September, 1914.

Ruins on every side, as though an earthquake had shaken down the houses. A strange silence filled the city; the people stood about amid the ruins, idle and curious.

habit and took the air there as before, though there were no more smiles and the hats were lifted solemnly, and one by one the ladies all appeared in mourning. But the children, with the charming insouciance of childhood, still played there, and the gay little griffons and the swaggering Pekingese were all unconcerned, and the old woman waddled about with the great cluster of toy balloons in all their translucent colors bobbing against each other above her head.

And it was precisely along this promenade, and not in the bridle-path, the tan-bark road across the way, that the German officers would gallop, straight, erect, with the monocles fixed in the arrogant faces that bore the scars of their prudent duels, while the children and the nursemaids scattered right and left.

I watched them in amazement and a feeling rising in my breast that one would rather not avow—and there, just across the way, was the soft tan-bark, empty and unused.

And one evening, after I had dispatched some business with a German officer of high rank, I could not resist the impulse to ask him why the officers must needs gallop along the promenade when a few yards away there was such an excellent tan-bark route, made expressly for riding. He shrugged his shoulders and replied sententiously:

"They're Prussians."

He checked himself as though regretting the admission, and then he added:

"You need not repeat that; you know, these Belgians have to be curbed." And he brought down a closed fist on the table. . . .

Two days later, however, barriers were put up across the footpath, with openings just large enough to permit one to pass. The children played there again, the daily promenades were resumed, and the officers rode thereafter along the bridle-path. I never knew whether my remark had anything to do with it or not. Probably not.

"After, therefore because," is one of the logical fallacies I used to read in Jevons.

I could not be more certain of the effect of the paper which General Baron von Lüttwitz so kindly gave me to protect the villa at Quatre Bras, Bois-Fleuri, where during all those troubled weeks the rabbits had been nibbling at the rose-leaves unmolested. I had procured the paper to quiet Victor's apprehensions, but one after-noon Victor came into town and reported that on three occasions German soldiers had overrun the house, rummaging everywhere, and that finally when he produced the paper and showed it, the officer in command said:

"Oh, yes, this is the house of the American Minister, and we have orders not to visit it, even if there should be wine in the cellar!"

However, they amused themselves by making Victor's wife dance for them, spurring her by tapping significantly on their pistol holsters. There were no orders, of course, against that; and the gardener's poor, overawed wife could not dance very well.

What orders there were, indeed, seemed to be for the Belgians, and these with their numerous prohibitions conveyed in *affiches*, came to take up almost as much room on the walls of Brussels as the news of German victories conveyed in *les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand*. Brussels, with that good humor which, as some French writer says, is one of the best forms of courage, had taken heart of grace from a rumor that the German army was in retreat in France; it took so little to encourage them and to send their spirits mounting. Up to that time, even though the three days

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Malatesta kept them waiting till in the minds of the men about him there grew a sense of horror.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

By

Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

A romance of the hill towns of Italy. The first instalment of a brilliant new serial, by an English writer new to American readers. A novel full of tense situations, with a lovely young duchess for heroine, and an impudent daredevil for hero.

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Beatrice knew that it was for her to speak. She nerved herself. "Mercy, Malatesta!—for us both!"

CHAPTER ONE
The Promise

MALATESTA allowed them to remove his helmet, but he would not part with his sword, and sat in the great chair of state in the main hall with his bloody weapon held in his left hand—he was a left-handed man—looking a very butcher from the shambles. The hall was thick with smoke still wreathing rank and sullen among the great oaken rafters, though the fire, having done its work, was now fairly stamped out in the upper hall and main stairway.

Malatesta was still panting—he had worked and fought like three men that night—and I dare say his limbs trembled as he sat—but his grim face was lit up with the wild joy of a man who had conquered his enemy in the death grapple, and in his aspect you read him plainly enough king of men. All along one side of the hall stood a crowd of Sionese gentlemen, burghers, selected representatives of the various guilds and arts in the town. This last week while, with Siona City in his hands, he labored at the reduction of the citadel, he had found time to sort out nearly a hundred of the beaten townsmen, and, in certain anticipation of the success of his last assault, he had held them captive and in readiness to take part, as spectators, in the triumph he never doubted would be his.

He had been right. He was always right. Midnight had seen the beginning of the assault, by the light of a thousand torches, and dawn, just beginning to break, found him master of Siona castle as well as the city. The townsmen stood herded by Malatesta's spearmen. A blaze of torches made their white and scowling faces and the gray walls of the hall brilliant with flaring yellow light. There still came from time to time, far and faint, the sound of screaming across the garden, an occasional rush of feet, hoarse shouting, the chink of iron. For some reason they gave no quarter to the men in the eastern towers, and these, finding it little boon to drop into the moat, only to be finished off with mace or spear as they struggled on the far side, made a stand of it, retreating up the stairs slowly, dying one by one, desperately enough.

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Then they brought Conradi to Malatesta. They hauled him in, a prisoner, hands bound behind him, wounded, fainting, spent with fighting, to kneel at the feet of the man he hated and so, perhaps, by begging for it, win his life. Should he have died, as near three hundred of his men had died that night? Who can say? Ten minutes earlier it had been an easy thing to do, with all the wild emotion of contest streaming along every vein, along each nerve. Then, the fire of his manhood flaming through him like a smith's forge fire under the bellows, vicious stab and vengeful slash evaded by a hair's breadth as he stepped deftly in and out among the swords, were no more to him than the flickering of a tree's shadow over a sunny lawn, so that he killed. But they had struck him down. He was bleeding in many places under his armor, he was tired with killing, and so breathless that when they had disarmed him and helped him to his feet he could scarcely stand. Then they brought him to Malatesta.

Guilielmo, Malatesta's only son, was at his father's right hand. Bartoldi, that butcher of men for hire, was on his left. Men were striking out the fire from the smoldering hangings. Huddled in a dreadful heap in one corner lay, hastily dragged out of the way, such corpses as had been found in the hall when the setting of the ghastly pageant was arranged. As Conradi trembling at the knees, faced his enemy seated there, smiling malevolently, a look of deathless hate flashed for a moment over his wan face, and it may well be that if he could have fetched breath enough he would have flung away what little life was left in him in one wild burst of defiance. But death among the swords when blood runs high is one thing. Death from the knife, with two hundred onlookers, a sheep's death—pah! Conradi could not face it, brave man that he was. Will you blame him? Realize the man's helplessness, his bound hands, his tiredness, his despair, before you venture on judgment.

SO CONRADI knelt. Words he found none. The kneeling he could compass, but the mercy prayer, that was beyond him. Malatesta considered a moment. A little groaning breath of horror came from the huddled crowd penned up by his spearmen. He looked them over, smiling under downdrawn brows, and well pleased to have fetched the sound from them. Then, "Where is the girl?" he asked, and they made haste to find and bring her.

Conradi had had her stowed away safe enough the night before, and presently after much calling they had got her out, a white-faced girl—she was but fifteen—proud, shaking, tearless, half-crazed, I dare say. Afraid? Why, yes—how should she escape fear? Roused from her bed at midnight, a thing—life they should have, but it wrap flung around her, hurried through hall and stairway, the roar of the assault already vibrating among the walls, overtaken every now and then as she sped, by the clanking rush of mail-clad men running to their posts in defense, she had sat from then till this dreadful dawn, in darkness, with only an old nurse for companion, guessing, guessing only too surely, how the bloody work was progressing. Four hours of darkness, with a growing torrent of sounds, smell of smoke, crashings and shakings—the west castle was held till Malatesta brought up his catapults—and through it all the slow growth to certainty of the knowledge that her father was a beaten man. And on this as the fighting died down came the call for her, and the sickening realization that she must come out and face what waited for her. And out she came.

They took her down to the main hall, and there by her father's side they made her kneel, a slender, red-haired, white-faced girl, in her bedgown, her faint bosom heaving wildly, her breath coming in quiet sobs. As she knelt, a sob came from her father. He cast a wild eye at her. Malatesta waited. She knew that it was for her to speak, that speech was beyond her father's power, and that his life, and hers, were to win here. She nerved herself. "Mercy, Malatesta!"

"For you?"

"For us both!"

It was done. She had said it.

Malatesta sat as if considering. Do not think that the fact that here was a woman child and a helpless man with hands bound behind him, asking for bare life, moved Malatesta to pity. Pity and Malatesta held no counsel. Indeed, pity in those times was scarce more than a name for an emotion that might concern philosophers disputing about the mind and its properties, but held no practical interest. Behind Conradi stood a man with his eyes on Malatesta's face. His right hand rested on the knife in his belt. At a sign he would have cut the throats of both Conradi and the girl without a tremor. A toss of Malatesta's finger and presto! the thing were done, and the cleaners might begin. No, the fate of both Conradi and his daughter had been settled already before the trumpets had blown to the assault that night, and if Malatesta had brought the two to this pass it was not that his mind was still to make up.

A cool man, a planning man, always ahead, before ever he took the field against Conradi he had planned not only this victory, which should lay Siona at his feet, but something like this pageant, this drama, now being enacted before the spectators he had compelled to its witness. This very delay, while the two, father and daughter, knelt before him, was a purposeful should be a life tinctured with the memory of those terrible minutes that dragged by as they knelt with the ready knife behind them, and the savor of death in their nostrils. So he kept them waiting till in the minds of the men about him there grew a sense of horror, and with not so much as a glance at them he read in their minds the beginnings of a revulsion against the cruelty of this suspense. Then he spoke, granting their lives. They were lifted up and taken away.

As young Beatrice had knelt she had felt her knees wet. When they raised her she looked down. On her white nightgown was a great stain of blood. The stone floor where she had knelt had been worn by long use into a hollow just there, and a pool of blood had drained into it. Unseeing, she knelt by her father's side, and now her gown was soaked with that dreadful witness.

MALATESTA left Siona. Conradi ruled as before. The city slowly regained something of its usual aspect. There were many widows in the town; young men were scarce. But work, the daily life of the city, gradually filled up in its old channel. Houses battered and burnt were repaired; the great doors in the east and west castles were fashioned again of oak and iron. Only the great gap and the little gap in the city wall were not repaired. Siona became Siona of the broken wall. This was by Malatesta's orders and served more than one purpose.

It was salt in Conradi's wounds. When he rode throug his city he must often pass one gap or the other, and every glance he cast at them dealt him a fresh stab. Then, too, it was a continual reminder to the Sionese of what had been, and might well be again. Something of the ancient pride of their rulers ran in the veins of the very poorest in the town. Siona was no mean city, and knew it. Missona was upstart to it; Bruttia, larger, had not such a past nor such a pride. Well, proud or not, these Sionese might well pause and reflect, as Conradi paused and reflected, when they passed the gaps. That was Malatesta's seal on the town.

Prudence sprang from bitterness. A wall with a gap in it is no wall at all. Therefore, no more fighting for Siona. All Aquiloja might rise against the tyrant, but Siona would sit still. And with those broken walls to consider, Aquiloja—considered, and no more. Siona was Malatesta's lesson to Aquiloja, and needed no repetition.

Siona was poor now. Malatesta laid taxes upon it. When Conradi rose from his knees before Malatesta he rose a subject man. Subject in some things he had been before, but the yoke was more one of words than of actuality. But now he was to learn the meaning of tribute, service. He and Siona were

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Beatrice, Duchess of Siona.

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to pay; if not—there were the gaps. Argument there was none. Malatesta made his demands very briefly. The city choked when it learned what defeat had involved, but it paid. In time it came to blame Conradi for all its troubles, and felt itself almost robbed by him of every ducat that passed to Malatesta's coffers.

SOME knowledge of this embittered the last few months of Conradi's life. He died three years after Malatesta had granted his life, and his girl Beatrice sat in the ducal chair of Siona.

She was now eighteen. Already her beauty was a portent. At fifteen she had been a slow-developing girl, rather short, features undetermined, only her marvelously fine and long hair, flaming red, to render her noticeable. Then she began to grow, but she was still rather under than over the usual height of a woman; not, however, conspicuously short. She was still too thin and slender, and the mass of her hair gave her face the appearance of being too small, and this you noticed the more because of the delicacy of the modeling of her nose and chin.

But first and foremost as you looked at her you gained the impression of great courage. Not merely in her calm gaze, steady from wonderful violet eyes set deep under her broad forehead, but in the carriage of her head, the set of the neck and shoulders over the thin bosom, there was expressed a dauntlessness as of something unconquerable. What in her ancestry had too often exhibited itself as an unwieldy pride was in her refined into a quintessence of sheerest courage. Her skin was the wonderful thing that you will find only occasionally even in a red-haired woman. The fierce Siona sun had touched it but little, just enough to coax a hint of cream into the white. It is scarcely possible that she did not take the greatest care of it, yet one could never trace in her anything of that instinct of caring for her beauty that seems natural in a woman. She was beautiful as her roses were beautiful; because they were so, and could not be otherwise.

She scarcely ever smiled. If her father under Malatesta's shadow became a fading man, so she became a frozen woman. She worked with and for her father. He failed and faded day by day, and the burden of government fell more and more on her young shoulders. She grasped the art of receiving and dismissing men who came with petitions, plans, complaints, pleas. She learned to weigh, to judge, suspect, approve, frown—to be harsh, steel to expostulation, unmoved by cajolery. Her face, for all its beauty, could be hard as flint.

Wrapped in his sorrows, declining to his grave, Conradi nevertheless was aware one day that his daughter was now a woman of wondrous beauty. Plainly now she would marry. He spoke to her and received a great shock. She would not marry.

She told him so with nothing of the mock-modest, fictitious shyness that is part of a girl's mental make-up, but with a thoughtful decision that now characterized all she said and did. He was aghast. Quite suddenly this new trouble overshadowed all his others. His pride in, his affection for his Beatrice, was a very real thing. He saw the growth of her beauty, the glamour of her look, the appeal, the call in her walk, her carriage, the budding grace of her body. She was become all he had hoped for. Since Heaven had denied him other children than this girl, he had built his hopes on her marriage and offspring. And such a glory of charms was hers that his heart glowed within him as he considered and appraised her. A prince might aspire here. Aspire truly; it was no condescension. Wealth, venturing here, might consider itself at profitable usury. And apart from that, he was aware the girl must be cared for. His own early death he plainly foresaw. Was he to leave behind, in charge of a city notoriously difficult to rule, a girl of less than twenty, single-handed, without experience, faced with a task a man of proved ability might well flinch from?

He pressed her. He could not move her. She was not perverse, only the thing was not possible. At fifteen she had been warmly, impulsively affectionate. After the siege something seemed to have left her, or taken possession of her; it was difficult to say which. Certainly her girlhood seemed, as it were, to have been suddenly reft away, and a womanhood thrust upon her, hastily equipped for the task of ruling, and for that reason perhaps lacking in all the softer instincts. She was willing to please him in everything else, but love that should bring to her the acceptance of a mate was beyond her range of emotions. He might as well have asked her to be a bird as a bride.

On his deathbed he did, poor man, what he deemed to be best. Perhaps it was. She was with him, tearless and courageous, controlling her own distress that she might not add to his. He took her hand. "Will you do what I advise, what I tell you, Beatrice?" he asked. She looked at him questioningly.

" 'Tis about your marriage," he went on. "Tut, tut, the thing must be spoken of. So far, you are incorrigible, yet that is so much against all reason that even now I do not despair of you."

"I shall never marry."

"As to that, I say again that it's against nature. But let us not argue it over again. For one thing, I shall not last long, and for another I am content that the event itself shall prove you in the wrong."

She shook her head.

"Are you so sure?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then all the more easily may you give me your promise to do what I shall tell you. Beatrice, for such a girl as you, marriage must be a matter of meeting the right man. You are no woman to be bought or bargained for, disposed of in family council or thrown in with a city. I say you must marry, and I believe you will do so, but it will only be when you meet the man plainly marked out for you. In that case I think that not only will there be no difficulty in your marrying—God himself would be hard put to it to prevent you."

She frowned, feeling this to be a blasphemy not only against God but against herself perhaps.

"Now, as far as I can—and there should be no doubt about it, for I am duke of this city, and all laws spring from me while I live—I enjoin you, I command you, and I make it a law in Siona that though you may not be forced into marriage, yet you shall give the men a chance. You shall at least be courted. Hear my words. If any man come to court you, you shall not deny him at least a chance. You shall give him some access to your ear, entertainment here in the castle, reasonable opportunity, fair hearing, venturing your obstinacy against his proper importunity. For a month at any rate. You shall not be pestered, but in four weeks, if the man be worth listening to, and he come here for that purpose, you should be able to make up your mind. I have no further concern with him then. Turn him out, if you like. But his siege you shall suffer at any rate, and in the course of time I have confidence that God will send a man who will bring you to your duty."

"DUTY" he called it, and no doubt, like many another father, he saw nothing unreasonable in that view of the matter. She was vexed, but because the man was dying she hid her annoyance and remonstrated little.

"I do not want to marry, that you know. Men are well enough, I suppose, but I know, I feel in myself, that I am not to be moved by any one of them. Since you wish it, I submit. But I will not allow it to interfere with my work. God, who sends Malatesta to make life hard for us in Siona, put me here to make things easier; at least, I see no other reason. Very well, I am content to do my duty before God, and the man who wants a wife may seek elsewhere. But you shall have your way if it makes you happier. They shall court me if they will, and I will listen, in reason, to their nonsense." There he had her promise, and he knew she would keep it.

He died on the morning of her eighteenth birthday. She had been with him almost continually for over

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The Duchess and her ladies used the garden much, doing their sewing, playing lutes, or telling tales.

forty-eight hours beforehand. Her love for him had always been a surprising thing, and her grief unrelieved by tears melted one to watch. Yet, calm and unmoved she showed herself to the people that afternoon in the market-place when, her guard lined up, the trumpets blaring, the herald proclaimed her Duchess of Siona.

CHAPTER TWO

Malatesta Issues an Ultimatum

WITHIN three months she began to learn, if ever woman did, what courting meant. At that time, men's minds, freeing themselves from the dread winter of the dark ages, were beginning to expand in a new freedom, and the fantastic lured like spring blossoms after winter. Men talked and sang of Beatrice all over Italy, and answering to that lure came the lovers. Her beauty drew them from as far away as Spain, the Danube, Sicily; Savoy sent its quota. They hastened to lay siege to this beauty of whom poets sang in rapture, and men less glib of tongue spoke with clumsier but as genuine feeling. Travel then was difficult, roads bad, inns worse, civil politics vile, yet spite of all Beatrice found herself soon compelled to devise a formal code of rules for her suitors. The crowd of gentlemen had to be brought into order. Young men —and many not so young—hot on the chase, competing, striving, boasting of favors—trifles at the best, most likely, yet something to be flaunted in each other's faces—disputing points of precedence, disparaging, despising, these became a mob. There was fighting, more than one death even, fairly at the sword's point, and one, a dismal affair of darkness and the moat. Plainly there must be rules.

So a gentleman that would now essay his venture, must present himself formally, declare his worthiness before her court, wait for admission to the quest, make a pledge of good behavior and submission to the court on all points of dispute. Then he might worship, make his compliments, write her verses, serenade her—she was a clever girl, and, without exactly lying, put them

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all off the scent as to the whereabouts of her room. Many a song went up to the moon at midnight under the wrong casement. What matter? The young men were hopeful or in despair, just as the mood took them, and the fact that their Beatrice slumbered peacefully out of earshot was all unknown to them.

Then, the fateful month being up, the suitor must again demand her hand openly before her court, and accept her answer. She was a businesslike young woman, of good organizing ability. She had them dealt with in batches, and so managed to get on with her work very reasonably.

Steadily she wore them down. Her obduracy was granite. They might rage, despair, foam about her like waves ravening at a cliff-foot—the glitter of her diamond hardness shone cruel and harder for their abrading. If there had been the faintest shade of distinction in her treatment of them, if even she had treated one worse than another, something might have been done, or at least hoped for. But here was a calm and undisturbed level of indifference, a placidity of sufferance, that endured, and showed never a ripple on its surface, so that it became intolerable at last to come near her with the hope of wooing.

Then she devised the ingenious expedient of making her suitors promise, as a preliminary, to obey, should they fail—as they did—in their courting, to carry out whatever injunctions she laid upon them. The scheme worked like magic. She was a clever girl, and noted with eye and ear little characteristics that invited handling, and the result was that many a man, his ambitions crowned in despair, went away from Siona with the sense of having made a complete ass of himself in the contemplation of the task the duchess had laid upon him and he had vowed to perform. Men began to hesitate. She wielded the new weapon with zest. Count Raymond of Toledo, a rhapsodist who bored her extremely with his verses, and Udolfo, Podesta, and Montebello, who certainly was not so wronged by the title of "pompous ass" the count applied to him, she dealt with together, binding them to proceed together to the Holy Land, on foot, with no attendants, to visit the Blessed Sepulcher, and return, in each other's company solely.

This was vicious. But when making herself acquainted with some of the internal politics of the cities whose lords addressed her, she began to make requirements that were plainly political—why, she made herself impossible. To be required to remit certain disputed harbor dues, to yield up a castle battled for, however unjustly, but now well in hand, to restore a banished man—poof! Where are we?—in addition to being sent home labeled "defeated," for one's citizens to snicker at.

Even among lovers, especially lovers so formally set on their task, there is to be found a trace of prudence; and if, after all, you never won to so much even as the kissing of her hand, why, what the devil—let's look for something a little more reasonable! The craze, this quest of the virgin Duchess, suddenly took to dying down. Mankind abandoned the contest. Soon after she was twenty-two no suitors came at all. She was such a glory that she made a man's heart ache to see her—and she had finished with all her sweethearts. It was so certain and so settled that she would never marry that you would have heard as credibly that the nuptials of the sun and moon were to be celebrated openly in high heaven, in presence of all the host of the stars.

She went on to three and twenty. . . .

SIONA, you will have gathered, was no small city, and its castle was one that larger towns might well have been proud of. How old it was is beyond ascertaining, but it was very old indeed, yet amazingly strong, with thick, towering walls springing out of the solid rock. Sharp fangs of castle seemed to plunge deep into the rock, sharp pinnacles of rock to pierce upward into the castle.

It was most unusually large, being, in fact, two castles in one; two massive piles connected east and west by lofty walls. This plan of building gave a large open space in the middle, and though most of this space was taken up with stables, granaries, armorers' shops, artillery stores, guard-rooms and so on, there had been left enough space for some forgotten Duke of Siona, to please the lady, no doubt, to plant a very fair garden in, with trees and a lawn, flowers and a fountain.

This was a most delightful place, and the Duchess and her ladies used it much, sitting under the great spreading cedar on summer days and evenings, doing their sewing, or playing lutes, or telling tales to each other. From this, garden steps ran down into the low doorway which gave into the mighty vaults on which the main fabric of the castle was reared, and another flight ran up to a terrace hewn out of the rock all along one side of the garden. On to the terrace opened the door of the duchess's sleeping chamber, so that on hot nights, if her door was opened, she could see out into her moonlit garden, hear the trees moving in the wind, and be charmed with the smell of the flowers. Fine flowers she had, for she was a woman well served, being kindly to her servants, and her gardeners taking pleasure in keeping her garden a very bower of beauty.

Now in this garden, well under the shade of the biggest of the cedar trees, for it was near midday, there sat several of her ladies, supposed to be sewing, but not so busy as they should have been with their needles, though their tongues wagged fast enough. Their names concern us a little perhaps, but little else about them: ——'s eyes; ——'s hands, which she made such showy use of; ——'s laugh, which, because it was musical, induced her to laugh in and out of season, till she became the very spirit of mistimed merriment—what do these concern us?

Said Francesca, "Heigho, I'm tired to death. Oh, this castle, and oh, the men in it! They have no pluck. They are nuns, every man of them, dressed in hose and doublet. Never mind, one of these days a man will come along"—her voice grew dreamy—"young and dashing and brave and rich and amusing and well-dressed and—and——"

"And handsome, I suppose?" queried Ada, slyly.

"And marry us all, and take us away."

Said Ada, "Heavens! All of us? A Turk?"

Adelaise looked up from her tapestry frame. She was severe. "I wish, Francesca," she expostulated, "that you'd try to be a little less old-fashioned. Your views are hopelessly out of date. Your ideal for women seems to be marriage."

Rejoinder from Francesca, very spirited: "Certainly, my dear, and a very good ideal too."

Adelaise threaded her needle with a great air of contempt. "The wife, the slave woman, the man's chattel, the house serf. Devotion of one's whole life and self, body and soul, to a man, and 'the home'! Pah! If we lived fifty years ago one could have understood it, but to-day—oh, don't be so thirteenth century!"

It was very crushing, but Francesca was not one of your easily crushed ones.

She laughed. "I don't care what century I live in, so long as there's a man in it for me. Your ideas may do very well for you and the Duchess. She can be a nun if she likes, and so can you, whether you like it or not"—Adelaise merely glanced at her coldly—"but not I. I like men; I think they're nice. And as for her, she'll be sorry one of these days, mark my words! It's all very well to be cold and haughty and difficult while you've plenty to choose from"—no gentlemen present, you understand, a frank, unhindered feminine heart-to-heart talk—"but that sort of thing won't go on for ever. The men will give even her up one of these days."

Said Ada, suddenly, "Do you know, I sometimes think they have. Just think, we haven't had a court of love here for—why, close on a year!"

"Can it be so long as that?" said Giulia. And they reckoned it out, and, sure enough, it was well over six months since ever a lover had come to Siona to win the Duchess. Spite of their

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flippancy they looked at one another with something of a sense of catastrophe. The Duchess left stranded by the receding tide; dimly, but none the less tragically, that image loomed upon them.

Giolina, sitting apart idly, tragic, wan, intent on her grief, looked up and spoke for the first time. "Better if we were all like her. Oh, you chatter, chatter about something you know nothing of. Love! You think of it as something delicious, something that comes for gladness, but I tell you, if you knew the pain, the pain, you would be like the Duchess; like me."

No one answered, except that Francesca looked at her, unbelieving, challenging.

"Yes," went on Giolina, rising and approaching her, the stress of her emotions beginning to work in her face, "you speak of men. What do you know of them, how cruel they are, cruel——"

Ada spoke pityingly. "Giolina——"

"They are," returned the girl. "All men are. A man makes you love him, never rests till you love him, and then he goes away, leaves you, without a word, and never a word comes from him. There's nothing but tears—tears——"

Francesca went over to her. "He'll come back."

Giolina flung off Francesca's appealing hand. "Never. And if he did, what of it? Would I speak to him? No. I hate him. He had no pity. They have none. To leave me, just for a word." She struck her bosom fiercely and walked away.

They watched her in silence. "Do you think she will die?" asked Giulia, awestruck.

"Not she," from Francesca, confident as ever. "She'll feel wretched for a time, and then she'll fall in love with somebody else and be quite happy again."

Adelaise sighed. "Poor girl! Francis was a cruel lad to leave her so."

"Her own fault, my dear," said pert Francesca. "She sent him away. Oh, our Giolina, I promise you, has the makings of a pretty temper. Well, the girl gets a lover, here of all places in the world, where one may as well hope to catch a lover with longing as quails with singing, and then hasn't the sense to keep him! Don't ask me to pity her."

"She hasn't asked you," replied Adelaise, witheringly.

"If ever I get a lover," resumed Francesca, unwithered, "I'll hold him tight enough. You shall see how I cling to the gentleman."

Adelaise threaded her needle with a different colored wool and an air of offense. "Francesca," she said, expelling the deep breath of considered judgment, "you are positively indecent."

At that moment, light as a bird, skimming up the steps which rose to the garden level from out of the gloom of the buttressed tower and flitting over the grass to them, ran another lady, eyes, lips, even her disordered hair proclaiming a tremendous errand, pelting them as she ran with a demand—"The duchess! Where is she? Where is the Duchess—the Duchess?"

"What is it—oh, what is it?" They leaped up, every woman of them, all agog, tremulous with excitement. They knew, they divined infallibly that no small affair was here. A lightning instinct had leaped alive in the breast of each. They thrilled already.

"Where is she, tell me—" The demand panted itself, unable to delay for breath.

"With the Chancellor—but tell us, tell us——"

They swooped, they caught her as she turned, held her, surging about her for her news like a pack of hounds when the huntsman tosses high the fox's broken carcass, and still never waiting for a breath she gasped out. . . .

With one accord they set off running, lifting long skirts, swooping across the lawn, down the steps to the dark archway, their progress a rippling wave, a surge of swift limbs and sure feet in a sweep of flowing femininity. Into the gloom of the great vaults they went, hurrying among the squat columns that bore the crushing weight of the piled towers; they flew forward, turned to the right, and went in a swiftly curving column up the flight of winding stone steps. Up, up, up, through a door, along a corridor of stone, through an archway, where a page, seeking in all duty to detain them, was bundled out of the way in most unladylike manner, across an anteroom, through another archway, curtained, and so with most unbecoming scurry and rush, into the very presence of the Duchess.

SHE had been engaged this morning with her Chancellor, who was with her now. She was unsmiling, thoughtful. The Chancellor was unsmiling, thoughtful, but, by Heavens, they were monuments of both heedlessness and levity compared with Pandolph. Pandolph who—but Pandolph must wait his cue.

Half an hour before, the Duchess had said to the Chancellor, the two walking slowly side by side up and down the length of the hall as they conversed: "Are they beyond all reason?"

"It all comes to this," replied the Chancellor. He was a prim, exact sort of man, stiffly upright, which showed his courage, for he was near seventy and would have given much to let his back bend comfortably. "It all comes to this—whatever we tax we gain nothing. If we tax windows, they build without them or block up some of those they now have. If we tax wheat flour, they grind chestnuts to mix with the other. They are now consider? No. I hazard it's enough what, to eke out the wheat flour. As a matter of fact, the wheat-flour tax brings us in less than it did last year when it was lower. Oil? They use less. The country produce coming into the town? They do without it."

"They can not go on doing without it."

"Madam, be assured that they can. And let us be content if that is all they do."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"By this dropping of the returns in the total it is settled beyond doubt that when we last raised the taxes we put them up to overtaxing. That is to say, we passed the limit of what folk could stand, and instead of grumbling and paying, they curse and give up using. So all our increases mean less revenue, and very plain it is to me and must, I think, be plain to your Excellency, that if we do as you propose our net gains will shrink still further."

"But you say that we should be content if they do no more than give up using what we overtax. What more might they do?"

He was uneasy. "Excellency, grieved as I am even to mention the thing, but since I see it within our view, I must point out to you—you remember Tortolo?"

She was startled. "Oh, but the old duke—he oppressed his Tortolese bitterly, unconscionably."

"We have bitterness here in Siona."

She stared at him. "Good God, what is it you hint at? Will you tell me that I oppress my people?" She was pained, flushing as she spoke.

"All taxation," answered the old man, "is to your people as to any others, oppression of a sort, but within reason they bear it. Now we have already seen that this taxation in Siona has come to the overtaxing point, as they estimate it. That is to say, it reaches unreason—as they reckon reason——"

"Do you mean to tell me that such a thing as revolt is possible here, in Siona?"

"I do not say so. But now, I told you yesterday that we are having trouble with several of the guilds. The weavers have only just completed the payments for last year. The dyers are still in our debt, and neither of them has paid a ducat of this year's levy. I sent yesterday into the dyers' quarter to get in the last of the year's balances. Pandolph has already returned. Madam, you know Pandolph?"

"Yes, your head clerk; a tall thin man?"

"Yes. He—I—I wish your Excellency would be good enough to see Pandolph."

She nodded assent. He lifted his voice. "Door!" The door opened, and there entered Pandolph.

What is humor? Shall we stay to consider? No. I hazard it's enough

(*Continued on page 87*)

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GERMAN WAR CIPHERS

By Melville Davisson Post

Drawings by W. D. I. Arnold

WHEN the present war opened, the German Government was prepared, as it believed, for every emergency.

The Emperor's model was his ancestor Frederick. This treacherous Hohenzollern had made a kingdom of the first class out of the province of Prussia, by devoting the energies of a lifetime to thorough military preparations. To have no conscience and to have everything ready in advance was the unvaried policy of Frederick.

It was a policy minutely followed.

The plan was peculiarly adapted to the German mind. To be ruthless and to be ready was a major postulate in the theory of warfare which William II. inherited from Frederick the Great.

The German General Staff had calculated everything, and they had plans to meet the conditions that would immediately arise. They knew that on the day England declared war, all their usual means of communication with the world beyond the Central Powers, would be at once cut off.

England would control the sea. No mail-boats would go out from Hamburg. The cables would be cut. Every means of communication would be under Allied surveillance.

This condition was foreseen.

The proof is that no great naval engagement was undertaken in the opening of the war. The plan of the German campaign did not include this hazard. England's control of the sea was to be permitted until the attrition of the U-boat and the Zeppelin should reduce her fighting forces to a point where the German Admiralty could hazard a great sea fight on equal terms with this hereditary enemy.

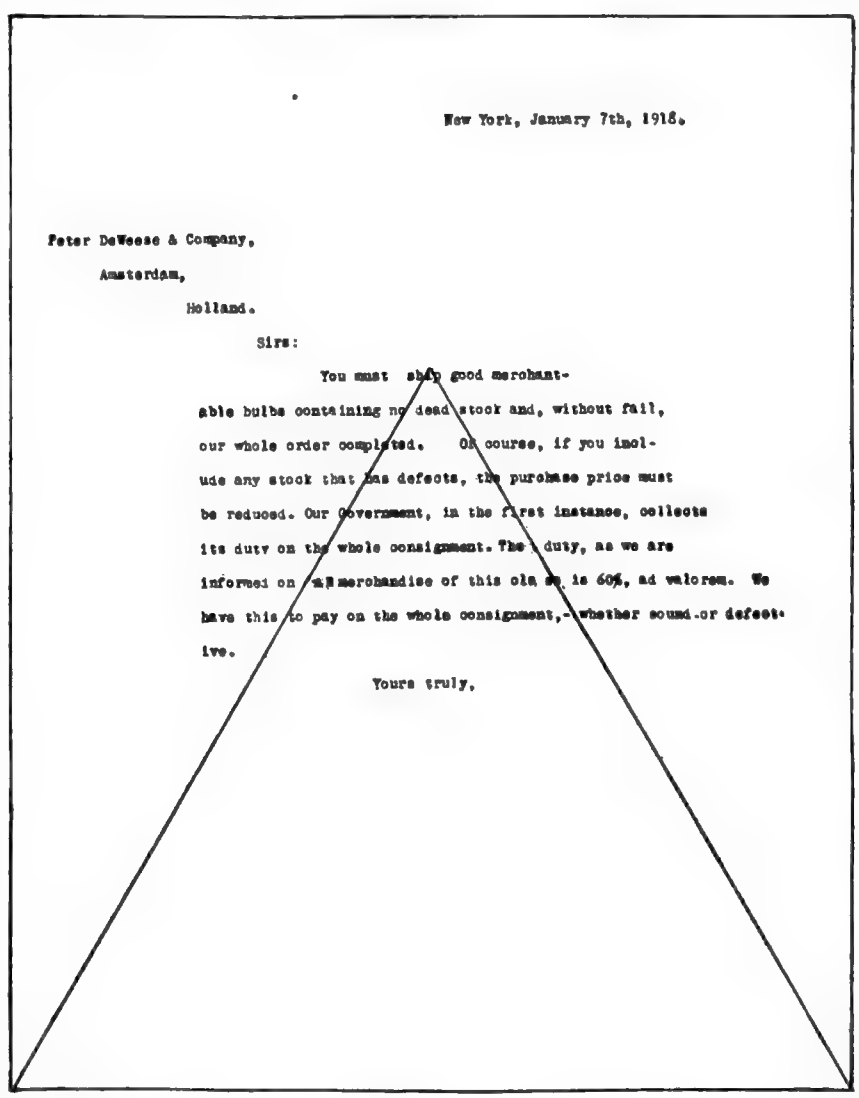
But it was not the policy of the German General Staff to abandon communication with the outside world. Its plan was to use the means of communication controlled by the Allies, for its own purposes. England could carry the mails and control the cables. German ingenuity would be able to make use of them as thoroughly as though they were under her own flag. How amazingly well Wilhelmstrasse was able to carry out this policy reads like the imaginative creations of romance.

One is not to suppose that the English Government failed to take the usual precautions. It at once established a rigid censorship over the mails and cables. No code messages were permitted.

The English Secret Service was thoroughly familiar with all the usual forms of ciphers. It had before it copies of all the diplomatic ciphers of every government in the world. It had also the discarded signal books and the war ciphers.

All of these ciphers have a common base.

The persisting factors in them are well known to everybody. They are complications of the usual A B C code; or tables of figures with a code word continually changed. Sometimes they are operated by revolving disks, one imposed upon another, with tables and figures or letters on their margins.



New York, January 7th, 1918.

Peter DeWeese & Company,
Amsterdam,
Holland.

Sirs:

You must ship good merchantable bulbs containing no dead stock and, without fail, our whole order completed. Of course, if you include any stock that has defects, the purchase price must be reduced. Our Government, in the first instance, collects its duty on the whole consignment. The duty, as we are informed on all merchandise of this class is 60%, ad valorem. We have this to pay on the whole consignment,- whether sound or defective.

Yours truly,

Cipher letter conveying the message: "The Government has completed ... ship of the first class."

But the result of all these ciphers is that the message to be sent is either a jumble of words, as for example, the following portion of an order sent by the Government of a recent belligerent to its commanding general in the field: . . . *Knox County word that awl times get hound who was war him suicide on for was please village large bat Bunyan gave sigh incubus heavy Norris.* . . . Or the message is an arrangement of figures, of which the cipher in Poe's "Gold-Bug" is a fair example.

It is a policy of governments to keep copies of every cipher message sent to resident embassies, at all times, peace or war. It, therefore, happened that the English

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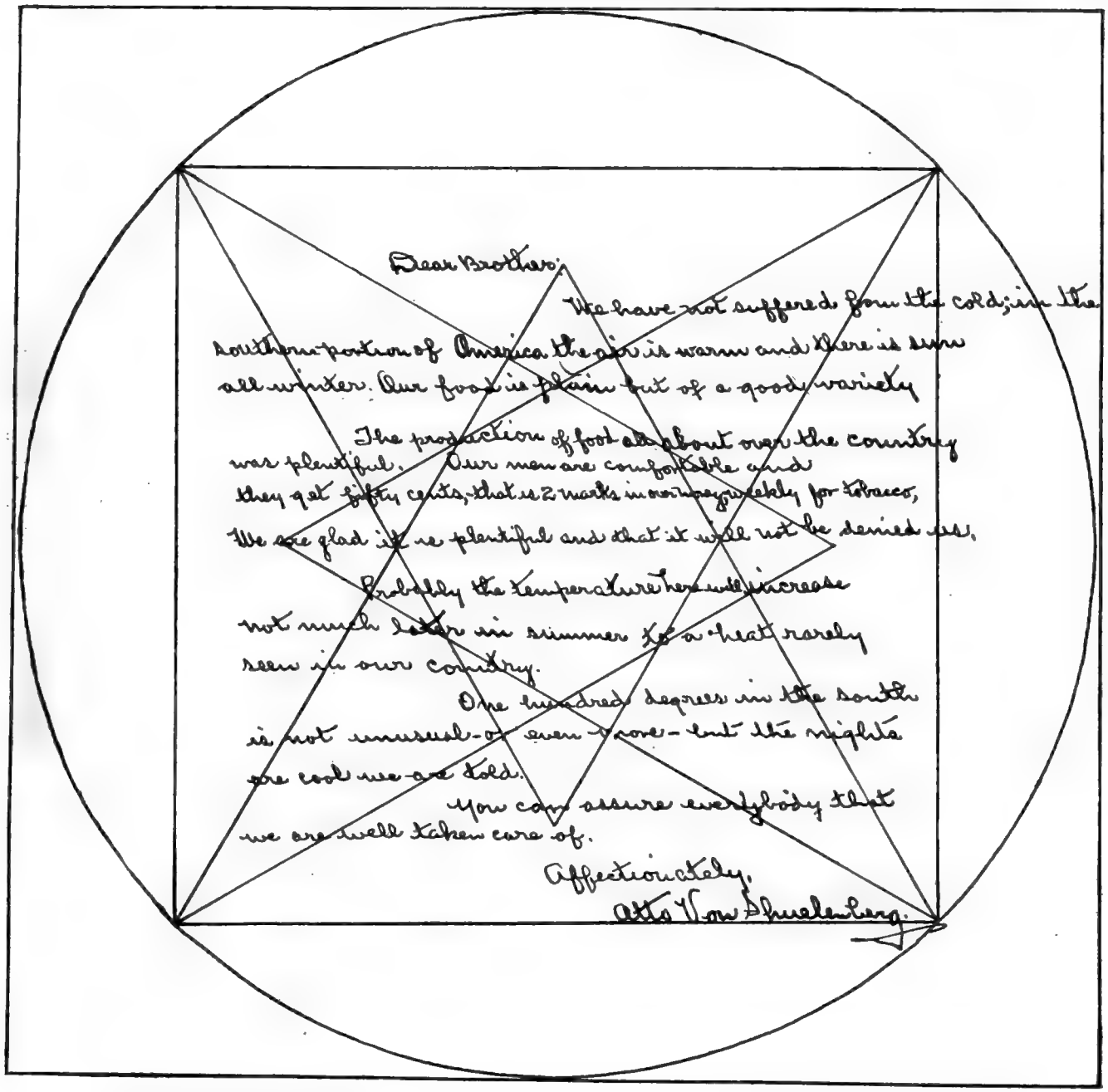
Dear Brother:
We have not suffered from the cold; in the
southern portion of America the air is warm and there is sun
all winter. Our food is plain but of a good variety
The production of food all about over the country
was plentiful. Our men are comfortable and
they get fifty cents, that is 2 marks in our money weekly for tobacco,
We are glad it is plentiful and that it will not be denied us.
Probably the temperature here will increase
not much later in summer for a heat rarely
seen in our country.
One hundred degrees in the south
is not unusual - or even above - but the nights
are cool we are told.
You can assure everybody that
we are well taken care of.
Affectionately,
Otto Von Bluelenberg.

Cipher letter conveying the message: "American airplane production about fifty weekly. It will probably increase later to hundred or more."

Government felt certain that a rigid censorship would weed out of the mails and cables any German cipher that might undertake to go through.

In addition to this advantage, the French war office, by an extraordinary accident, which can not be made public, had obtained the key to the German radiograph cipher code. The victory at the Marne was probably in part the result of this piece of amazing good fortune. General Joffre knew the German orders wherever the radiograph signal was used in the advance on Paris. And it is possible that this knowledge of the radiograph code enabled the American Government to decipher the messages sent from the great wireless station at Nauen to Count von Luxburg, and so to make public the vast system of German

intrigue that has amazed the world.

One is able to realize then the confidence of the Allied Governments in the belief, at the opening of the war, that they had throttled all German means of secret communication. They had the radiograph code and they had a rigid censorship on the mails and cables.

Disillusionment awaited them.

By some means, incredible and mysterious, the German Government directed its affairs everywhere about the world as though no restraint had been imposed upon it. Two hours after war had been declared, its ships on the seas turned back into neutral ports, although no cipher message had gone out that any English radiograph station could detect.

The German Government communicated with its embassies everywhere; and its agents, sprinkled all over the world, kept it advised of every movement of its enemies. The disposition of English war-ships was sent in to von Tirpitz. Plots of English mine-fields were transmitted to Berlin. Even the gun-range, to be estimated by the position of harbor buoys, was given to the German Fleet in advance of the bombardments of such coast towns as Yarmouth and Scarborough.

The whole secret service of the Allied countries was profoundly puzzled.

They were certain that no cipher message was going through the mails or over the cables. And every wireless station, especially in France and England, had been searched out and dismantled. It was a long time before the secret service got any light on this mystery.

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Scotland Yard was watching a naturalized German barber, whom it suspected of being a spy. It was doing it skilfully. All letters going to this German agent were opened at the post-office, copied and then remailed. The German agent was shadowed and the various letters which he posted at different points in London were opened, copied and remailed.

But there was nothing in any of these letters to indicate an improper correspondence, and there was no cipher. There were no marginal annotations in sympathetic inks, or any one of the usual properties of intrigue.

But the correspondence disclosed other persons about in England, especially at naval bases, and it disclosed correspondence with Norway. Scotland Yard shadowed these persons. Finally, at a critical time of naval movements in the North Sea, one of them sent a cablegram to his family in a neutral country, saying that he had been ill for the last four days. He had not been ill. Ordinarily, the English Secret Service would have paid no attention to such a cablegram; but it knew beyond question that the barber in London was a secret agent of the German Government. The person sending the cablegram was a correspondent of this agent.

What did it mean?

Scotland Yard put the message into the hands of the War-Office. The War-Office turned it over to both the Army and Navy departments. The Admiralty was amazed. A division of warships off the coast, at the point from which this cable was dated, had orders to join the High Fleet in the North Sea in precisely four days.

And with a great awakening, the English Secret Service discovered that the message was an open code.

The person sending it was seized, tried by the English Government, and executed as a spy. And the Allied Secret Service began to realize that the German Government, in manipulation of its Secret Service was not depending on the old form of code ciphers. It was a hint at the truth.

Wilhelmstrasse had abandoned the antiquated secret cipher.

It knew perfectly well that when the English Government cut it off from communication with the world, no jumble of words and no arrangement of signs or figures could be sent out. It, therefore, determined to abandon this secret form of communication and to develop a new code.

The prime factor in the new code must be that the message should have no indication on its face, of any hidden or secret meaning. On its face, it must be some form of the usual personal or business message.

This innocent-looking sketch carries an accurate description of English mine defenses.

The problem was clean-cut.

If it were possible to devise a system of secret communication which could not be distinguished from the common run of business and personal messages, then it would not be possible for the English Government to prevent the German War Office from communicating with the world, unless it should entirely close the mails and cables. If the mails and cables were open to the public, then the German messages could go through.

If a proper system were devised, no censorship could exclude the communication of the German agent. The only remedy against him was to close the mails and cables to everybody. Having realized this fact, the German experts were not long in working out the codes.

Adhering to the basic principle that the message should bear no evidence of a secret meaning on its face, and that it should conform, in every respect, to the usual trade or personal communication, the problem before these experts presented no great difficulty.

The new war code was quickly elaborated.

Thus, at a stroke, the German Secret Service scrapped all the mass of complicated letter and figure ciphers, and developed an entirely new system based on the principle that it should have no appearances of a cipher.

The Allied Governments presently discovered this fact. It is said that the German ships, at the time war was declared, were turned back by personal messages addressed to some passenger. One of the great ships of the Hamburg-American line that raced into an American port, is said to have been advised of the declaration of war by the following radiograph, addressed to a prominent financier on the ship and signed by an attorney:

"Competitors entered suit to-day."

It was now evident to the Secret Service of the Allied Governments that such a system of secret communication was capable of an infinite variety of detail, and that it would be exceedingly difficult to detect.

They were appalled at the possibilities of such a system.

One required little imagination to see how such a code could be amplified in innumerable directions; and there seems to be no remedy against it. Skilfully carried out, such a secret method of communication could not be prevented, unless, as the German Secret Service maintained, the cables and mails were entirely closed to the public.

The war has gone on for nearly four years. During the whole of this time the German Government seems to have been in no manner embarrassed in its method of communication with its secret agents; and it seems to have been fully and thoroughly informed with respect to every movement of its enemies.

From time to time we have been able to obtain a hint or suggestion of some detail of the innumerable devices which the German Government has worked out under this new system.

The geometric cipher is one of the most interesting of the possibilities of this system. The first tests for new cipher made by the German Government were with stencils. Personal letters carrying no suspicious item on their faces, when they reached the German agent would be covered by a metal plate. This metal plate was cut out at certain portions, so that when it was placed over the letter, a few words only would be visible. These

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words constituted the secret message.

But there were a great many difficulties with the stencil cipher.

In the first place, it was well known, and therefore apt to be discovered by the enemy, as it was, in fact, discovered by Lanoir, in France. And in the second place, there would always be the incriminating metal plate, in the event that the agent should be apprehended. Such a plate would at once identify him as a spy. It meant also that any incoming message could be read, or any message before that time received. The stencil system was, therefore, abandoned.

A geometrical cipher would be infinitely superior to it.

The illustrations show the structure of this cipher, and the slightest ingenuity will suggest its possibilities for intricate elaboration. The German agent has only to draw on the letter which he receives the agreed geometrical figure, using the dimensions of the letter as a base; then the words or letters (as might be agreed), which the lines cut make up the secret message. Or the words which two lines crossed after an elaborate geometrical figure had been drawn over the letter, are the ones bearing the secret message; or the words that a given number of lines touched in a complicated drawing make up the secret communication.

The inexhaustible possibilities of such a system must be at once apparent to anybody.

Under this system, there remained no incriminating device, such as a metal plate or the key to a cipher code. In the old wars, spies had always, somewhere, some of these incriminating devices. There would be a code book or key direction for deciphering a message, or some tables which would indicate the possession of secret information. But with a geometrical cipher the agent is not required to possess any data of any character whatever. The only thing necessary for him to know is the geometrical figure which is to be superimposed on the letters received or sent out.

The following examples of secret codes possible under this open-code system are hypothetical, since no government has given out data of this kind.

Suppose the geometrical figure, for example, to be an equilateral triangle. The dimensions of the sheet of paper, at the bottom of the sheet, is the base of the triangle. This is sufficient data with which to construct the other two sides, and the message appears from the words which these lines touch; reading up the left arm of the triangle and down the right. The diagram on page 28 illustrates this cipher; it shows a simple trade letter as sent, but upon which the equilateral triangle is drawn, spelling out the message:

"*The Government has completed no ship of the first class.*"

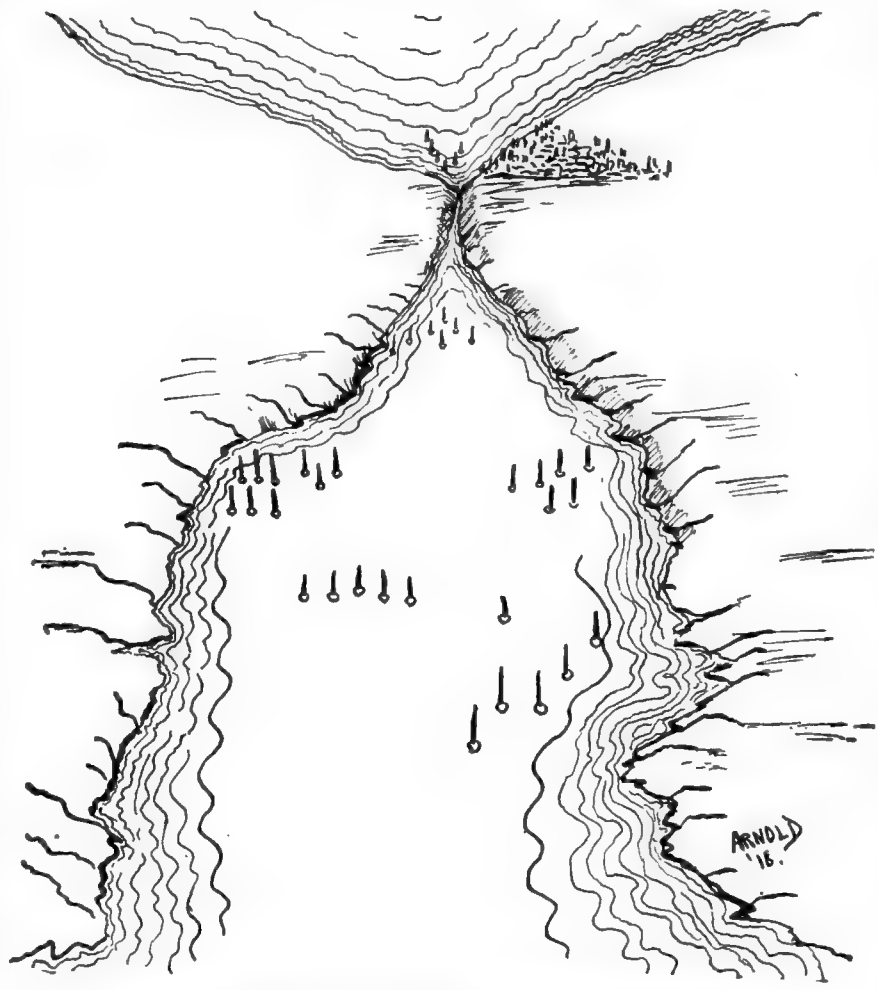
If the figure is a simple circle, it is the largest circle that can be placed upon the sheet of paper on which the letter is written; or it is the largest circle that can be drawn on the sheet of paper at a certain equal distance on all sides from the border. But as a rule, the geometrical figure would be a little more complicated.

For example, the letter reproduced on the cover of this magazine, illustrates the circle cipher complicated with crossed lines. The letter on its face has no indication of any secret meaning. It appears to be from the wife of a farmer in the Northwest to her uncle in Sweden. No censor would give it a moment's notice. Read it carefully:

Dear Uncle:

We have at last sold our two farms for one hundred dollars an acre. We are going to move into St. Paul where we can purchase a little house and garden for one thousand dollars. Father will work in one of the big mills. I shall be glad to get out of the lonesome country and the children will have a chance to go to school. We leave here some time in February and I will write you from our new address.

Your affectionate niece,
Olga.



This diagram shows the sketch on opposite page decoded, and indicates the positions of mine-fields.

This letter is written on a square sheet of paper. To read the code message a circle is drawn on this sheet, at an agreed distance from its border, on all sides (say one inch), then crossed lines are drawn, connecting the four corners of the sheet. The words cut by these lines touching the circle and at the center of the circle when they cross each other, are the words of the message. Reading these words from left to right, the secret message appears, viz:

"*Two hundred thousand leave February.*"

Thus by means of this geometrical cipher the German General Staff could be advised, through Sweden, that two hundred thousand soldiers will be shipped to France in February.

These are hypothetical examples of the simple geometrical cipher. An example of the complex geometrical cipher is the following supposed letter of an interned Prussian officer in America to his brother in Germany. The letter will be searched in vain for any matter that an official censor would blot out.

Dear Brother:

We have not suffered from the cold; in the southern portion of America the air is warm and there is sun all winter. Our food is plain but of a good variety. The

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production of food all about over the country was plentiful. Our men are comfortable and they get fifty cents, that is two marks in our money, weekly for tobacco. We are glad it is plentiful and that it will not be denied us. Probably the temperature here will increase not much later, in summer, to a heat rarely seen in our country. One hundred degrees in the South is not unusual—or even more—but the nights are cool we are told. You can assure everybody that we are well taken care of.

Affectionately,

Otto von Shuelenberg.

Such a letter would give the German authorities precise, exact information of the number of aircraft being manufactured, at this time, in the United States, as well as an estimate of the maximum number that will probably be turned out here in the near future.

This letter may be written on any size or form of paper. To decode it one first draws the largest circle that can be superimposed on the letter sheet, then one draws the largest square that can be put into this circle, then, taking the four sides of the square as bases, one draws four equilateral triangles. The words cut by the crossing of any two lines make up the secret message. On page 29 is shown the above letter diagrammed for decoding. The message is now apparent:

"*American aeroplane production about fifty weekly it will probably increase later to hundred or more.*"

But this is only a single direction in which this system may be developed. Sometimes the communication has a double cipher structure.

A simple business letter, giving stock-market quotations in the United States to an agent of a business house in some neutral country, may be made use of, together with a book-cipher. A stock-market quotation-letter carries without suspicion a variety of figures.

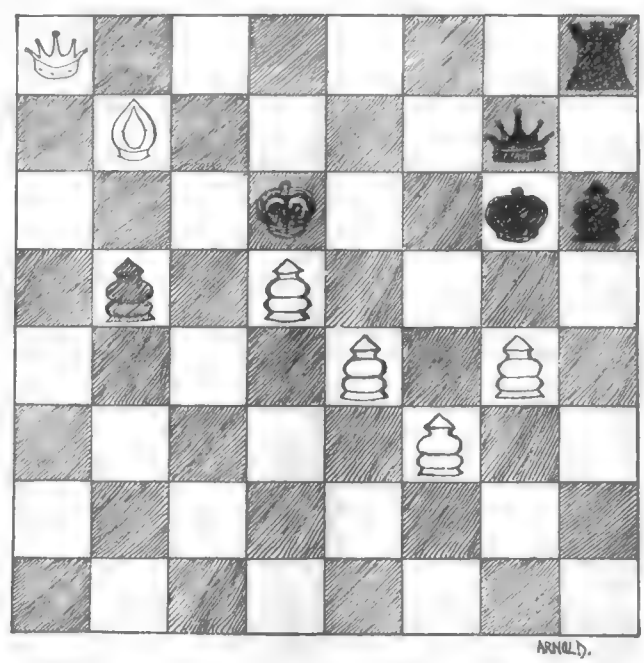
These figures are, in fact, the figures of a book-cipher.

Two persons having a copy, for example, of a dictionary of the same edition, make up the message which they send by the number of the page and the number of the words counted down the column of the page; for example, the word "ship" might be 30-17. Thirty being the number of the page and seventeen the number of the line on which the word "ship" appears in the book used as a cipher.

One can readily see how a message worked out with a book-cipher could be transmitted from a broker's letter giving market quotations. The mails are full of these letters carrying our market quotations all over the world, and it would be impossible to prevent the transmission of secret messages through such a device, unless the mails should be closed to all stock transactions.

This method is capable of a variety of elaborations. Bank correspondence may easily be made to fit into it, and other example cases may be given.

In the opening of the war, when the English were treating the captured German officers as courteous enemies, one of these devices, it is said, was made use of for getting information out of England with respect to English destroyers, their number and equipment. An officer pretended to be interested in the English game of golf. He endeavored to learn it and appeared to be exceedingly enthusiastic. The letters which he was permitted to send out to his wife in Dresden were filled with details of the game, which permitted an abundance of figures on strokes and distances. Important information, with respect to the English Admiralty, was conveyed to the German Staff through the medium of the apparently harmless letters of this convert to the English game. The book used for the cipher was a certain English edition of Shakespeare of which there was a copy in the Dresden public library.



This chess problem gives the position and character of reserve forces in France.

One of the most extraordinary events of the war, illustrative of this secret method of communication, occurred to Lady A——. Her brother was in the first Expeditionary Force sent to France. He was the pilot of one of the few machines that accompanied General French's Army. One day, reconnoitering over the German lines in the north of Belgium, he was driven to descend; but, as it happened, he made the descent across the border in Holland, and was interned.

Very shortly Lady A—— was advised of this and was able to correspond with him. The correspondence had gone on for perhaps a month, when, one day, a little Russian woman came out from London to the English country place. It was a big estate with a great country house. The prospect before the terrace was a meadow, with a line of forest in the distance.

The visitor was connected, she said, with one of the innumerable charities, and she presented letters of introduction from persons of distinction. She was endeavoring to raise money for the relief of her people in Poland, now ravaged by the German arms. She talked about it with great sympathy, as she sat at tea on the terrace.

It was a season of the year when flocks of birds appear in the meadows of the English coast. The visitor was impressed with the beauty of the meadow in which the birds appeared, and on the blank leaf of a novel which she carried, she made a little sketch of the meadow, with the lines of the woods on either side of the birds. (Page 30.)

While the visitor worked, she spoke of the war, and of the adventures of Lady A——'s brother and so forth. The visitor was impressed with the beauty of this country place. How could any one leave it? The brother interned in Holland must long for it, and so the conversation ran.

This sketch, when it was finished, so uniquely presented the beauty of the place that Lady A—— asked permission to keep it. The visitor graciously handed it to her, but suggested that she ought to send it to her brother who, no doubt, would appreciate something to remind him of his home. Lady A—— mailed the sketch in her next letter to her brother and the visitor returned to London.

One or two things happened after that.

Lady A—— discovered that the letters of introduction were forgeries. The persons whose letters the woman presented had never heard of this visitor. Lady A—— had contributed only a nominal sum, a trifle, in fact, to the charities which the Russian represented, and she was unable to understand why this impostor had taken the trouble to make the long trip out of London, and to present forged letters of introduction.

There seemed to be no adequate point to the elaborate deception. The thing remained a mystery. She did not couple it up with the after-discovered fact that her brother never received the sketch she mailed that

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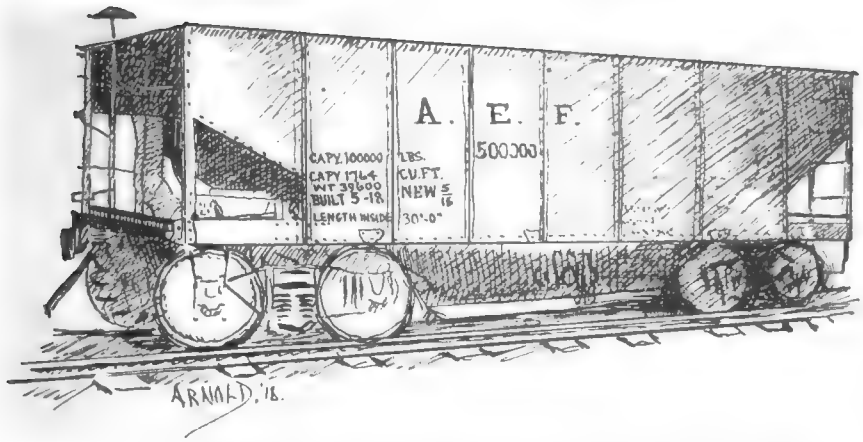


A sketch of a freight-car giving the following statistical information:

American Expeditionary Force	500,000	Machine Guns	518
Cavalry	100,000	Field-Guns	300
Aircraft	1,704	$\frac{5}{18}$ — five rifles to the man and eighteen cartridges to the rifle.	
Artillery	39,600		

day with her letter to Holland.

But the German General Staff received it through the medium of a Dutch agent.

The sketch of the meadow, with the position of the flocks of birds on it, was, in fact, a code-picture, showing the mine-fields at a strategic naval point. (Page 31.) The blank fly-leaf in the novel carried by the spy had been accurately ruled from the reduction of a survey, so the birds indicating mines could be accurately placed.

This new cipher system worked out by the German Secret Service has developed an elaborate pictorial element.

A pictorial cipher of this class, sent out of Paris by a dancer in the pay of the German Secret Service, may be cited. It was very skilfully managed. The letter and sketch were enclosed in the embassy mail of a neutral country adjacent to Germany. The actress was one of the most charming personalities in the whole tinsel kingdom of Cockaigne.

The authorities were never certain whether the young attaché of the foreign embassy was involved in the plot, or whether he was an unwitting instrument in the hands of the clever adventuress. The details show the plan of the adventuress to have been comparatively easy.

The attaché was a susceptible person. It was not difficult for an attractive young woman to gain his attention. He found the actress to have one consuming hobby. She was interested in chess. Chess games and problems held her attention to the exclusion of everything else. Among her first inquiries was whether the attaché knew any authority on chess in his own country.

He did not.

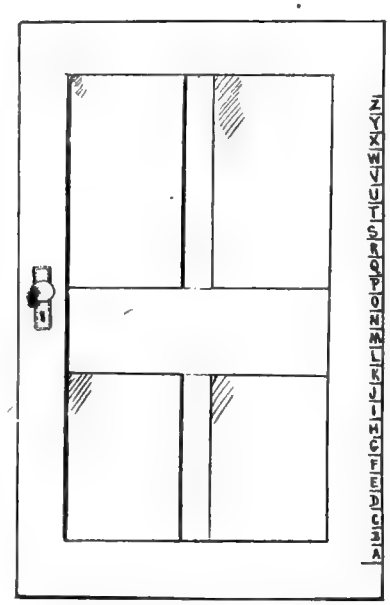
But he undertook to look the thing up, and he discovered that there was a chess club of some international pretentions. This was all the information the actress required. She took pains to cultivate him and attempted to inspire him with the same interest for chess that she herself professed.

The attaché was not interested in the game, but he presently became tremendously interested in the actress.

One day she brought him a sketch of a chess problem, asking him to forward it to the club in his city, and requesting them to say what opening had been used, in order to leave the pieces on the board in the position as shown on her sketch. (Page 32.) He wrote a letter to the club, enclosing the sketch in the embassy mail.

The French Government got hold of the letter and her sketch. They brought the thing to the attention of the embassy. The attaché made his explanation, which the authorities were inclined to believe.

They were keeping a tab on the actress of whom they had some suspicion.



The key to the message in the wool sweater.

They presently discovered that on the day the sketch was made, she had visited, in company with one of the fashionable women of Paris, a hospital in which there was a German aviator who had been shot down back of the French lines. Following this clue they finally deciphered the chess-picture. It proved to be a pictorial cipher, showing the position of a large body of French reserves massed behind the lines.

The French Government knew that the German headquarters had a survey of this portion of France.

It had been made many years before the war, and a copy of the survey was in the possession of the War Office in Paris. This survey laid the country out in squares. These squares were found to correspond to the usual squares on a chess-board. By taking into consideration the character of the armed forces occupying these sections behind the French lines, they were able to determine what each chess-piece stood for. It then appeared that the sketch of the chess problem was, in fact, a map showing the exact position of the whole French reserve forces: pawns representing infantry; queens, field artillery; kings, heavy artillery; bishop, air division; rook, military headquarters.

A similar pictorial cipher could show the armed forces being assembled by the United States in France. This cipher would be a sketch of a freight-car sent to a railroad company in a South American state. (Page 33.) The various numbers and figures on the car as shown in the sketch, represent the segments of the military divisions; as, for example: infantry, cavalry, air force and artillery. Others represent machine guns, field-guns, rifles and cartridges. The sketch of the freight-car would be then a complete pictorial cipher, conveying full information of the forces and arms which the American Government was transporting to France.

To the eye the sketch is merely a modern type of railway freight-car, sent to a South American company to give it an idea of the sort of car which could be furnished; and it is accompanied by the usual trade letter.

It would seem that such a cipher could not be detected, and it would be the means of getting the information, in a short time, to the German authorities. If it reached the South American state, at this time neutral, it would be turned over to a German spy, and by him to a German diplomatic representative by whom the information would be transmitted in diplomatic cipher to the great German wireless station at Nauen.

Wherever, by any means, a letter or an article can go through to Germany or to a neutral country, it is possible for a German agent to communicate with his Secret Service.

A great number of devices are at his disposal.

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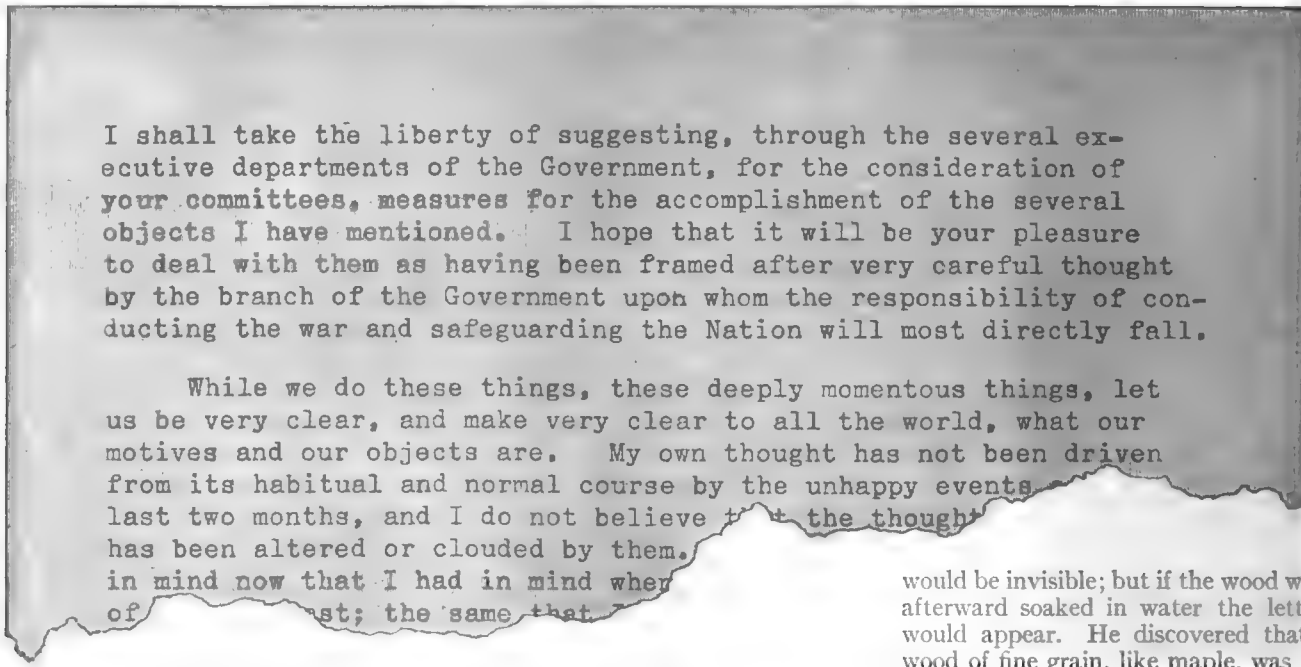
I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon whom the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the Nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe [illegible] the thought has been altered or clouded by them. I have in mind now that I had in mind when [illegible] of [illegible]st; the same that [illegible]

Read on the pin-points "Transports leave in May."

For example, a knit sweater was sent into Germany from one of the belligerent countries to a prisoner at Geisen. The sweater did not reach the prisoner.

It was the work of a German agent, and it contained a summary of the naval preparedness under way—ships about to be launched and the number of those under construction. All this information was carried to the German authorities by a knit sweater; although there was no fragment of paper or writing about it.

The information was conveyed in the sweater by means of the knot cipher. The German authorities unraveled the sweater carefully. The wool thread was full of innumerable knots. The illustration will show the method by which this is read. (Page 33.)

The alphabet is placed in a vertical position, beginning twelve inches above the floor, each letter keeping the dimensions of two inches, B superimposed above A, and so on, to the end of the alphabet. To read the cipher, one holds the end of the wool thread at the floor and observes what letter is touched by the first knot, extending the thread upward along the line of the alphabet. He then places this knot at the floor and observes the letter touched by the second, and so on. It is an ingenius cipher and not apt to be detected.

It has been the custom of the belligerents on both sides to scatter pamphlets over the enemies' lines by means of the air service. The President's message was lately distributed in this manner along the Hindenburg line. Such a method lends itself easily to another simple cipher of German origin. It is known as the Puncture System. Anybody with a pin can send a secret message by this system. The excerpt of the President's message (above) shows this system, spelling out the message:

Transports leave in May.

A further method of communication could be used in the sending of supplies into Belgium.

A professor at the University of Vienna discovered that if letters were cut into wood, the wood could be scraped or planed off so the letters would be invisible; but if the wood were afterward soaked in water the letters would appear. He discovered that a wood of fine grain, like maple, was the best medium. In order, under this method, to send a message in detail into Germany, it was only necessary to prepare a box in which the relief supplies were shipped to Belgium. A message was cut on the box. It was then planed until the message became invisible. Afterward, when the box arrived in Belgium, the German authorities took it apart and soaked it in water, whereupon the letters that had been cut into it appeared.

It will be seen that wherever an article could be shipped, or a trade or personal letter could be sent through, the new German system would be effective. Pictorial ciphers could be used, and any sort of communication could be made to conform to the geometrical figure cipher. Telegraphic messages and cable messages require more ingenuity. But the "substituted subject" cipher was the solution of this problem. It has been perfected by the German agent. The cablegrams which Lody, the German spy, sent from Edinburgh, and the radiograph messages that turned back the German ships at sea, show with what ease this system lends itself to a secret message.

A CONFESSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Extract from a Letter from the Canon of Falgaise

IN ONE of our trenches, the sergeant-curé, (he is professor at the Minor Seminary of Montauban), is crouching with all his section. From the next trench, a poor little soldier who has not the luck of having a priest in his particular trench advances crawling, taking every precaution.

He succeeds in reaching the entrance of our sergeant-curé's subterranean shelter without being hit. Lying flat upon his stomach, his face pressed against the ground, he calls out in a whisper:

"Salvan, are you there?"

"Yes," answers the sergeant-curé. "What on earth do you want? You blockhead, you're going to be hit! If the Boches spot you, your fate is certain."

"Not so much talk! I say, can you confess me?"

"Yes. Right away."

"Ah! but I daren't kneel! They'd bowl me over in a jiffy!"

"No need to. Stay as you are."

And lying flat on his stomach above the trench in which stands the sergeant priest, the little soldier receives the Absolution of the Good God. He then returns slowly to his trench.

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The RULING LOVE

By

William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

About Elizabeth Orme there was an old-fashioned look that made him think of an old daguerreotype.

STEVE TEMPLETON had been bored, unspeakably bored, all evening, save for the moments when he had been able to break away from Miss Orme. It hadn't been easy to break away often from a girl who didn't dance, who didn't talk, whom no one knew, when that girl had been especially turned over to him, so to speak, by his hostess. In such matters one was likely to do Helen Dryden's bidding. But Steve felt that he had been badly used.

He had been intrigued when Helen had first told him what she wanted. It was interesting to learn that John Orme had a daughter; one didn't think of that almost mythical figure as having daughters or human attributes. And then the girl herself, at first sight, had been interesting. Helen, her hand on his arm, had shown her to him, and he had looked across the room to see a tall, dark girl, talking to Bill Dryden. She was very slim and very straight, with sullen, questioning eyes. Her hair had attracted him at once; it was so extraordinarily black, and its lustrous quality was unusual and arresting. She wore it parted, combed down very low on either side, and girls were not doing their hair that way that season. She was pale, but she was not colorless; her cheeks had an olive tint.

Steve was not given, as a rule, to noticing how girls were dressed. But about Elizabeth Orme there was an old-fashioned look that made him think of an old daguerreotype. That, he thought, must be due to a fichu of old lace and to the ivory white of her gown. Her shoulders rose in a slim, pure line out of the creamy lace; there was a curious sort of pride in her bearing.

"I want you to be nice to her," said Helen. "Mr. Orme keeps her to himself—oh, dreadfully! It isn't fair. She's lovely; she ought to go about, and have good times, and he's always stopped her. He's abominably selfish about her, but I suppose he'd slay any one who said so! She and I got to be awfully good friends, one summer, when we must have been all of thirteen, both of us, and we've always kept up with one another since, in a way. I think he hasn't liked it much. I'm sure he didn't want her to come tonight. So you may find her stiff and awkward——"

He could testify that Helen had been right on both counts! And he went back to Elizabeth now, trying to conceal the fact that he was fulfilling a duty.

"I wish you wouldn't!" she said, abruptly. "Go and dance again, please, Mr. Templeton!"

"I'd rather talk," he said.

"We haven't talked," she said, disconcertingly. Something about her voice made him look quickly at her, and he saw a flash of mischief in her eyes. He wondered, suddenly, if she didn't, perhaps, feel very much as he did himself.

"I'd go home if I could, Mr. Templeton," she went on. "I think it's a shame for you to be anchored this way. But I've got to wait for my father."

He tried to interrupt her with an instinctive, perfunctory gesture of protest. But she only smiled.

"Oh—" he said awkwardly. And then: "I say, Miss Orme, haven't you ever played about—at all?"

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"Why, I've scarcely had a chance to play much," she said, reflectively. "Looking after a father like mine takes a good deal of time, Mr. Templeton, you see. I've always done that. He—well, he makes a lot of things seem awfully small and unimportant."

"I suppose that's so," said Steve. "And still——"

He looked at her, baffled. And she colored, very faintly, under his scrutiny, so that he flushed and never saw at all the amusement in her eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, contritely. "But—I *have* been wondering. Don't you sing, Miss Orme? There's a quality in your voice——"

He was amazed to see that that perfectly simple question confused her almost painfully. She looked away, and in the end she didn't answer him. And he felt the irritation, the resentment, that had been slipping away as they had really begun to talk, taking possession of him again. He wished her father would come.

Then, suddenly, he became conscious of a change in her, a sudden tenseness, a stiffening of her whole body, a nervous flexing of the long fingers that were held together in her lap. He followed her eyes, rejoicing, at first, simply because they had, for the moment, abandoned a disconcerting practise of fixing themselves upon his own. He saw at once that she was looking at a man who had just come in, a man whom he recognized instantly, because of the many pictures of him he had seen, as John Orme.

His first reaction to this sight of John Orme in the flesh was one of disappointment. In his pictures Orme had remained in character. They did not belie a mental image of a man formidable, even rather sinister; they encouraged fancy—already inflamed by knowledge of what he had done, of his ruthlessness in business—to create a figure in keeping with the legends that had grown up about him. But Orme, standing just inside the wide doors of the room, looking about for his daughter, did not look formidable. Indeed, he was scarcely impressive; he lacked dignity. His shoulders were bent as he peered about the room with near-sighted eyes. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his dinner coat. He was neither very short nor very tall; he looked mediocre, inadequate, negative.

But that judgment had to be revised when at last he spied his daughter, and set out to reach her, threading his way among the dancers, disdaining the long, safe way around the walls. A personality of sorts began to appear. The myopic eyes, more closely examined, revealed the possibility of cold, harsh menace. His face was as finely modeled as his daughter's. His hands were eloquent of a febrile, nervous strength.

Steve rose, of course, and stood, smiling. Orme paid no attention to him. He stood looking down anxiously at his daughter.

"Are you ready, Elizabeth?" he asked.

"I think so," she said, in her low voice. "Father, I think you do not know Mr. Templeton."

Orme turned to look at Steve, who grew conscious, in the oddest way, of a stirring of revolt, of an inchoate anger.

"Mr. Templeton!" said Orme, gently. "I have been waiting for you to come," said Elizabeth. "I wanted to ask Mr. Templeton to dinner—perhaps to-morrow evening——"

Steve was swept from all his moorings. For a moment his jaw dropped, and he stared at her, utterly bewildered. Never had anything astonished him so much. He caught himself in a moment, but not before Elizabeth Orme had seen and appraised his confusion. Looking at her with eyes that were still wide with astonishment, he saw her transformed; saw the flash of mocking, elfin delight in her eyes,

He walked home in a driving, biting rain, all the miles to Washington Square and his rooms.

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It hadn't been easy to break away from a girl who didn't dance, who didn't talk, whom no one knew.

the upward turn of the corners of her straight mouth.

"Will you come?" she asked.

"You will let me second that invitation, Mr. Templeton," said Orme, before he could answer.

"Delighted," said Steve, dazed. Certainly acceptance was the easy way.

"Mr. Templeton is an old friend?" asked Orme of Elizabeth. "I suppose you have renewed many acquaintances here at Mrs. Dryden's?"

Steve heard Elizabeth Orme laugh then, for the first time. He couldn't have spoken himself to save his life. He left the answer to her; their eyes met. And in that meeting a subtle bond was forged between them; he knew, bewildered though he was, that they could never, now, quite sink back into the curious remoteness of their earlier contact.

"An old friend!" said Elizabeth. Again she laughed, and again she looked at Steve. "No! We have met tonight for the first time. And I've bored him—oh, unutterably! I've been tongue-tied and dreadfully stupid! But I have liked him, and I want a chance to make him like me and see that I am not always so stupid. And so——"

She turned to Steve suddenly.

"You startled me when you asked me if I sang, so that I didn't answer," she said. "I do, but only my father has heard me—except for my teachers. I should like to sing for you——"

Steve was looking at Orme just then. And he saw how his face was swept by a curious spasm, only to become in a moment, bland, expressionless. He was underlining his acquiescence, so to speak.

"To-morrow evening, then?" said Orme. "I think we must go now, Elizabeth."

"Yes—to-morrow evening—thanks," said Steve, rather flatly.

"At eight!" said Elizabeth, definitely. "Coming, Dad?"

"Eight—yes—thanks—" said Steve. He knew he was being effusive, and loathed himself, but he couldn't help it. "You've really got to go? Sorry——"

He wasn't sorry in the least, really. He wanted to be alone, and to have a chance to think. Nothing was cleared up in his mind. Why had Elizabeth Orme waited so long to reveal herself? Had she, indeed, revealed herself at all? Might he not go to her house the next evening in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp? Or— He only knew that nothing would keep him from dining with the Ormes the next night!

He gave them time to reach their car and get away, and then took craven flight himself. He wasn't going to give Helen Dryden a chance to voice the questions he could see in her eyes, trembling on her lips.

He didn't sleep well, and he was hardly efficient next day at his office. He found himself, unexpectedly, of course, as one always does, living through a day of reckoning. One of those imperative calls for a balance had come and couldn't be put off. He had to make up his books, and when he was done he wasn't quite sure whether he was on the right side of the ledger.

Outwardly, there couldn't be any question about it at all. He had done splendidly well in a material way. And yet, life hadn't been just what he had expected it to be. In his boyhood, even in the last days of his college time, when the sober business of life had loomed up imminently, he had been full of vague dreams, of furtive idealism. He had looked forward to conquests after epic struggles. Even from the sheer daily traffic of life he had anticipated adventure, the savor of romance, a certain thrill.

And life had not been at all like that. He had an excellent job that had come to him, unsought, as soon as he was out of college. He had become a cog in a great corporate machine. Each year had brought him promotion, more money, increased responsibility. And he wasn't dependent, even, upon his job; he had a little money of his own, so that he had never had need of considering the caprice of an employer.

He thought of Elizabeth Orme a good deal, of course. And he flushed dark red when he thought of his first swift, contemptuous rejection and dismissal of her. Probably Helen Dryden had been right, and he was spoiled and insufferably complacent, as she had told him, when he had ventured to complain. Well——

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He found Elizabeth remote again, distant, difficult, as she had been at first, the night before. For a moment, as she greeted him and gave him her hand, she was warm; almost she glowed. It was not that any real color came into her cheeks, rather he was conscious of hot blood surging below the surface. Her hand was cold as ice; it trembled as he held it. His own mood, though, was wholly different from the one she had inspired twenty-four hours before. He was full of a great tenderness toward her; he wanted to reassure her, to guard her against whatever it might be that she feared. She turned away from the imminent revelation of his emotion; it was as if she projected herself into some far fastness of isolation. And yet, mysteriously, he was content; he was strangely sure that all was, or would be, well.

Orme, at dinner, was gracious, almost urbane. He talked freely and he talked well, and he set himself to draw Steve out. There was a subtle flattery in his inquiries as to Steve's opinions upon many points of business; he acquiesced, once or twice, in opinions that differed from his own. It was easy for Elizabeth to hold herself aloof, speaking seldom, listening to the two men, and watching them. As

She stood singing alone, the piano silenced.

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for Steve, he surrendered almost completely to Orme's charm. But he made subtle reservations which it would have puzzled him to describe, even to himself.

He was surprised when, after dinner, Orme said he must go out for a time. He was certain, too, that Elizabeth shared his surprise; that this was a move she had not anticipated. She grew tense for a moment, as if she were about to withdraw herself again. They were having coffee in a long room, meant, it was plain, for music. When Orme put down his cup and went to the door, Elizabeth went with him, held him a moment at the door, her hand resting on his shoulder. The low murmur of their voices came back to Steve. Then Orme went out and she came back to Steve, smiling faintly, moving slowly as her eyes searched him. It seemed to him that now she was—opening, that she was like a flower stirring at the touch of the sun breaking through the clouds after a shower.

"Will you sing for me now?" he asked her, abruptly.

She hesitated a moment, and regarded him with eyes suddenly grown somber. Then she went to the piano without a word. For a few moments her fingers wandered over the keys idly; wandered with her thoughts. And then she sang the song of *Solveig*, and Steve thought that in her low, rich voice all the beauty that he had ever known was caught.

He grew tense as he listened. The tragic passion of the song took hold of him, and it fired him so that he dared not look at her. Yet, though he did not look, he saw her with a new vision. She sang, and her voice died away at last, until only faint, trembling echoes of it lingered in the darkened room. It was very still until she sang again, and sang, this time, "*Ich grolle nicht.*" And now her voice, rich, infinite in its color, was an adumbration of longing, the very sublimation of desire, repressed, suppressed.

When she had done, there was a charged silence. Now he looked at her; he could see her, veiled, mysterious. Their eyes met, challenging. And then her laugh rang out. Capriciously, mockingly, she brought her hands crashing down upon the keys. She brought him to his feet, his pulses throbbing as the hot blood leaped through them. It was *Carmen's* song that she sang now—sang with an astonishing, a dazzling brilliancy. Now, at last, he saw her as she might be. She rose to meet him, all aflame. She stood, singing alone, the piano silenced, her arm flung out in a great gesture of defiance. Her voice rang out, taunting, provocative, wanton:

"Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!"

In that moment anything might have happened. And then — she laughed.

"Oh—you see!" she said. "I'm not to be trusted, Mr. Templeton! I was to sing for you—something pretty. 'My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair,' perhaps, or something of Cyril Scott's—if you turned out to be advanced! So that you could tell me what a nice voice I had, and that it ought to be trained——"

On Saturday afternoon he found them both waiting for him.

"Trained!" he exclaimed, catching his breath. "You—why—look here—*you* know what a voice you've got, don't you? I mean—why—I don't know enough to talk sensibly, but I can tell that you're—that you can do anything you like with that voice."

And at that she amazed him by blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Oh!" she said. "Do you really mean that, Mr. Templeton? I—I think you do, don't you?"

"Of course I meant it!" he said. "You—oh, you must have known——"

"I — why — I've thought—" she laughed again, suddenly. "Yes, I did know!" she cried. "I won't be modest and discreet! I can't help it; it's none of my doing. I do know I can sing, of course! But, oh! it's good to have some one else tell me so."

"That—that's just what's so amazing," he said. "You have no right to hide a voice like that away. If it's your father's fault, he must have been awfully selfish——"

"He's not selfish!" she cried, furiously. "Are you going to be like every one else? Like all the people who don't understand him, and think he's the sort of man the yellow papers say he is?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Steve, aghast. "Miss Orme, that's not fair! He's a wonder, of course. I know that. And I'm awfully strong for him. He was bully to me to-night—corking. He talked to me as if I'd been right on his own level, instead of just a kid. But—well—it makes me hot to think of all the good times you've been missing—"

(*Continued on page 91*)

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AFTER THE WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?

What will the war do to man?

What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?

What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations?

BY THE end of this year the war will involve, in person or property, ninety-two per cent. of the world's population. It will have cost in money three times as much as all the previous wars together since the beginning of history. It will be costing daily more than four times as much as when it began. It will be consuming more than half the daily per capita income of every person in the world.

Two hundred and fifty millions of men, about three-quarters of the working population of the world, have been withdrawn from productive industry for several years. Nearly all the energies of mankind have been devoted to the task of war. The world is beginning to feel the hand of starvation; it is not producing enough to meet its primal needs; it is living on its savings, and the ordinary progress of civilization has been brought to a standstill.

The war is, from every point of view, the greatest single event that has happened in human history.

What will come of it, come after it, is the most important single question in the world. It commands and focuses the thought, the hope, the will of three-quarters of mankind.

There are fifty million men under arms, and behind each fighter there are four workers. But *in* and behind each fighter and each worker there are unnumbered thinkers, hopers, planners, demanders.

Never before has so large a part of the human race thought so long and so hard about one thing at one time, and that thing a reconstruction of life, a realinement of human institutions and the human spirit.

The very volume of the answers, the thought, the hope, the demand which the question of the future has brought forth, is a guarantee of some change, and it is going to be one of the largest and most difficult factors in whatever changes take place. In this department of the magazine we are going to touch and test and reveal to our readers something of the direction and force of this current as it is reflected in this country and in Europe, and to seek in it some foothold for faith and prophecy.

The answers we have had thus far for the most part have been products of the flame and agony of war, a misty pageant of hope, desire, dogma, theory, revolt—a nebulous chaos without substance, without strength except strength of will and passion. To some the future is a dark forest, to others a Socialistic millenium; to some a prospect of an endless succession of war and strife; to others a golden age of eternal peace and universal democracy. Other men of advanced years we have heard say simply that they are glad they will not live to see the only future they can imagine.

But is there no key, no solid ground from which the future may be faced?

We believe there is—a simple key that opens the gate to a vista of a new age in human history more abounding in hope and promise and allure than any before to those who look out upon it with robust spirits, with eyes free of illusion, and with minds open to the touch of realities.

The key is already in the hands of every one who has opened his eyes and mind to the things that have transpired around him since the war began, who has kept in touch with the facts and the movement of men's spirit during the past generation. The key to the future is not a matter of prophecy, but one of close observation, and diagnosis. Nothing will come out of this war that was not in it. The changes to come are going on under our noses; they have been observable since the beginning of the century; the war has merely quickened a tendency long developing. They are so definite and fundamental that their larger effects can be completed and realized before the end of the century.

The key lies in the facts of the existing world situation. Those facts concern:

1. The world's food supply.
2. The world's energy supply.
3. The world's supply of other natural resources and materials.
4. Transportation.
5. Population.
6. Public feeling.

The world situation, the human situation which these facts constitute, we believe is new in human history, and it is the basis of a new age in human history, an age marked by new institutions and a new spirit in men.

What this situation, these institutions, this spirit are, we are going to try, with the aid of EVERYBODY'S readers, to describe in this department from month to month.

The facts and actualities in the first five groups and the changes in industry, trade, finance, social and political life which they have already made and which they forecast will be dealt with each month in EVERYBODY'S in the briefest, most condensed form. No ideal of reconstruction, no dogmatic solution of its problems will be offered. The articles will be purely informative. They will constitute a report, a syllabus of the world situation, which is the basis for any reconstruction. Such a syllabus is a necessity now in order that we may push the war to the best outcome and reap the greatest possible benefits from it.

THE facts of group six, the facts of public feeling now and at the end of the war, are the only ones subject to change and uncertainty. They are nowhere written down and expressed with any sureness and clarity. Yet these facts are a vital part of the situation, as imperative, as influential, as problematic as any of nature.

Here and in this whole attempt the readers of EVERYBODY'S can help and must help.

Write us fully, frankly, fearlessly your ideas on the world after the war. Tell us what the war has done to you, what changes it has made in your outlook upon life, and specifically in your ideas about our economic, social and political institutions.

Be as clear, be as concrete, be as definite and as sincere as the great question demands. Everything you say will be weighed and studied. As much of it as space permits will be printed here.

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The AUTOCRAT

By Charles Beadle

Illustrated by George Wright

A MAN knifed in a drunken brawl in a vodka shop was an ordinary, if very regrettable incident—not that a dead fireman mattered, but the red-tape formalities interfered with the vice-consul's duck-shooting, and the necessity of finding a substitute aggravated the chief engineer's dyspepsia. Alf Pursey was only indirectly concerned; inasmuch that a certain red-headed stoker who had just left the hospital after an obstinate bout of delirium tremens, filled the vacant berth. Contrary to the custom of sea-vagrants, Alf had remained in the *Matilda Farncroft* for a number of years and, as a reward of virtue, had risen to donkeyman, onerous post, although the increase of pay was nearly swallowed, literally, by young Alf.

By the time that the *Matilda Farncroft* had passed Cape Matapan Jim Randall and Alf had chummed up over a mutual taste in tobacco and unprintable opinions. As good-natured as he was broad-chested, Alf took the edge off the heated slavery of the stokehold for Jim—as much as a donkeyman could do. So the watches passed to the rhythmic beat of the engines and the regular clang of the ship's bell; thrudding through the violet Mediterranean, bucketting across the Bay. One morning after they had picked up the Lizard Light, Jim and Alf were below in the "toy hell," plying rakes and heaving coal into the insatiable red jaws of the roaring furnaces. From up the gloom of the fiddley came the moan of the wind; the hot metal plates of the floor swayed as the ship lurched drunkenly; the clang and rattle of the tortured hull and the angry tumult of the engines merged into a clamor of torment.

Just as a shuddering pause came at the end of a dive, a steampipe burst. Scalding clouds drove the men helter-skelter for the fiddley ladders. When Jim mounted the iron rungs the man above him slipped. As he slid past, Jim grabbed his clothes. The check broke the fall, but jerked Jim from his hold. Together they disappeared. Choking with heat, somehow Jim contrived to hoist the inert body over his shoulders and slowly, painfully, remounted to the 'tween-deck level, where he recognized Alf.

When Alf expressed his gratitude in crude terms Jim magnanimously sought to cover any exhibition of emotion by an invitation to join him in a 'bust' on shore. Compelled to refuse on the ground that he was a teetotaler—to Jim's speechless bewilderment—Alf sought to make honorable amends by insisting that Jim should stay with him and meet his wife, knowing, simple soul, no greater honor in all the world. Most men in his station of life treat their wives as a blend of the houri of the harem and a beast of burden; not so Alf. Over a couple of pints of four-ale and one lemonade Alf unbosomed himself of the conviction that his wife and son were the adjective finest on the adjective earth; and after a third pint, Jim heartily agreed with him.

In shore-going togs—Jim sporting a green kerchief in place of his usual shirt-band—the two men made their way to the cobbled street of small gray houses, one of which Alf considered to be the center of the universe. Proudly he ushered Jim into the tiny passage and shouting: "Hey, Missus!" disappeared into the back regions. While Jim stood waiting awkwardly, cap in hand, a young woman came down the narrow stairs, wiping her hands on an apron. She was a plump brunette with the first traces of household drudgery graven on her comely features. For a moment she stared in bewilderment at the look of astonishment on Jim's face.

"Mary!"

"Jim!"

Apprehensively she moved backward as he stepped forward eagerly.

"No, no!" she whispered.

"Hey Missus! Hey, Mary, where are yer?" came Alf's voice from the kitchen. Jim made a clumsy motion to retreat. The woman regained her presence of mind. With one finger to her lips she moved past him, calling out sharply:

"Alf! 'Ere, Alf, 'oo's this 'ere?"

"A'Ullo," said Alf jovially, emerging. "There y'are! Thort yer'd run orf, I did! That's my mate, Missus. Saved me bloomin' life, 'e did! 'Ere, where's yer bloomin' kiss?"

"Don't," she snapped, dodging his attempted caress.

"She's shy," laughed Alf, winking at Jim, whose face was against the light of the door. "'Ere, come on in! Wot yer standing there for? Arsk 'im in, proper like, Missus! Jim's goin' ter stay wiv us fer a bit, ain't yer, mate?"

"'Im stay wiv us!" she echoed shrilly.

"Yus, why not? Ain't 'e orl right? Don't like lodgers, she don't!" he added playfully. "But that's orl right; she'll soon chum up to my mate, I know."

Mary shot a quick look at Jim and disappeared into the kitchen. Jim paused irresolutely, twiddling his cap.

"Look 'ere, Alf," said he diffidently, "I don't fink I'd better stay. Sorter upset the missus, don't it? 'Sides," he added lamely, "I wanter look up a bloke o' me sister's wot lives in Bolton."

"Come on!" exploded Alf boisterously, dragging him by the arm. "Wot yer playin' at? She'll come round orl right. Women is like that. Come, you don't know 'em as I do, you bein' a single bloke," winking prodigiously. "Why, I wouldn't be 'ere if it wasn't fer you. Wait till she knows orl about it and she won't be able ter do enuff fer yer!"

"I'll come on to yer arter I been ter Bolton."

"Get aout, wor d'yer tyke me fer?" demanded Alf truculently forcing the reluctant Jim on to a rickety sofa. "Sit down! Wot's the matter wiv yer? Want ter insult a feller?"

"No."

"Well, then shut up and don't be a bloomin' fool! Ah," grinning triumphantly, "you wait till yer see young Alf! He'll Alf yer proper! Hey, Mary!" he bawled, "gettin' supper? Get a 'ustle on, Missus! We're 'ungry, we are, ain't we, mate? 'Ere, I'll fetch 'im down!" And shouting: "Alf! Hey, young Alf!" he thundered up the stairs, leaving Jim gazing at an oleograph of the king and queen.

As the footsteps sounded overhead, shaking the jerry-built ceiling, Jim rose. He stood in the passage, peering toward the kitchen. A clatter on the landing and uncouth noises heralded the arrival of the two Alfs. Jim moved toward the street, hesitated, and returned hurriedly to the parlor.

"'Ere y'are, mate!" exclaimed Alf senior as he put down a curly-headed, bright-eyed boy. "Wot d'yer fink of 'im? Ain't 'e a corf-drop?"

Jim seemed to have an intense aversion to "cough-drops;" he glanced at the boy with a look of terror. For

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several moments the boy regarded him with the quietly inquisitive stare of the child. Then solemnly pointing a finger, remarked: "Oh, wot a funny face you got!"

"Ain't 'e a corf-drop?" bawled big Alf, slapping his thigh. "Wot did I tell yer! A corf-drop, 'e is!"

"An' wot funny 'air!" continued Alf. "Jes' like a norange!"

Jim moved uneasily and gave a sickly grin in response to big Alf's paroxysms.

"A norange! A norange! Wot a one! A norange!"

"I like you," announced the boy after a further solemn scrutiny. "You my nunky!"

He walked toward his adopted relative. Jim rose hastily and sat down. As the child placed a hand on his knee, Jim squirmed.

"Up!" commanded young Alf.

Jim looked around helplessly.

"Gotter tyke 'im up," advised big Alf. "Captin's orders. 'E's captin 'ere."

"Up!" repeated young Alf impatiently and seized Jim's hand. At the contact Jim looked at him; his face softened; he sighed; and gingerly, as if he feared to break the child, he lifted him onto his knee.

"You're orl right," approved Alf senior. "'E don't tyke to ev'rybody, I can tell yer! 'E knows wot's wot, 'e does. Like 'is farver 'e knows a man w'en 'e sees 'im. Anybody as 'e takes to I'd trust—I'd trust—Gawd, I'd trust wiv me missus, swelp me if I wouldn't!"

Jim dropped his eyes to the boy, who, quite content, cuddled closer to him and appeared ready to sleep. As Alf senior turned away, the mixture of awe and regard swiftly turned to intense hatred as Jim glanced at the other's broad back. When Mary came in she started at the sight of the child in Jim's arms and bit her lips.

"Alf! Alf!" she called sharply. "Wot yer doin' there? Come 'ere!"

The boy looked up in sleepy wonder. Jim put him down.

"W'y, Mummy——"

"Come 'ere!" she repeated.

Young Alf obeyed.

"Wot's the matter, Missus?" expostulated big Alf. "'E's orl right. 'E's took to Jim like a clinker to a gratin'. Wot's upset yer, old gal?"

"Nuffin," she retorted, avoiding Jim's eyes. "Yer supper's ready."

During the meal the two Alfs contributed the bulk of the small talk; the senior roaring with laughter at the prodigy's precocious remarks, while Jim ate heartily, with the tail of his eye on Mary, who divided her troubled gaze between her son and her supper. At the first opportunity she cleared the table and retired to the scullery.

The two men proceeded to fill their pipes from big Alf's tobacco-jar; Jim returned for the first cup.

silently, Alf engrossed in the boy. When they had thrown their burnt matches into the fire young Alf demanded attention. Abandoning his pipe immediately and producing a toy whip with much affected mystery, Alf presented it to the delighted youngster and flopping on his knees began to play horse. Presently young Alf dismounted from his bucking steed and, flourishing the whip in Jim's face, clamored that he should play, too.

"Me!" exclaimed Jim in horror. "O Gawd!"

But with beads of perspiration on his forehead he obeyed. Silent and grim-faced he crawled about the kitchen floor with the boy astride, shouting and cracking his whip in great glee, while big Alf sat on a wooden chair chuckling and laughing encouragement. In the middle of the performance Mary entered the room unheard. She watched the scene, a peculiar expression of pain in her eyes. Then, tight-lipped, she advanced and marched the boy right off to bed.

When she had gone Jim sat staring at the fire, biting at a dead pipe, while the host, garrulous and happy, blew clouds of smoke. At length Alf grew aware of his wife's continued absence. After a short panegyric on her many virtues he thought he'd go and "see wot's up." While he stumped up-stairs Jim sat listening. Once he sighed hard and clenched his fists.

"She's sorter feelin' porely," Alf explained on his return. "Sorter upset like. Women is like that sometimes. Queer sort women is—" He rambled on for a few minutes, fidgeting. "Fac' is—better turn in, hey? Sorter want me ter comfort 'er. Women is like that sometimes. Funny fings, women. Don't mind, do yer?"

After turning out the lamp and locking the front door Alf escorted Jim to the guest-chamber, a tiny room at the back.

"Goo' night, mate! 'Ope yer'll sleep orl right, hey? Ain't no turnin' out 'ere! Goo' night!"

"Goo' night!" growled Jim at the closing door.

For fully ten minutes he sat hunched on the little bed with his head between his hands, grim-faced, bright-eyed, listening. Suddenly he swore and sprang to his feet, his face contorted, fists clenched; then tearing off his boots he clutched his bundle and crept downstairs.

AS THE murky light filtered through the curtains Alf tiptoed down the stairs in his stocking-feet. He lighted the fire and his pipe, made tea and stumped up-stairs again, bearing two cups and the grin of a triumphant schoolboy. He deposited one cup on the landing, delivered the other to his wife, who sleepily feigned delight, and returned for the first cup.

"Aye, but he'd sooner 'ave beer!" he muttered as he pushed open the door of the spare room. "Gaw!" he exclaimed, and peered round as if he expected to find Jim under the bed or in the washstand, scratching his head perplexedly. "Ain't been ter bed! W'ere is 'e!" The bewilderment grew into a grin of comprehension. "Pore old Jim!" addressing the empty bed. "Kinder hearly for bed and thort 'e'd like a wet an' ain't come 'ome! Might 'a' knowed! Same as I'd 'a' done once. Wot d'yer fink, ole gal?" he shouted to Mary, carrying the cup back with him. "My mate's bin an' gawn!"

"Gawn!" echoed Mary in startled relief.

"Yus. Ain't bin ter bed!" and he related his surmise with many guffaws. "But 'e'll turn up fer 'is tommy—wiv a thick 'ead!"

Mary made no comment.

LATER, as the guest did not return, Alf grew anxious and departed in search of him. However, he could not discover Jim in the purlieus of the district. "Bin an' gawn on the booze!" was the verdict. A sincere regret that he had not been permitted to exercise hospitality evoked the remark: "Orter 'ave got 'im some beer—same as I'd 'a' liked afore I took up wiv you, hey, Missus? Wunnerful 'ooman you are, ole gal, straight!" Caressing his unresponsive wife with one horny hand he kissed her. "Feelin' sorter porely, ain't yer, ole dear?"

Mary continued to feel "porely" apparently; so that when Alf translated his disappointment that his short spell at home was likely to be marred, into terms of solicitous concern for Jim, and was peevishly told to "cheese it!" his wide understanding of women was slightly strained.

He pondered long and a little sulkily upon her unusual manner and failed to find any consolation in his own stereotyped formula for feminine ways.

However, on the following evening Alf returned from work with the news that Jim had, that morning, received seven days' hard labor for having been "drunk and disorderly." "Good-'earted bloke, 'im!" concluded Alf, wagging his head compassionately; "but a rough un, same as I might 'a' bin."

Mary sighed and turned away as Alf thundered up-stairs to see young Alf, who had been put to bed.

"W'ere nunky?" demanded the child.

"Nunky gawn away fer a 'oliday," said Alf, grinning at his own waggishness.

The boy considered. "Ain't 'e never comin' back?"

"Oh, yus, 'e'll come back orl right."

"W'en?"

"Inner week or two."

"W'ere's 'e gawn?"

"Gawn? Oh 'e's gawn up ter Lunnon."

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They wrestled for possession of the weapon. One hand pressed upon her bosom, Mary's feverish eyes watched the straining men.

"Waffor?"

"Waffor? W'y—I dunno," confessed Alf, unable to rise to the occasion.

"Ain't 'e gotter 'ome?"

"W'y, yus, of course, 'e 'as!"

"An', Pa, ain't 'e got any li'l' boys like me to play wiv?"

"Yus, corse 'e 'as! Jus' like you!" And as Mary entered the room he turned to her waggishly: "Ain't that right, old dear?"

"Ain't wot right?" demanded Mary. "Ain't Jim gotter little boy jus' like our Alf?"

Mary gave a quick look from the boy to Alf. "Wot's the matter wiv you!" she demanded furiously. "Telling 'im lies like that! Ain't yer nuffin better ter do than ter keep 'im awake all night? Ain't I gotter-nuff trouble wivout you upsettin' things?"

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"Gaw!" said Alf eloquently, staring at her. "Wot's the matter wiv you, Missus?"

"Oh, go away, do!" shrilled Mary.

Big Alf rose silently, looked at the boy sitting up in bed watching them curiously and at his wife.

"Wot're you waitin' for?" she demanded acidly. "I gotter get 'im ter sleep arter you gone and woke 'im. Go on!"

"She's balmy," muttered the perplexed Alf as he slouched out of the room. "I never done nuffin."

"Wot's the matter wiv Pa?" demanded young Alf.

"Ain't nuffin the matter wiv Pa," asserted Mary more quietly. "Now you go ter sleep, d'yer 'ear?"

"But, Ma," persisted young Alf as he snuggled down, "ain't Nunky Jim gotter li'l' boy like ——"

"Oh, be quiet, an' go ter sleep, will yer!" snapped Mary and a sharp smack terrorized the boy into obedience.

A FIREMAN'S life is much like a sailor's—both are fortunate if they have as many days at home as they have weeks at sea. On the following day the *Matilda Farncroft* was due to sail in ballast for Cardiff to load coal for the Black Sea. Big Alf hoped that Mary would soften toward him. But she did not. Unconsciously he bestowed the inhibited caresses upon young Alf, observed by Mary with a strained, patient look in her eyes, as if she were compelling herself to endure the extravagant, even fatuous, sentimentalities of a sentimental male. But she made no remark. Indeed, she scarcely spoke at all.

When at last he had made ready and stood, bundle in hand, gazing at her with the questioning expression of a hurt dog, she seemed to relent. She placed her arm round his neck and kissed him with something of the warmth of other days. But when he sought to return it, she repulsed him. The gladness was turned to anger. He muttered an oath and went hurriedly, pained and smoldering with anger at the feeling that he had really done something to offend her; bewildered and frightened of he knew not what.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Mary sought young Alf and in the middle of extravagant caresses burst into tears. Young Alf, too, was bewildered at these most extraordinary happenings. But when he, as ever solicitous, inquired what the matter was, he received such a sharp admonition not to ask silly questions, that he in sympathy began to weep. Mother and child together sobbed.

Then young Alf put his arm around Mary's neck and said with the air of one solving a terrible problem: "Alf tho thorry Mummy thorry Daddy gone!" and ceased to cry. Yet his small mind was still bewildered by the glance which his mother gave him as she dried her eyes upon her apron.

However, Mary had, as usual, little time to waste upon marital or any other problems. She went about her housework all day with an unusually absent-minded look, and at every step or knock of itinerant hawker, started apprehensively.

Toward five o'clock young Alf, to his delight, was dressed in his Sunday best and led off to have supper with an aunt who lived some blocks away. That there was something unusual about to happen he was convinced; for upon cake and ginger-beer he was allowed to gorge unreproved, and although his bedtime was eight, Mary did not even suggest leaving until after nine.

Exceedingly happy and slightly dyspeptic, young Alf said his prayers with a special plea for those at sea and was tucked up in bed, contented in the promise of a wonderful cake which Aunt Lizzie was to make for him on the morrow.

But as Mary moved about the little kitchen, clearing up for the night, there came a single knock at the door. Mary stood still, holding a dish in her hand. Her eyes were like a startled fawn's. She hesitated; moved from one foot to the other; her mobile lips muttered: "It'll only be Mrs. Barker!"

She put down the dish very carefully; placed her hand upon her breast. Again came the knock; louder, imperious. Mary hesitated; glanced at the fire. Mary went out.

Silhouetted against the blue of the night was the form of a man.

"Mar—y!"

"You! Oh!" In a panic she tried to close the door, whispering, "Go away! Oh, Gawd, go away!"

"Mary!" Jim insisted, pressing his bulk against the door.

"Don't! Don't!" she whispered, struggling futilely. "They'll see yer! They will! Oh, go away!"

He removed her hands from the door, leaving it ajar behind him, and took her in his arms. She writhed and twisted furiously as a woman does in her lover's arms. He forced her head back and bruised her lips with his mouth.

"Gawd! I'm mad fer yer. Gowmitey, I am! Mary——"

She fought, anger growing with the delicious delight in his strength. She lay still, as if exhausted.

"If yer love us, Jim, lemme go! Please!" she pleaded.

He released her; whereupon she turned upon him because he had obeyed.

"'Ow dare you come 'ere? You! Carn't you lemme alone? Wot 'ave I done? Ain't it enuff ter frighten me outer me life? You——"

"Mary, I want yer!"

"Are yer balmy?" she demanded shrilly. "Wanter ruin me? W'y can't yer leave me alone! Oh, go away!"

Jim stared at her hungrily but perplexedly. "Oh, 'ell, Mary, won't yer come wiv me? Oh, Gawd, I want yer. I ain't done nuffin since yer leff me, straight I ain't! Nuffin but booze! Oh, I know, but I can't 'elp it. Why did yer leave me?"

He checked a movement toward her and grimaced impotently, the light from the kitchen lighting one ear and his bullet-skull. The gurgle of a kettle on the hob sounded softly; a cart rattled noisily over the cobbles without and died away jangling. The two stood in the tiny passage, the woman flattening herself against the wall.

"Oh, Gawd!" she commenced again, "go away, do!"

"Come wiv us then?"

"I won't!"

"I love yer, Mary. I allus 'ave. Yer knows it, don't yer? Yer carn't go on like this. Yer don't love 'im—do yer?"

"I can't leave 'im," she muttered, near weeping, "I can't. "'E's bin a good man ter me, 'e 'as, reely. Oh, Gawd, go——"

He seized her arm. She cried out inarticulately and wriggling away from him, fled into the kitchen. He followed, ponderously eager. She turned by the table, at bay.

"Oh!" she cried, a new note of wailing in her voice, "go awa-ay, do! I can't —I daren't!"

"'Ere, Mary," he said, finding eloquence, "yer can't live like this, it ain't right. I loved you first, didn't I? We allus loved each uvver. W'en I leff yer, I couldn't 'elp it, straight. Yus. I know I went on the booze—and I bin ever since. I don't care nuffin if you ain't wiv me—Gawd—Mary, wot did yer leave me fer? W'y ever did yer? I bin in 'ell, I 'ave."

"'Cos yer didn't marry me, that's w'y I leff yer. Cos I wanted ter be a respec'able 'ooman and 'e made me that—wot you'd never 'ave done."

"I would—if yer'd only waited, 's truth I would, and yer knows it!"

"No yer wouldn't! You'd never 'ave given up the booze. 'E did—fer me."

"Ow could I?" he demanded angrily, "w'en yer was allus a-gaddin' about? Made me balmy, yer did, an' yer loved it. I 'ated yer sometimes. An' then yer went an' married 'im! Gawd! But I'll give up the booze, I swear I will. Mary! yer don't love 'im, yer said yer didn't."

"I didn't!"

"Yus, yer did." He moved toward her. She shrank away. "An' yer loves me, don't yer, Mary—don't yer?"

"No!" she said defiantly.

But he sprang and caught her to him.

"Lemme go! Lemme——"

"Yer do! Yer do, don't yer?" he demanded, glaring down at her. Her eyes shifted.

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"Lemme go!" she whispered.

"I won't!" he growled hoarsely, crushing her until she cried out. "Yer love me, don't yer?"

"No," she murmured feebly; but her lids drooped, flickered and opened on burning eyes as she strained to his lips.

"Oh, Gawd, don't!" she panted. "I can't stand it. I mustn't!"

"But yer comin', Mary!"

"I ain't. 'ow can I? I can't leave 'im."

"'Oo? 'Im?"

He jerked her chin upward.

"Yes."

"Oh, Gawd."

She remained in his arms inert. He stared at her. She flashed a wild frightened look at him and struggled seriously to free herself; she rained blows upon him, savagely, crying inarticulately. He released her.

"Gawd!" he muttered suspiciously.

"It ain't true," she panted. "It ain't! I swear it ain't."

"Sorter scared me like. But 'e give me a turn w'en I see 'im. 'Ere, Mary—Come on! You an' *'im*."

"I can't! I won't!"

"Yus, y'are! 'im wiv us! Come on!"

He caught her arm and drew her to him. Again the sharp battle and her surrender to the hypnotism of contact. Then as she lay in his arms she started violently. Her protesting words were smothered by his caresses. She struggled desperately. His grip tightened, his great frame trembled.

"Oh ——!" was squeezed from her bruised lips. The agonized expression of her eyes made him glance up. In the doorway stood Alf; his eyes glared, his thick lips were contorted into the expression of a homicidal maniac, and his shoulders were hunched round his lowering head. Mary clung to Jim in paralyzed fear. He repulsed her and took up a strategic position behind the kitchen-table.

"'Ere, Alf, 'alf a mo'! Lemme tell yer——"

"No, no fer Gawd's sake, no!" came Mary's shrill voice.

A stream of obscene profanity fled through Alf's teeth, the purport of which anathematized false friends, wives and collisions. Then he caught up a knife from the table.

With an oath Jim flung the table aside, rushed in and caught the upraised wrist. They wrestled for possession of the weapon. One hand pressed upon her bosom, the other clutching her gaping mouth, Mary's feverish eyes watched the straining men. Came a sharp cry as the knife twinkled on the stone hearth. For a moment they swayed to and fro, toppled over the table and crashed to the floor, Jim uppermost.

With a stifled shriek forced from her by the shock of the fall, Mary had started forward; but hypnotized by pristine fascination, she remained to stare at the writhing, twisting male animals upon the floor.

Jim succeeded in loosening the bite of the horny fingers and in implanting his own in his rival's throat. With maddened eyes almost starting from their sockets the men fought desperately in throttled breaths, each growing fainter and more labored.

Then in this room supercharged with the atmosphere of primordial strife appeared a tiny figure in pink flannel.

For a moment the curly head was bent sideways like a puzzled bird.

At the sight of her son Mary had started forward with a strangled expression of horror. She fell to tugging at the combatants, sobbing dry-eyed as she whispered fiercely: "Stop it! Alf's 'ere! Oh, Gawd! Chuck it! Alf's 'ere!"

As the sleepy little brain solved the riddle young Alf demanded imperiously, "Lemme play too!"

The frantic objurgation of the woman had failed to reach the understanding of either man, but that clear treble of the boy's acted as the command of an officer to disciplined troops. Both hands were released from their deadly grips. Jim's head followed Alf's horrified gaze to the child standing over them, impatiently demanding to join the game.

Alf's eyes were bloodshot, his tongue protruded slightly; yet he tried to smile a ghastly contorted grin. Mary stood back, staring, her quivering lips straining at a smile. Slowly, fighting hard to subdue the agonized sob of the lungs, both men disentangled themselves.

"Gee-gees!" demanded young Alf, his eyes gleaming with excitement. He rushed to the cupboard, produced the whip and cracked it furiously.

Ponderously, with tears of pain welling in his averted eyes, Jim crawled around the kitchen with young Alf upon his back, to and fro, backward and forward, around and about. Alf leaned upon the floor, one hand at his wealed throat, eyes following the performance, striving to control his troubled breathing.

"Now you, Daddy!" The boy dismounted from his horse and cracked the whip before the fresh victim.

Unsteadily Jim rose and moved toward the door.

"Nunky not goin'?" demanded little Alf from astride big Alf's back.

Jim tried to master his swollen tongue, gazing round like a stricken animal.

"Yes, Nunky got to go 'ome," Mary whispered.

The boy looked at her. "Mummy dot cold?" he inquired.

Mary nodded and murmured.

"Alf tho thorry. Goo' night, Nunky!"

"Good' night!" answered Jim hoarsely as he opened the door.

"Gee up!" shouted young Alf, cracking his whip. "Daddy best 'orse! CLK! CLK! Gee-up!"

SUNDAY EVENING

By Charles Hanson Towne

I SAW a pale young clerk coming home from the country,
His tired wife beside him, his child on his knee;
In his hands a bunch of crushed lilacs and wilting dogwood—
But in his heart a joy unknown to me.

The Subway clamored and clattered; the lurching people,
Weary, after long tramps through a scented lane,
Seemed like phantoms before me and all around me,
Their faces like ghosts in gardens after light rain.

But oh, they were real! They were only too human!
Their eyes held the eager fire of dreams and of youth.
And I, in my loneliness, I to them was a phantom;
They had been out in still places; they had tasted the Truth.

And now they had memories for a week of days unending;
Now they had glamour enough to carry them through.
And only I was alone in that heaving Subway—
I, an idle Dreamer, with nothing at all to do.

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The TRIM IMP *of* BROADWAY

FRANCES WHITE

By Karl Schmidt

IN THE world of the theatre, there every now and then emerges from obscurity a figure that conquers Broadway in a night, is famous in the morning, and thereafter becomes a matter of local pride—almost an institution.

The Ziegfield Follies of two years ago were evenly pursuing their pulchritudinous course, when suddenly and without any warning, there appeared, as a dancing partner for William Rock, some one entirely new and wholly different—Frances White.

A minute or so over four feet tall, with a cart-wheel hat tilted over the left ear, yellow hair drawn tight back and caught in a knob, as Helen Lowell does her hair for eccentric types, very short skirts, of Broadway material, but standing out like the starched clothes of a good little girl on her way to Sunday-school, this new performer came out of the West and danced and sang in a way that took.

That important night was only two years ago, but to-day it doesn't seem to be a genuine revue or midnight show if Frances White is not around.

The two short years spent on Broadway are about half the career of Frances White. Less than five years ago she was singing sentimental songs to those grotesquely colored lantern slides on which the romance of a store young man and his very blonde sweetheart was painted. Most often they told their love seated on the brim of a champagne glass, or in the calyx of a nasturtium. Happily these colored slides are no more. But Frances White had left them and singing in the dark, before their vogue—if they ever had any—had gone, for William Rock came along just about then. Later, when Frances White applied for a job in his production, "The Candy Shop," he remembered her. That was in those days when the act was known as Rock and Fulton. In the meantime, there had been some performances with the Morosco stock companies, and it was in a Morosco production, "So Long Letty," that Rock and White appeared as a team. That was on the Pacific Coast. Then followed vaudeville, but it was in "The Follies" and "Midnight Frolic" that New York saw and heard Frances White.

Of the period before the Los Angeles movie theatre, with its colored song slides, little is known except, of course,

that Frances ran away from school. "I always liked to sing and dance just as I liked to play. We have been performing for more than two years at midnight shows, and most of the while we have been doing regular night performances and often matinees in addition. Three turns a day has been nothing unusual for us.

"And in that time there have been more than thirty war and charitable benefits!

"I suppose that I like to sing the kid songs better than I do the others, better even than I do dancing. People like them best, and if there are any children in the audience they like me. I always sing 'Mississippi' and I'll always have to. I am not sure I like the idea of becoming inseparable from one song, as Eva Tanguay and 'I don't care,' but I don't care either."

Perhaps no song having so little vocal charm has in a given time pleased more people than "Mississippi." It is a simple thing and well suited to the singer's peculiar style and manner. Just the perplexity of a child, unable to spell words that demand a knowledge of the letter "S." Finally, in triumph, "Mississippi" is mastered, and then the decision made to rest on the hard-won laurels and not to bother about words containing the dreaded "S". In the singing of this song, as in all other "kid" songs, there is more than a suggestion of sophistication. This is doubtless very right, for the average person who sits up for a midnight show would hardly care for a child's song of the "You Can't Play in My Yard" vintage, any more than he'd read a "Bedtime Story" in the evening papers on his way home.

In clothes, too, there is sophistication. Even the ragged trousers of the street urchin, used in one of the songs, have a cut that stamps them at once as being all wrong, and right too, for nothing could be more characteristic of the wearer.

There is perhaps no one on the musical comedy or vaudeville stage to-day who makes things so much her own as Frances White does. Her manner, her dress, her gestures, the way she starts to dance, the simple singing, with perhaps much too little voice, are all marked F. W., as other people mark their linen. There is a story back stage somewhere, that the famous New England school-marm coiffure was not original, but what does it matter? It is hers now. Always dressed in trim clothes that have a precise, severe style, this dancer and singer of "kid" songs (to call her a delineator of child studies would be too serious and all wrong anyway) seems at one and the same time an intruder at a midnight show and the only person one expected to find there. In it all she takes a great joy, like the unalloyed joy of stealing away from school—Frances White, an impish person on Broadway. Her imitators are becoming numerous, but they will not go far. The things that belong to Frances White are her own, even though she does some of them less well than some one else might.

Fortunately, Miss White's ambitions coincide with what she likes to do best. "I really don't want," she confessed, "to go on the dramatic stage or to uplift the drama. I'll be perfectly content to hang around a while and dance, and yes, sing 'Mississippi.'"

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TAM o' *the* SCOOTS

A Reprisal Raid

By

Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

Tam was on his tail and was pumping nickel through his tractor's screw before the destroyer of innocent gas-bags realized what had happened.

THERE are certain animals famous to every member of the British Expeditionary Force.

There is a Welsh regiment's goat which ate up the plan of attack issued by a brigadier-general, who bore a striking resemblance to somebody who was not Napoleon, thus saving the Welsh regiment from annihilation and reproach. There is the dog of the Middlesex regiment, who always bit staff-officers and was fourteen times condemned to death by elderly and irascible colonels, and fourteen times rescued by his devoted comrades. There is the Canadians' tame chicken, who sat waiting for nine-inch shells to fall, and then scratched over the ground they had disturbed; and there is last, but not least, that famous mascot of General Hospital One-Three-One, Hector O'Brien.

Hector O'Brien was born in the deeps of a Congo forest. Of his early life little is known, but as far as can be gathered, he made his way to France by way of Egypt and Gallipoli and was presented by a grateful patient to the nursing sisters and ambulance staff of One-Three-One, and by them was adopted with enthusiasm.

Hector O'Brien did precious little to earn either fame or notoriety until one memorable day. He used to sit in the surgery, before a large packing-case, wistfully watching the skies and scratching himself in an absent-minded manner. A chimpanzee may not cogitate very profoundly, and the statement that he is a deep thinker though an indifferent conversationalist has yet to be proved; but it is certain that Hector O'Brien was a student of medicine, and that he did, on this memorable day to which reference has been made, perambulate the wards of that hospital from bed to bed, feeling pulses and shaking his head in a sort of melancholy helplessness which brought joy to the heart of eight hundred patients, one hundred doctors, nurses and orderlies, and did not in any way disturb the melancholy principal medical officer, who was wholly unconscious of Hector's impertinent imitations.

Second-Lieutenant Tam, who was a frequent visitor at One-Three-One, had at an early stage struck up a friendship with Hector and had, I believe, taken him on patrol duty, Hector strapped tightly to the seat, holding with a grip of iron to the fusilage and chattering excitedly.

Thereafter, upon the little uniform jacket which Hector wore on state occasions was stitched the wings of a trained pilot. It is necessary to explain Hector's association with the R. F. C. in order that the significance of the subsequent adventure may be thoroughly appreciated.

Tam was "up" one day and on a particular mission. He looked down upon a big and irregular checker-board covered with numbers of mad white lines, which radiated from a white center and seemed to run frantically in all directions save one. Across that course, and running parallel beneath three of them was a straight silver thread. At the edge of his vision and beyond the place where the white lines ended abruptly, there were two irregular zigzags of yellow running roughly parallel. Behind each of these were thousands of little yellow splotches.

Tam banked over and came round on a hairpin turn, with his eyes searching the heavens above and below. A thousand feet beneath him was a straggling wisp of cloud, so tenuous that you saw the earth through its bulk. Above was a smaller cloud, not as transparent, but too thin to afford a lurking place for his enemy.

Tam was waiting for that famous gentleman, the "Sausage-Killer," the sworn foe of all "O. B.'s."

He paid little attention to the flaming lines because the "Sausage-Killer" never came direct from his aerodrome. You would see him streaking across the sky, apparently on his urgent way to the sea bases and oblivious of the existence of Observation Balloons.

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Then he would turn, as though he had forgotten his passport and railway ticket and must go home quickly to get them. And before anybody realized what was happening, he would be diving straight down at the straining gas-bags, his tracer bullets would be ranging the line, and from every car would jump tiny black figures. You saw them falling straight as plummets till their parachutes took the air and opened. And there would be a great blazing and burning of balloons, frantic work at the winches which pulled them to earth, and the ballooning section would send messages to the aerodrome whose duty it was to protect them, apologizing for awakening the squadron from its beauty sleep, but begging to report that hostile aircraft had arrived, had performed its dirty work and had departed with apparent immunity.

The "Sausage-Killer" was due at 11.20, and at 11.18 Tam saw one solitary airplane sweep wide of the balloon park, and turn on a course which would bring him along the line of the O. B.'s. Apparently, the "Sausage-Killer" was not so blessed in the matter of sight as Tam, for the scout was on his tail and was pumping nickel through his tractor's screw before the destroyer of innocent gas-bags realized what had happened.

"It was a noble end," said Tam after he had landed, "and A'm no' so sure that he would have cared to be coonted oot in any other saircumstances; for the shepherd likes to die amongst his sheep and the captain on his bridge, and this puir feller was verra content, A've no doot, to crash under the een of his wee——"

"Did you kill him, Tam?" asked Blackie.

"A'm no' so sure he's deid in the corporeal sense," said Tam cautiously, "but he is removed from the roll of effectives."

So far from being dead, the "Sausage-Killer," who, appropriately enough, was ludicrously like a young butcher, with his red fat face and his cold blue eye, was very much alive and had a grievance.

"Where did that man drop from?" he demanded truculently, "I didn't see him."

"I'm sorry," said Blackie; "if we had known that, we would have got him to ring a bell or wave a flag."

"That is frivolous," said the German officer severely.

"It is the best we can do, dear lad," said Blackie, and didn't trouble to invite him to lunch.

"Tam, you've done so well," said the squadron leader at that meal, "that I can see you being appointed official guardian angel to the O. B.s'. They are going to bring you some flowers."

"And a testimonial with a purse of gold," suggested Croucher, the youngest of the flyers.

"A'm no' desirin' popularity," said Tam modestly, "'tis against ma principles to accept any other presents than segairs, and even these A'm loath to accept unless they're good ones."

He looked at his wrist watch, folded his serviette and rose from the mess-table with a little nod to the president.

It was a gratifying fact, which Blackie had remarked, that Second Lieutenant, late Sergeant, Tam, had taken to the mess as naturally as a duck to water. He showed neither awkwardness nor shyness, but this was consonant with his habit of thought. Once attune your mind to the reception of the unexpected, so that even the great and vital facts of life and death leave you unshaken and unamazed, and the lesser quantities are adjusted with ease.

Tam had new quarters, his batman had become his servant, certain little comforts which were absent from the bunk were discoverable in the cozy little room he now occupied.

HIS day's work was finished and he was bound on an expedition which was one part business and nine parts joy-ride, frank and undisguised, for the squadron-car had been placed at his disposal. The road to Amiens was dry, the sun was up, and the sky was blue, and behind him was the satisfactory sense of good work well done, for the "Sausage-Killer" was at that moment on his way back to the base, sitting vis-à-vis with a grimy young military gentleman who cuddled a rifle and a fixed bayonet with one hand and played scales on a mouth-organ with the other, softly, since he was a mere learner, and this was an opportunity for making joyful noises without incurring the opprobrium of his superiors.

Tam enjoyed the beauty and freshness of the early afternoon, every minute of it. He drove slowly, his eyes wandering occasionally from the road to make a professional scrutiny of the skies. He spotted the lonely watches of 89 Squadron and smiled, for 89 had vowed many oaths that they would catch the "Sausage-Killer," and had even initiated a sweepstakes for the lucky man who crashed him.

At a certain quiet restaurant on the Grand' Place he found a girl waiting for him, a girl in soiled khaki, critically examining the menu.

She looked up with a smile as the young man came in, hung his cap upon a peg and drew out the chair opposite.

"I have ordered the tea, though it is awfully early," she said, "now tell me what you have been doing all the morning."

She spoke with an air of proprietorship, a tone which marked the progress of this strange friendship, which had indeed gone very far since Tam's violent introduction to Vera Laramore on the Amiens road.

"Weel," said Tam, and hesitated.

"Please don't give me a dry report," she warned him. "I want the real story, with all its proper fixings."

"Hoo shall A start?" asked Tam.

"You start with the beginning of the day. Now, properly, Tam."

Her slim finger threatened him.

"Is it literature ye'd be wanting?" asked Tam shyly.

She nodded, and Tam shut his eyes and began after the style of an amateur elocutionist:

"The dawn broke fair and bonny an' the fairest rays of the rising sun fell upon the sleeping 'Sausage-Killer——'"

"Who is the 'Sausage-Killer'?" asked the girl, startled.

"He'll be the villain of the piece, A'm thinkin'," said Tam, "but if ye interrupt——"

"I am sorry," murmured the girl, apologetically.

She sat with her elbows on the table, her chin resting on her clasped hands and her eyes fixed on Tam, eyes that danced with amusement, with admiration, and with just that hint of tenderness that you might expect in the proud mother showing off the accomplishments of her first-born.

"——fell aboot the heid of the 'Sausage Killer,'" Tam went on, "bathin' his shaven croon wi' saft radiance. There was a discreet tap at the door, and Wilhelm MacBethmann, his faithful retainer, staggered in, bearin' his cup of acorn coffee.

"'Rise, *mein Herr*,' says he, 'get oot o' bed, ma bonnie laird.'

"'What o'clock is it, Angus?' says the 'Sausage-Killer,' sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"'It's seven, your Majesty,' says MacBethmann, 'shall I lay out yeer synthetic sausage or shall I fry up yesterday's sauerkraut?'

"But the 'Sausage-Killer' shakes his head.

"'*Mon* Angus,' he says, 'A've had a heedious dream. A dreamt,' says he, 'that A went for to kill a wee sausage and A dived for him and missed him and before A could recover, the sausage bit me. 'Tis a warning,' says he.

"'Sir,' says MacBethmann, trembling in every limb and even in his neck, 'ye'd be wise no' to go out the day.'

"But the prood 'Sausage-Killer' rises himself to his full length.

"'Unhand ma pants, Angus,' says he, 'ma duty calls,' and away goes the puir wee feller to meet his doom at the hands of the terror of the skies."

"That's you," said the girl.

"Ye're a good guesser," said Tam, pouring out the tea the waiter had brought. "Do ye take sugar or are ye a victim of the cocktail habit?"

"Did you kill him?" asked the girl.

"Poleetically and in a military sense the 'Sausage-Killer' is dead," said Tam; "as a human being he is still alive, being detained during his Majesty's displeasure."

"You will tell me the rest, won't

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you?'' she pleaded. With her, Tam invariably ended his romances at the point where they could only be continued by the relation of his own prowess, "and I'm glad you brought him down — it makes me shudder to see the balloons burning. Oh, and do you know they bombed Number One-Three-One last night?"

"Ye don't say!"

There was amazement in his look, but there was pain, too. The traditions of the air service had become his traditions. A breach of the unwritten code by the enemy was almost as painful a matter to him as though it was committed by one of his own comrades. For his spiritual growth had dated from the hour of his enlistment, and that period of life wherein youth absorbs its most vivid and most irradicable impressions, had coincided with the two years he had spent in his new environment.

He understood nothing of the army and its intimate life, of its fierce and wholesome code. He could only wonder at the courage and the endurance of those men on the ground who were cheerful in all circumstances. They amazed and in a sense depressed him. He had been horrified to see snipers bayoneted without mercy, without being given a chance to surrender, not realizing that the sniper is outside all concession and can not claim any of the rough courtesies of war.

He had placed his enemy on a pedestal, and it hurt almost as much to know that the German fell short of his conception as it would have, had one of his own comrades been guilty of an unpermissible act.

He suddenly dived up into the light of the cold moon.

Hospitals had been bombed before, but there was a chance that the wandering night-bird had dropped his pills in ignorance of what lay beneath him. Of late, however, hospitals and clearing stations had been attacked with such persistence that there was very little doubt that the enemy was deliberately carrying out a hideous plan.

"Ye don't say?" he repeated, and the girl noticed that his voice was a little husky. "Were ye—" he hesitated.

"I was on convoy duty, fortunately," said the girl, "but that doesn't save you in the daytime, and I have been bombed lots of times, although the red cross on the top of the ambulance is quite clear—isn't it?"

Tam nodded.

"There was no damage?" he asked anxiously.

"Not very much in one way," she said, "he missed the hospital but got the surgery and poor Hector—" she stopped, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Ye don't tell me?'' he asked, startled.

She nodded.

"Puir Hector; well that's too bad, puir wee little feller!"

"Everybody is awfully upset about it, he was such a cheery little chap. He was killed quite—nastily," she hesitated to give the grisly details, but Tam, who had seen the effect of high explosive bombs, had no difficulty in reconstructing the scene where Hector laid down his life for his adopted country.

When he got back to the aerodrome that night he found that the bombing of hospitals was the subject which was exciting the mess to the exclusion of all others.

"It's positively ghastly that a decent lot of fellows like German airmen can do such diabolical things," said Blackie, "we are so helpless. We can't go along and bomb his collecting stations."

"Fritz's material is deteriorating," said a wing commander, "there's not enough gentlemen to go round. Everybody who knows Germany expected this to happen. You don't suppose fellows like Boltke or Immelmann or Richthoven would have done such a swinish thing?"

That same night One-Three-One was bombed again, this time with more

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disastrous effects. One of the raiders was brought down by Blackie himself, who shot both the pilot and the observer, but the raid was only one of many.

The news came through in the morning that a systematic bombing of field hospitals had been undertaken from Ypres to the Somme. At two o'clock that afternoon Blackie summoned his squadron.

"There's a retaliation stunt on tonight," he explained, "we are getting up a scratch raid into Germany. You fellows will be in for it. Tam, you will be my second in command."

AT TEN o'clock that night the squadron rose and headed eastward. The moon was at its full, but there was a heavy ground mist, and at six thousand feet a thin layer of clouds which afforded the raiders a little cover.

Tam was on the left of the diamond formation, flying a thousand feet above the bombers, and for an hour and a half his eyes were glued upon the signal light of his leader. Presently their objective came into sight: a spangle of lights on the ground. You could follow the streets and the circular sweep of the big Central Platz and even distinguish the bridges across the Rhine, then of a sudden the lights blurred and became indistinct and Tam muttered an impatient "Tchk," for the squadron was running into a cloud-bank which might be small but was more likely to be fairly extensive.

They were still able to distinguish the locality, until three spurts of red flame in the very center of the town marked the falling of the first bombs. Then all the prominent lights went out. There were hundreds of feeble flickers from the houses, but after a while these too faded and died. In their place appeared the bright, staring faces of the searchlights as they swept the clouds.

Tam saw the flash of guns, saw the red flame-flowers of the bombs burst to life and die, and straining his eyes through the mist caught the "Return" signal of his leader. He banked round and ran into a thicker pall of fog and began climbing. As he turned he saw a quick, red, angry flash appear in the clouds and something whistled past his head. The guns had got the altitude of the bombers to a nicety and Tam grinned.

By this time Blackie's lights were out of sight and Tam was alone. He looked down at his compass and the quivering needle now pointed to his right, which meant he was on the homeward track. He kept what he thought was a straight course, but the needle swung round so that it pointed toward him. He banked over again to the right and swore as he saw the needle spin round as though some invisible finger was twirling it.

Now the airplane compass is subject to fits of madness.

There are dozens of explanations as to why such things occur, but the recollection of a few of these did not materially assist the scout. The thing to do was to get clear of the clouds and take his direction by the stars. He climbed and climbed, until his aeronometer pointed to twenty thousand feet. By this time it was necessary to employ the apparatus which he possessed for sustaining himself at this altitude. It was amazing that the clouds should be so high, and he began to think that his aeronometer was out of order when he suddenly dived up into the light of a cold moon.

He looked around, seeking the pole-star and found it on his left. So all the time he had been running eastward.

And then his engine began to miss.

Tam was a philosopher and a philosopher never expects miracles. He understood his engine as a good jockey understands his horse. He pushed the nose of his machine earthward and planed down through an interminable bank of clouds until he found a gray countryside running up to meet him. There were no houses, no lights, nothing but a wide expanse of country dotted with sparse copses.

There was sufficient light to enable him to select a landing-place, and he came down in the middle of a big pasture on the edge of a forest of gaunt trees.

He unstrapped himself and climbed down, stretching his limbs before he took a gentle trot around the machine to restore his circulation. Then he climbed back into the fusilage and tinkered at the engine. He knew what was wrong and remedied the mischief in a quarter of an hour. Then he inspected his petrol supply and whistled. He had made a rough calculation and he knew within a few miles how far he was in the interior of Germany, and by the character of the country he knew he was in the marshy lands of Oosenburg, and there was scarcely enough petrol to reach the Rhine.

He left his machine, slipped an automatic pistol into the pocket of his overall and went on a voyage of exploration.

Half a mile from where he landed, he struck what he gathered was a high-road and proceeded cautiously, for the high-road would probably be patrolled, the more so if the noise of his machine had been correctly interpreted, though it was in his favor that he had shut off his engines and had planed down for five miles without a sound.

There was nobody in sight. To the left the road stretched in the diffused moonlight, a straight white ribbon unbroken by any habitation. To the right he discerned a small hut, and to this he walked. He had taken a dozen steps when a voice challenged him in German. At this point the road was sunken and it was from the shadow of the cutting that the challenge came.

"Hello," said Tam in English, and a little figure started out.

Tam saw the rifle in his hand and caught the glitter of a bayonet.

"You English?" said a voice.

"Scotch," said Tam severely.

"Aha!" there was a note of exultation, "you English-escaped prisoner! I haf you arrested and with me to the Commandant of Camp 74 you shall go."

"Is it English ye're speakin'?" said Tam.

The little man came closer to him. He stood four feet three and he was very fat. He wore no uniform, and was evidently one of those patriotic souls who undertake spare-time guard duty. His presence was explained by his greeting. Some men had escaped from the German prison-camp seven miles away and he was one of the sentries who were watching the road.

"You come mit me, *vorwärts!*"

Tam obeyed meekly and stepped out to the hut.

"I keep you here. Presently the *Herr Leutnant* will come and you shall go back."

He walked into the hut and waited in silence while the little man struck a match and lit an oil-lamp. The sentry fixed the glass chimney and turned to face the muzzle of Tam's automatic pistol.

"Sit down, ma wee frien'," said Tam, "let ma take that gun away from ye before ye hairt yeerself — mairciful Heavens!"

He was staring at the little man, but it was not the obvious terror of the civilian which fascinated him, it was the big, white, unshaven face, the long upper lip, and the low corrugated brow under stiff-bristling hair, the small twinkling eyes, and the broad, almost animal, nose that held him for a moment speechless.

"Hector O'Brien!" gasped Tam, and almost lost his grasp of the situation in the discovery of this amazing likeness. "A thought ye was dead," said Tam. "Oh, Hector, we have missed ye!"

The little man, his shaking hands uplifted, could only chatter incoherently. It needed this to complete the resemblance to the deceased mascot of One-Three-One.

"Ma puir wee man," said Tam, as he scientifically tied the hands of his prisoner, "so the Gairmans got ye after all."

"You shall suffer great punishment," his prisoner was spurred by fear to offer a protest. "Presently the *Herr Leutnant* will come with his motor-car."

"God bless ye for those encouraging words," said Tam, "now will ye tell me how many soldiers are coming along?"

"Four—six—" began the prisoner.

"Make it ten," said Tam, examining the magazine of his pistol, "A can manage wi' ten, but if there's eleven, A shall have to fight 'im in a vulgar way

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wi' ma fists. Ye'll sit here," said he, "and ye will not speak."

He went to the untidy bed, and taking a coarse sacking-sheet he wound it about the man's mouth. Then he went to the door and waited.

Presently he heard the hum of the car, and saw two twinkling lights coming from the eastward. Nearer and nearer came the motor-car and pulled up with a jerk before the hut.

There were two men, a chauffeur and an officer, cloaked and overcoated, in the tonneau. The officer opened the door of the car and stepped down.

"Franz!" he barked. Tam stepped out into the moonlight.

"Is it ma frien' ye're calling?" he asked softly. "And will ye pit up yeer hands."

"Who—who—" demanded the officer.

"Dinna make a noise like an owl," said Tam, "or you will frighten the wee birdies. Get out of that, McClusky," this to the chauffeur.

He marched them inside the hut and searched them. The officer had come providentially equipped with a pair of handcuffs, which Tam used to fasten the well-born and the low-born together. Then he made an examination of the car, and to his joy discovered six cans of petrol, for in this deserted region where petrol stores are non-existent a patrol car carries two days' supply.

He brought his three prisoners out, loosened the bonds of the little man, and after a little persuasion succeeded in inducing his three unwilling porters to carry the tins across a rough field to where his plane was standing.

In what persiflage he indulged, what bitter and satirical things he said of Germans and Germany is not recorded. They stood in abject silence while he replenished his store of petrol and then—

"Up wi' ye," said he to Hector O'Brien's counterpart.

"For why?" asked the affrighted man.

"Up wi' ye," said Tam sternly; "climb into that seat and fix the belt around ye, quick—A'm taking ye back to yeer home!"

His pistol-point was very urgent and the little man scrambled up behind the pilot's seat.

"Now, you, McClusky," said Tam, following him and deftly strapping himself, "ye'll turn that propeller—pull it down so, d'ye hear me, ye miserable chauffeur!"

The man obeyed. He pulled over the propeller-blade twice, then jumped back as with a roar the engine started.

As the airplane began to move, first slowly and then gathering speed with every second, Tam saw the two men break into a run toward the road and the waiting motor-car.

Behind him he felt rather than heard slight grunts and groans from his unhappy passenger, and then at the edge of the field he brought up the elevator and the little scout, roaring like a thousand express trains, shot up through the mist and disappeared from the watchers on the road in the low-hanging clouds, bearing to the bereaved and saddened staff of One-Three-One Hector O'Brien's understudy.

"Up wi' ye," said Tam sternly. "Climb into that seat. A'm taking ye back home."

Another adventure of *Tam o' the Scoots*, will appear in the July number.

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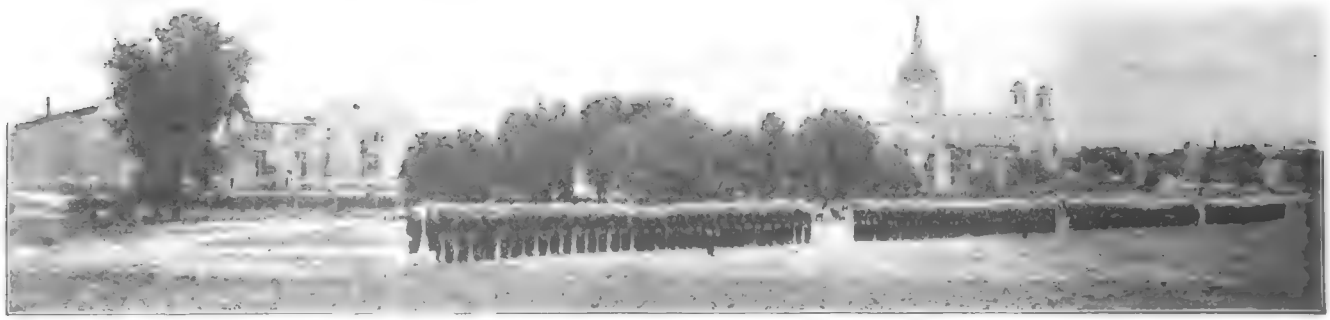

Inspection at an inland naval training-station.

MAKING SEAWORTHY SAILORS ON DRIEST LAND

By Willard Connely

PRECEDENT, the hobgoblin, was put to rout when the Navy Department authorized for bluejackets a training base in our uttermost inland state. But in these quasi red-tapeless days which shriek for red-tapeless deeds, officials are emboldened to reach out for all means to an end, the end of the super-celestial Kaiser, and added efficiency in our sea-fighting personnel is no inconsiderable means. Enlisted men of the Navy can absorb trade instruction in Minnesota as well as in South Carolina or California; neither salt water nor ships are indispensable for that.

The greater part of a year has passed since the inception of United States naval training in Minneapolis, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the seaboard. The primary *raison d'être* of this departure was Dunwoody Institute, a trade-school established, curiously, in the year which saw the beginning of the world war. As the work of the bluejackets there took hold and broadened, unforeseen potentialities crystallized.

At Harvard, the Naval Radio School wanted wireless operators capably grounded in the craft; at Columbia, competent machinist's mates were in demand at the Naval Gas-Engine School for finishing instruction as submarine-chaser crews; at Great Lakes Naval Training-Station, Lieutenant John Philip Sousa desired additional musicians of proven ability for his famous naval band. Within two months the Minneapolis detachment became a steady artery of supply, more than a preparatory school, for all.

Naval aviation, as a national need, was expanding. Ensign Colby Dodge, U. S. N., detailed to duty at Minneapolis, saw his opportunity to start a unit of pilots and mechanicians. To secure first the requisite financial backing he proposed an Aero Club of representative local men, and when the organization demonstrated a concrete earnest of its intentions it succeeded in obtaining Government approval. Still again,

Sheet metal men in their drafting rooms, where they also study thoroughly both plain and solid geometry. The instructor at the right is explaining to two of the men the connection for a marine ventilator.

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Carpenters, maturing into shipwrights, constructing a 20-foot motor-boat in which the mechanism will be mounted by the gas-engine bluejackets.

it was planned to give advanced training to companies of hospital corpsmen, surgeons' assistants to care for our sick and wounded bluejackets at sea. The University of Minnesota Medical College volunteered to assume this extra service, one hundred men at a time. This latter feature is especially distinctive because it marks the first time in history that a school for physicians has tendered its facilities to any but duly qualified medical students.

While the foregoing resumé embodies the more notable outgrowths in the development of this inland naval station, of which the commandant is Commander Warren J. Terhune, U. S. N., the hundreds of other dextrous artisans already sent from this unique detachment to the fleets must be considered as well. Ship's cooks, arriving with a wofully meager knowledge of food preparation, begin in the galley with dishwashing, proceed to serving food (the cafeteria system is employed), study in classroom balanced diet, menu making, and cooking methods, and finally are given their chance at the big gas-range to make ready the general mess for their mates.

Bakers are taught in three months the composition and functions of all raw materials which go into bread and pastry, how to make war bread with oat or barley flour, and biscuits, which must be subsituted aboard ship when heavy seas would cause the bread to slide against the oven sides and scorch. Coppersmiths learn to make not only utensils and ventilators of that metal, but to work in tin, galvanized iron and sheet iron, all with geometric exactness.

Bluejackets getting practical experience in diagnosis and treatment at the Nose and Throat Dispensary, University of Minnesota Medical College.

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The galley at Dunwoody, with Miss Anna Stanley, Chief Commissary student, U. S. N. R. F., the only woman ever appointed to that rating in the Navy.

"I enlisted in the Navy so I could find out what I was good for," said one of the apprentices, who as a civilian youth had never taken the trouble to discover in himself a predilection for any specialty. Since his transfer to the Minneapolis training-schools he had become an excellent baker. "When my enlistment is up I'm going to start a little bakery of my own. I've got some ideas, money ideas too. For one thing, I believe the people like war bread better than peace bread."

"The Navy looked good to me," nodded another, a hospital corps member, "because it gave me the chance to serve my country and to keep up my medical studies at the same time. After the war I'll have a lot of practical experience to help me on toward my M. D. degree."

So naval vocational training appeals both to the undecided and to those who, having chosen their course, wish continuously to maintain and amplify their apprenticeship in it. No longer is the bluejacket a mere rope-splicer, funnel-painter, deck-swabber. He earns his rating because he knows his particular craft better than he knows anything else; eagerness for promotion animates him, he visualizes a career rewarded through aptness.

As soon as the electricians-radio are able to receive ten words per minute in the international wireless code they are sent to Harvard to be speeded up before they are detailed to war-ships or transports. In no branch of the service is the acumen of the sailors more rigidly watched by the instructors than in the radio classes. To a man these students must, of all acquirements, be alert, cool and accurate. They are first given an entrance examination in common arithmetic and elements of electricity. If an apprentice is weak on decimals, fractions, or square root, he is given a few more lessons before he is admitted to operating practise. To the latter duty is devoted half of each work-day, while related work takes the

The galley in action—apprentice cooks preparing the noonday mess for eight hundred bluejackets.

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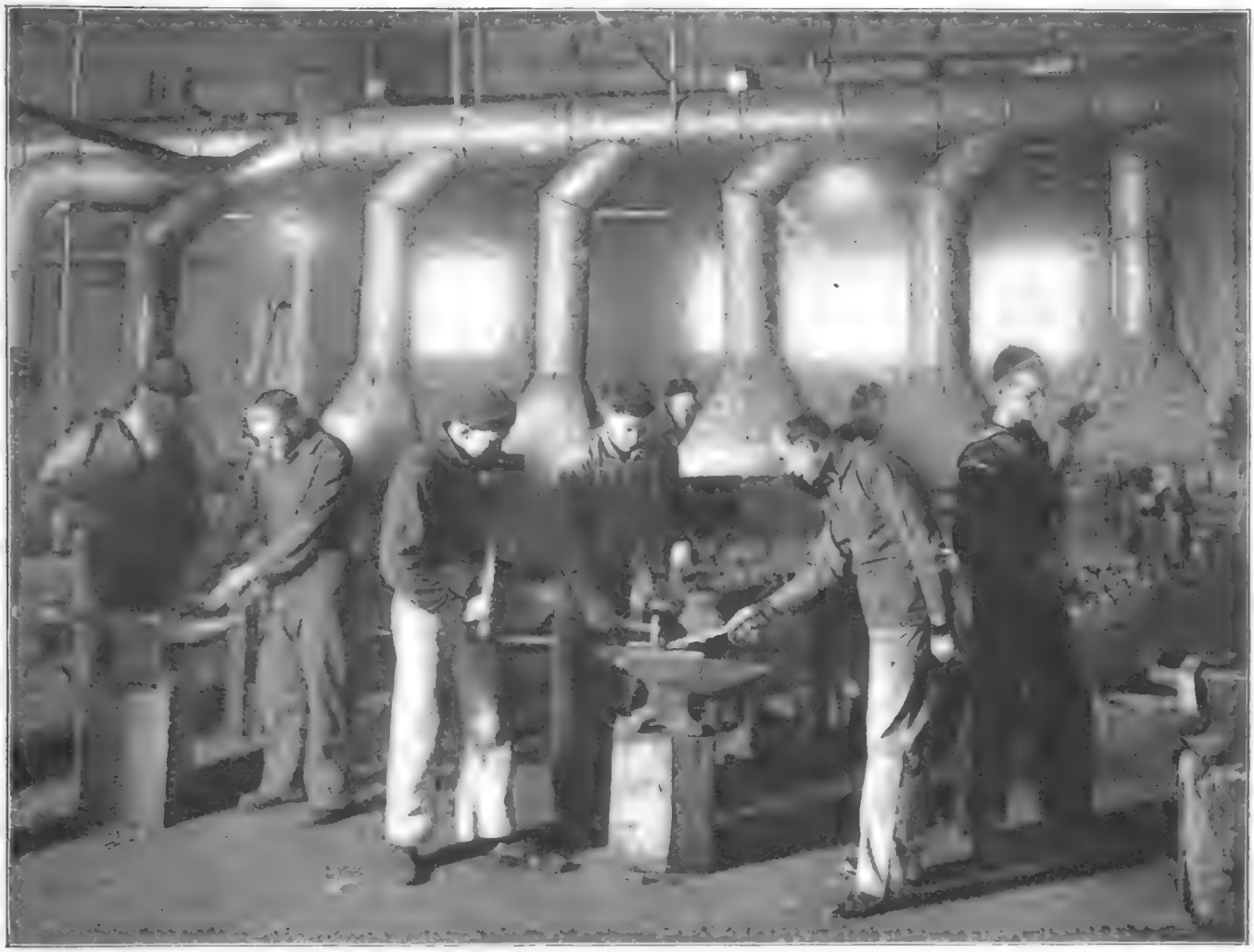

These bluejacket blacksmiths built the five-fire forge behind them, while the hoods and flues were made by the sailor sheet-metal workers.

remainder of the time, covering lectures and demonstrations in the theory of motors, batteries and dynamos, and the theory, installation, building, operation and repair of radio apparatus. The bluejackets keep log-books in which they write what they learn in class, and answer twenty questions on the work of each week. (This system prevails in every class of artisans under training.) A weekly operating examination is also held, to record individual sending and receiving ability in words per minute. Most of the novices in a month's time work up to the required ten words, and journey East.

The aviation pilots are getting perhaps the most varied instruction of all. Radio work they have as outlined above, for it is embodied in the general requirements of the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. Then they make an intensive study of navigation, gunnery, meteorology, and signals, supplemented by a comprehensive survey of the rigging and structure of aircraft and the operation of four-cycle and two-cycle gas-engines. Mastery of this groundwork by the student officers will be followed by flight instruction, for the unit is equipped with a small fleet of the latest types of warplanes.

For each pilot there are in training six landsman mechanicians (this quota will be increased), two quartermasters, two carpenter's mates, and two machinist's mates. Quartermasters, learning the upkeep and overhaul of seaplanes, specialize on fabric work and wiring, assembling of parts, and inspection of machines preliminary to flight. Carpenters, after a course of general instruction in the woodwork shop, concentrate on repair and building of wings, pontoons, and hulls and bodies of flying boats. Machinists begin in the auto shop where they study types of gas-engines, proceed to the ignition room to take up starting and lighting, then to the operating laboratory for drill in carburetion and lubrication. Those gas-engine apprentices who have preferred the thrill of hunting U-boats to the novelty of seaplane tinkering have been advanced to the submarine-chaser classes at Columbia.

"How do you know you can handle men?" asked an officer of one candidate who came up for transfer to the chaser engineer corps.

"For three years, sir," came the steady reply, "I handled fifty Mexicans on an Arizona ranch, and never lost a horse."

A U. S. Naval Band of professional musicians was organized to enliven the morale—does not such an august factor as morale need enlivening?—of the detachment, as well as to drill extra men for Lieutenant Sousa. This bluejacket band serves such excellent needs as leading patriotic parades, "rendering" concerts for Liberty Loan drives or Red Cross subscriptions, animating rallies for recruits. Too, the bluejackets under training have "music with their meals." Daily at the noon mess the band plays the newest war airs, while vocally those bluejackets with hunger appeased stand by to enrich or impoverish the choruses.

The hospital apprentices receiving medical-college training enjoy an opportunity with prospects unsurpassed in the enlisted ranks of the Navy. Here again, eminently, the Navy awakens in the bluejacket a zeal to "do something" in life. Many of these sailors, especially those who were attending a college or professional school at the time they entered the service, have announced their purpose of returning eventually to the University of Minnesota for their degrees in medicine.

For the first month of the four months' course the apprentices are

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Gas-engine apprentices studying magnetos and ignition. They are qualifying to be motor-boat pilots and engineers for the new submarine-chasers.

drilled in the rudimentary points of medicine before they are admitted to receive practical instruction at the university hospital. The mornings are given over to lectures and demonstrations in minor surgery, pharmacology and therapeutics, anatomy, dentistry, physiology and hygiene, and bacteriology, while in the afternoons the men observe and assist at clinics or in the various laboratories. This schedule obtains during the three final months as well, except that the major afternoon periods are then devoted to the three chief forms of hospital work: bandaging, invalid cookery, and practical nursing.

Naturally the hospital work is immensely popular. The bluejackets are keenly desirous to work on real patients, irrespective of how those patients feel about it. Be it said, however, that while the sailors are learning ward management and nursing, the patients are having as much fun out of relief from the tedium of convalescence as the Navy apprentices practising with them, practising massage, administering medicines and hypodermics, applying poultices and compresses—every bit of the work first-hand experience of immediate utility.

The superintendent of nurses, the assistant superintendent, and the dietitian are the chief instructors at the hospital, while periodic lectures and demonstrations are also given by the interns. In bandaging, the bluejackets practise on one another. In invalid cookery, lessons in light, semi-solid, liquid, and general diet, each student has his own stove, utensils and ingredients. The only instruction not given by a member of the medical faculty or hospital staff is the course in clerical procedure and naval sick-bay management, taught by a chief pharmacist's mate of well-rounded sea experience. This recording work is to acquaint the men with the details of ship practise, morning report of sick, binnacle list, and monthly orders for supplies.

Such superior surgeons' aids for our fighting ships are of inestimable value to the service in this war. And the Samaritan work of these men will reach further than sick-quarters aboard ship, for our marines in France depend on the Navy hospital corps for active medical assistance.

The daily life of a blue jacket in the Minneapolis training detachment has unique points. Segregation of barracks is a general policy for either Army or Navy men under instruction, for health precautions, to encourage regular and studious habits, and to prevent indiscriminate mingling with civilians. However, since Government barracks are lacking in Minneapolis the sailors are quartered in hotels in the heart of the city. Another tradition has been punctured, and the results are not dire. Not only has there been no epidemic, but the detachment has not lost a single man, and illness reported at the naval sick bay has hardly run over two per cent. of the entire quota.

The sailors are given no liberty except the usual Saturday afternoons and Sundays. This is not a hardship, because assiduous study is the rule on all other evenings, whether the apprentice is taking trade instruction at the Institute or medical training at the University. To make the rating so ardently sought the men must get their lessons consistently.

Very few are the youths who enlist in the Navy to-day because they want to escape school, though many until they did enlist escaped more school than was advisable. Curtailment of liberty is indeed not a feature characteristic of the Minneapolis naval detachment only, but the noteworthy point is that when these jackies do have freedom they are to a man entertained by the community with a warmth and solicitous concern which speak eloquently for a solidification of civilian pro-war enthusiasm.

When the war shall have been won, when many bluejacket craftsmen of the sea shall ply their vocations on land, when industrial managers shall cast about for recuperative forces of disciplined skilled specialists, more than ever will the Navy become recognized as a great American Training-School for enlisted men.

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The WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The REAL ADVENTURE"

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

Soon after this, Hugh is allowed to see what he can do to improve conditions at his grandfather's factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to develop a scheme. But about a year after the inauguration of his welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

In his efforts to break up the strike Hugh meets Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. They fall in love with each other, and when Helena runs away to New York, Hugh follows, and they are married. Later they return to Chicago and Hugh becomes a partner in the Corbett firm.

In working out a practical plan of settlement for the strike, Hugh finds himself alone between Helena's friends and his brother Greg, understood by neither side. A fire destroys a great part of the Corbett plant on the very night that Hugh makes the last of a series of speeches to the strikers. From this night Hugh's estrangement from Helena begins, along with a growing away from his former interest in the factory. He returns to his interest in metallurgy, and starts a research laboratory of his own.

Here he invents a metal which he calls Corbettite. In spite of having kept this a secret from every one, he shows a piece of it to Jean Gilbert, and tells her of what advantage it would be to airplane service. Jean has been in Europe for three years, where she and her mother have been nursing in a military hospital. Her experiences have made her intensely pro-Ally, and she is amazed at the apparent lack of concern shown toward the war in America. She goes to Hugh for an explanation of this and their talk cements the old friendship between them.

The war is indirectly responsible for Helena's renewing her association with the radicals of the southwest side of the city. She meets Frank Gilrain, who claims to have been a friend of her father's, and promises to help him to escape from government officers who are on his trail by receiving him in her house as a guest. She does this partly in a spirit of defiance because of a quarrel she has had with Hugh. He's getting in on a train from the Coast, late this afternoon. I don't know how long he'll stay, but probably several days."

"All right," Hugh said. "Nevertheless I shan't be home to dinner. I'm starting a piece of work here now that will keep me pretty constantly occupied for some time. I don't know when I shall be home."

"Do as you like about it," she said satirically, then added: "If you'd come home last night, you'd have found a note from me on your pillow." Then after an instant's silence, he heard her "Good-by, Hugh," and the click of the disconnection as she hung up.

He pushed the instrument away, but remained staring at it for a moment in an uneasy abstraction. Something admonished him that he'd gone wrong. The sensation was so sharp and clear that it was as if he had been spoken to in audible words. "Go home. Have it out with her now."

All the way back to town on the train, an idea had been knocking at the door of his mind, without ever getting full admission; the idea that he must, of course, come to some sort of understanding with Helena. It was unthinkable that he could continue on terms of marital intimacy with her, and, sometime, if not at once, that fact would have to be made explicit. The situation, in so far as she was involved in it, was one to be faced and dealt with, not merely retreated from.

He had recognized his visitor on the doorstep as one fully entitled to admission and serious entertainment. Only not now; not to-day. To-day he had something else to think about.

He was not thinking about Jean. The new ozone that he breathed was Jean, the exultant rhythm of his pulse was Jean, and the new light that transfigured the world. But the engine of his thoughts, running swifter and more smoothly than it ever had run before, the full dynamic force of his imagination, was at work on Corbettite.

It was odd about that. He had been working for months, with a patience he had described to Jean on the day of her visit to the laboratory, as something less than human, without gaining a single step. He had gone over the old ground again and again; repeating experiments, checking old data, methodically sweeping the whole area of

in which her taunts make him realize that he is in love with Jean. Hugh and Jean face their love for each other and decide that one of them must go away.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Hugh Shuts Himself Up to Work on Corbettite

"OH, WAIT just a moment," Hugh heard Brigham saying, evidently into the telephone. "I think this is he coming in now." Then, turning around and seeing that he had guessed right, he told Hugh that Mrs. Corbett was on the wire for him.

"My mother, or my wife?" Hugh asked, and learned that it was Helena.

This was around three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He was just back from Lake Forest—from Jean—from his great voyage of discovery!

He didn't want to talk to Helena yet. Didn't want to think about her. But this was one of those compulsory situations which leave no choice. Had he come in at any other moment except when his wife was actually on the wire, he could have avoided her with a blanket instruction that he was going to be very busy and should not be called for anybody. He had done that often enough before now.

But it wasn't possible to say to Brigham, "I won't talk to my wife." He said, "All right," instead; hung up his hat and overcoat to give Brigham time to get out of the room, and sat down before the instrument. The last time he had heard her voice it had cried out in frantic exasperation: "Oh, don't go on standing there! Go! Go away!"

There was none of that quality in it now, as it came over the wire. She meant it, apparently, to sound good-humored and casual, to match her words. But his ear detected a suppressed excitement in it—a sort of reckless hilarity—a ring of challenge.

"I tried to get you earlier," she said, "but they told me you weren't in."

He answered that they had told her the truth. He had been out all the morning. She then asked if he meant to be home to dinner, and he told her no.

"That's just as you like, of course," she said. "But I'm expecting a visitor—an old friend. Quite a good friend,

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possibilities as an astronomer sweeps the heavens for comets. This was a familiar experience, of course, but it had never been so hard as it had been this winter. Life had got a new urgency. His fence no longer shut out the world. That was Jean, of course, though he didn't know it. Disappointment had a new poignancy. The successive frustrations of his search became more nearly intolerable. The impulse he had avowed to Jean, down there on the beach, to chuck the whole thing and go to France, to do something—serviceable, was one that had often assailed him.

But he stuck doggedly to the task that seemed to be his, whipping his tired mind back to work as often as it revolted. It should know no rest during the longest working hours it could be made to endure, until Corbettite was a fully accomplished thing.

BUT out there in Lincoln Park last night, in all the chaos of his rage and bewilderment, in the very vortex of the tempest, as he had stood for a moment staring at the spectrum refracted by a swirling cloud of snow-crystals round an arc-light, something, in a flash, came to him. He ignored it so completely that his only conscious and memorable mental process on reaching the laboratory had been, as he described it to Jean, the slamming of a door upon it. Something was there, but he would be damned if he would look at it now!

It was not until Jean told him that she must be the one to go away—that he must stay and complete the discovery of Corbettite—that he thought of it again. And even then, he did not take out his clue and look at it. Simply he reminded himself once more that it was there, with an increasing confidence, born of the strange exaltation of that moment, that it was good.

He stayed to lunch with the birthday party. Not at all because of the inferences which his failure to do so would have suggested to Miss Muirhead, but simply because he wanted to. It had been a hard thing to do, of course. But it was the sort of hard thing he gloried in doing. He took an immense pride in devoting his attention, wholeheartedly, to the little boys; in offering suggestions for their afternoon's entertainment, that were received with riotous joy and the tempering regret that he could not stay to share them. He looked at Jean and talked to her, without a stolen glance, or a veiled meaning.

"It's a good thing, in a way, that it's us it happened to," Jean had said, "because we'll stand it." She was confident of him, that meant, as she was of herself. Well, that confidence should be justified.

It was Philip's suggestion that the whole party, including Miss Muirhead and Jean, should escort him to the train. And, with unanimous consent, this thing was done. On the station platform, it happened, while they waited, that some mild diversion drew away the rest and left Jean and Hugh for a moment, alone. There was no exchange of whispers; no fugitive contact of hands; not even a meeting of eyes. Just an infinitely gracious silence. That was their parting embrace.

The train came in, he mounted the steps of it, and his parting look and wave of the hand, and his shouted good-by, went out impartially to all of them.

His mood was antipodally remote from the melancholy despair of the traditional lover bereft of his mistress. He even afforded the recognition of this fact a smile. His whole being was an instrument newly set in tune, and tuned to the very highest pitch. Last night he had dreamed. To-day the reality had outrun his dreams. The great need in him was for something hard to do. Corbettite met that need. He had gone to work upon it before the train was fairly out of the station.

The new surmise which had, unregarded, found lodgment in his mind last night for all the world like some migratory bird blown in on the tempest—suggested, made necessary, a revision of all he had done; put a whole series of experiments—the labor of months—beside the mark altogether; called for a new set of determinations.

It was maddening not to be in his laboratory now, this moment, with his diagrams and tables within hand's reach (he was going to it, of course, as fast as the train would carry him) but it was marvelous how his memory helped him, bringing him, with photographic fidelity, whole pages of computations. Such mnemonic feats are not so very uncommon. Hugh knew an orchestra leader who said that when he conducted from mnemonic he saw the pages of his score photographed like that. Only it was a power he had never supposed he possessed. But he had never worked in an illumination like this before. If it would only last!

So far as he could see, the new idea was right. It grew, not like a plant, but in long, ramifying leaps, like a pattern in frost-crystals on a window-pane. It might, of course, prove to be nothing more than that. Under the pitiless light of experiment that it must be subjected to, it might melt away to nothing.

The man he had once been would have pretended—and honestly tried to feel—a complete indifference concerning the result of these experiments. The cause of purely scientific truth would equally be served by disproving his new theory or by proving it. But Hugh had forgotten the very existence of that man. The hope that his hypothesis would stand the test was almost agonizing in its intensity.

A necessary corollary to every discovery is the finding of the means for putting it to the proof. Columbus would have dreamed in vain of that western passage to the Indies, if he had not found his ships. In some cases, of course, the means are ready to hand, and obvious of application. In others, paradoxically, it is the means that lead to the discovery. The mere having of the ships results in the finding of America.

But this case of Hugh's fell in neither of these categories. His was one of those staggering hypotheses that no man of science would consider seriously until it was demonstrated up to the hilt. And this demonstration demands quite a different set of qualities from those which produce the hypothesis itself. A philosopher might have reasoned out Corbettite—the new Corbettite. Hugh, having imagined it, had still to make it. A matter of technique, that was; of ingenuity and resourcefulness and skill. Mechanic, chemist, electrician—he must be all three, beginning where the philosopher in him left off.

Fortunately for him, he was still all three. And he attacked the task with an exultant confidence. Even while he sat there in the train, he was scheming out the means in terms of metal, crucibles, electric current and chemical reaction, for determining this factor and eliminating that. And, by the time his taxi reached the laboratory, the preliminary experiments were all decided upon. He was absolutely incandescent with eagerness to begin.

That being his mood, it seems to me that the wonder is, not that Helena's veiled hints and warnings, her note of challenge, her contemptuous "That's as you like, of course," failed to bring him home, on guard against the thing she appeared to be meditating against him, but that an uneasy thought of her should, even for a moment have broken in upon his preoccupation. Not that he failed to heed the voice that spoke in his ear after he had pushed the telephone away, but that he heard it at all, and, for a moment sat staring at the instrument, before, springing up, he called his two assistants and began telling them, swiftly and eagerly, what they were to do.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Jean Decides Not to Go Away

AN OLD perplexing question about the merits of making a fool of oneself, granted the occasion—was again distracting Constance. And it concerned itself with the same three people who had thrust it upon her before, Hugh and Jean and Helena.

This time, however, the triangle was sinister. It was a double triangle, too. There was a man of Helena's in it. It was this aspect of the situation that all the scandal was about. It was this that had horrified Eileen and that Gregory, coming home from New York

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any day now, might be expected to try to deal with in his own fashion. Even without the complications it was ugly enough; by no means just "another of Helena's episodes."

Helena and her flirtations had been a fruitful theme for gossip since the very early days of the marriage—since the days of Boyd Barr and the *Red Review*. Helena was always making a fad of somebody; usually a sojourner, who, if he did not actually live in her house during the whole period of his stay in the city, at least made himself very much at home there and was to be found about the premises at the unlikeliest hours.

The prevalent notion was that you were always likely to stumble upon some sort of masculine exotic when you went to Helena's. She had always made a great parade of them; rammed them down the throats of her friends, insisted that people read their poetry, or go to their lectures and exhibitions. Her manners toward them were usually familiar—would have been judged intolerably so, but for the fact that familiar manners were the new thing anyhow. And they were often, these men of Helena's, flagrantly sentimental about her. And all that, taken in connection with Hugh's hermitlike ways, made a lively topic for talk.

But she had never, in any of these affairs, gone beyond a certain loosely drawn, but quite visible line. It was always possible to talk about them jocularly—with an air of jocularity, anyhow.

But this new thing that was happening at Hugh's house, didn't fit in that series at all. No one knew who the man was who had been there all week. He had been there, though, it appeared, ever since late last Saturday afternoon. And nobody knew where Hugh was, except that by Helena's own statement, he had not been at home since Sunday morning anyhow. Helena in that time had hardly gone out at all; had broken, or defaulted, most of her engagements. She had told a few insolently transparent lies about where she was going and where she had been. Not many people knew, to be sure, quite how bad it was, no one, Constance thought, outside Eileen and herself. But even the glints of the situation which their friends had got, had been ugly enough—not to start gossip going, but to stop it short. It was as bad as that.

"Rude!" said Eileen, with another shudder.

What Eileen and Constance knew was absolutely damning. It was no wonder pretty little Eileen was aghast. Where was Hugh? What was he doing? What was he thinking of to let his honor be outraged like that?

Yes, it was bad enough. But it was not what horrified—fascinated—Constance. Constance was afraid she knew what he was thinking of.

It had been on the Sunday morning after Philip's birthday party that she began looking at Jean and wondering what it was about the girl that made her different. She couldn't satisfactorily express it to herself, and attempted, intermittently, to make herself believe that it was all her own imagination stimulated by her worries about Hugh and Helena, which had already that morning begun. The effect produced by that childish observation of Philip's shouldn't be taken as evidence of anything. Frank had been right to treat it—as he had—with a chuckle of pure amusement.

The birthday party had come back to town, packed into one big motor-car. And, arrived at the Rush Street house, the little boy had begged Jean to come in, as a last protraction of the party. When she went home, it would all be over. Jean, after learning by telephone that her mother and grandmother were both at church, consented to assist in the recital to Frank and Constance of the glorious deeds that had been done at Lake Forest: the battles and stratagems in the snow; the nocturnal pillow-fights and feasts, in all of which, it appeared, Jean had fully participated. She could hardly have been a wholehearted ally of Miss Muirhead's.

The fact that Hugh had turned up, on Saturday, for lunch was of course elicited, the fertility of his suggestions dwelt upon, and a passionate regret expressed that he had not been invited for the entire period of the party and had callously insisted on going home again so soon after his arrival.

Constance didn't take that circumstance very seriously; told herself it was just like Hugh, and was disposed to let it go at that. That was not, at all events, what started her looking at Jean. It did remind her that she had been looking at Jean and seeing something different about her ever since she came into the house. It was after a short reflective silence on Philip's part, that he threw his bomb. He had his hands in his pockets and stood looking at Jean.

"Why don't you get married to Uncle Hugh?" he asked. "I wish you would."

I don't suppose it was more than a second before Constance undertook an

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explanation of how the monogamous arrangement of society stood fatally in the way of this project.

"Well," Philip insisted, "I wish you would, anyway."

Whereupon Jean—with a smile, to be sure—asked, "Why?"

But evidently her question rang true to Philip; did not strike him, that is, as one of those adult attempts to betray him into saying something that could be laughed at, for he made a serious attempt to answer it.

"Well, of course," he said, "if you and Uncle Hugh lived together by yourselves—not with grandmother or Aunt Helena—why, that would be an awfully nice place for me to go to visit."

This was said a little dubiously, as if it were, after all, a secondary consideration, the primary one remaining to be formulated. But he got no further, for, at that point, Constance, having got her breath again, interrupted vigorously. Frank, as I said, did nothing but chuckle.

Well, perhaps that was the way to have taken it. But Constance found she couldn't dismiss it like that. It was nothing, of course, that Jean had remained speechless for rather a long second after Philip threw his bomb. She might well enough have gasped, or flushed, or laughed a little self-consciously. She had done none of these things. Her silence hadn't seemed like the result of shock at all. It almost gave Constance the impression that she was considering the child's question seriously. That notion, unbelievable as it was, was fairly rammed home, a minute or two later, by Jean's serious, though smiling, "Why?" She had wanted the boy's answer.

It was then that Constance got, for the first time, and full in the face, the horrifying surmise that had been tormenting her all the week. She dashed it indignantly out of her mind. But it attacked again and, within the next twenty-four hours or so, had dug itself in.

Her mother-in-law's bulletin the next morning, had for its chief item the announcement that the project for a move to San Antonio had been revived—this time by Jean herself, who had been very half-hearted about it before. Now she was talking impossibilities, such as a start that very week. Within a day or two! Of course it would be at least a fortnight before they could hope to start.

This was significant, and became more so when it appeared later that Jean had persisted in her attempt to hasten their departure, even to the point of irritating her grandmother into a doubt whether she would go at all. This wasn't a bit like Jean. Obviously something had happened.

But it was not the thing that most deeply impressed Constance. What did impress her was just—well, the look there was about the girl. It reminded her of the look she had seen in Hugh's face and tried to tell Frederica about afterward, on the day of his grandfather's funeral — the day he started off to New York in pursuit of Helena. A look with a kind of clear serenity of purpose about it; an open-eyed look that counted costs, assessed perils and difficulties yet could afford to smile at them.

There was nothing exalted, though, or entranced about the girl's actions. She went about where she was supposed to go, responded alertly enough to all the social demands that were made upon her—conversational and other. Constance noted that Hugh had dropped out of her talk, that she had not seen him since the birthday party, not had any communication with Helena. She must have heard some of the gossip from her grandmother, who simply battened on fare like that, but she never came to Constance with it, and when Constance approached the subject once or twice, definitely veered away.

THESE facts, as far as they went, were evidence. There had been some sort of explosion and Jean had been involved, if no further than merely by her knowledge of it; a rude expulsion from the Arcady she and Hugh had been wandering in. Her unobtrusive breaking off with Hugh, her withdrawal from Helena, her proposed retreat to San Antonio, all fitted into that pattern.

But that look of hers did not fit into it. It was not the look of one in retreat; not the look of one who contemplated the barest possibility of retreat. It was, on the contrary, the look of one committed, waiting for the hour.

It fairly took possession of Constance before the week was over. She didn't see why every one else hadn't noticed it—why they weren't wondering what it meant. Finally some one else did notice it. This was at the concert Friday afternoon. On the spur of the moment she had gone to sit in the Whitneys' box with Frederica and Rose Aldrich.

Rose was the lure here. There was something—romantic about that young woman. They had always found her so, ever since Rodney had electrified them all by marrying her. People spoke of her as thrilling, and with a very happy use of a much abused word. And now, as once before, approaching maternity heightened that quality in her. It had completed, for the second time, the conquest of Frederica. Sitting by her, you weren't likely to think about anybody else. And Constance, whose thoughts had begun spinning in a circle like a falling airplane, clutched at the invitation as a rescue—temporary, anyhow.

But it didn't work out that way. Rose sat where she could look across the circle into the Crawfords' box, where Jean sat full in view. Old Mrs. Crawford was there, too, falling asleep, as she always did (she never missed the concerts when she was in the city; evidently got some sort of somnolent remote pleasure out of them), and two guests of hers. But it was to Jean's face that Rose's look kept going back during the whole immortal, lovely length of Schubert's C-Major Symphony number ten, which made the first half of the program. In the intermission she said to Constance something about what a beauty Jean was getting to be, and then asked, rather suddenly:

"Is she going back to France?"

"Why, no," Constance said, startled. "Not that I have heard of. Why?"

"I don't know," Rose answered thoughtfully. "It was just her look, I guess, that made me think of it."

So it wasn't imagination!

They rode home again after the concert, Jean and her grandmother, in Constance's car, and at the carriage door of her apartment Constance said to Jean:

"Do you want to come back, after you have gone up with mother, for a turn in the park with me?"

She made a point of asking it casually, so that the old lady wouldn't decide that she'd go too. But it was plain enough that Jean gave the suggestion a definite meaning and importance.

She nodded and said simply, "Yes."

When the girl was once more seated beside her, Constance said into the tube to the chauffeur:

"Just drive along north—toward Evanston." She was not quite sure what the little sigh Jean gave on hearing this direction meant, and asked: "That isn't more of a turn than you bargained for, is it?"

"No," Jean said, "I'm glad we've—plenty of time."

That settled the preliminaries then and there. This was going to be a real talk—a real coming to grips. Jean both understood and invited it. But for a few minutes, while they were rolling through the park, Constance hung on a dead center. She had her opening thought out well enough, but she was in the clutches of a contradictory impulse. The youthful loveliness of the girl at her side, the fine, straight grain of her, the spiritual—resilience, affected her somewhat as they must always have affected Hugh. Her impulse, mad of course, was to say: "Jean, dear, if you and Hugh are lovers, and don't know what to do, count me in on your side. I'll help. I'll do anything you want me to."

She entertained the notion for a while, in silence, as I have said. Then with a movement of resolution, a stiffening of her moral backbone, she began as she had meant to begin:

"I see you haven't made any headway with your grandmother about going South."

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Then, frozen, breathless, he watched her fall.

Jean admitted she had not. "Grandmother's theory is, no matter how little there is to do getting ready for a trip like that, it takes at least two weeks to do it."

Constance drew a long breath. "Frank can get *you* off," she said, "if I tell him to. If you want to go—now, to-morrow. We'll think of some excuse for your going ahead. Getting things ready for your mother. I suppose that wouldn't be a bad idea, you know, considering how fragile Ethel really is. Anyhow, Frank can put it over."

"But that wouldn't do me any good," Jean said. "It's mother I want to get away with." She reached out for Constance's hand and clutched it tight. "I want to talk with her," she went on, an edge of released emotion in her voice. "I feel as if I had to talk with her. The doctors keep on saying she mustn't, on any account, be excited or worried by anything. But I thought if she could be back with father—with him to—hold on to, it wouldn't be so bad." She smiled and added, "Nor seem so serious to her. But you see, I couldn't go away alone—leave her here—to grandmother."

"Jean, dear," said Constance, "would talking to anybody else do you any good?—To me?"

The girl was silent for a moment. Her clutch tightened on Constance's hand. "Not much," she said. "It has to be mother—for my feelings, I mean. I do want to talk to you," she went on, "only not that talk. Because, of course, my feelings aren't the only thing in the world—even to me."

For the present, then, her "feelings" were to be dismissed from consideration—packed in their box and locked away. That was the air with which she dried her eyes, put herself a little farther back on the cushions, and—her old childish trick which Constance remembered with a clutch of the throat—squared back her shoulders.

"You thought," she said, "that I wanted an excuse for getting away quickly—for running away. Is there any . . . Do you know any reason why I ought to run away?"

"I don't believe so," said Constance—rather dubiously, though. "Not if you don't know of any."

"I don't know whether it's safe to trust to that or not," Jean said after a little silence. "I haven't been very sensible this winter, I don't believe. I mean there are things I ought to have seen that I haven't."

It was with an apparent effort that Constance went on. "Jean," she asked, "how much do you know about Helena? I mean about what she's been doing lately—this past week?"

Jean's eyes came round to her, wide open. "That isn't just gossip, then?" she asked, and added: "Why, grandmother said something the other night. But I didn't think it was anything anybody *knew*. And I didn't much want to listen. Not because I don't like gossip well enough. I had a special reason."

Constance ruminated over that a moment, not quite sure that she understood. What could the girl's special reason be? If she were in love with Hugh—and there wasn't much room for doubt on that head any longer—hadn't she a legitimate ground of interest in the reported misbehavior of Hugh's wife? But not in an unfounded rumor. It was not a pretext Jean wanted. Nor to be tempted with one. That was it, of course.

"We do know," she said. "It's all true. We haven't spied on her. It was really by accident that we found out. Greg wanted to see Hugh before he went to New York. Tried to find him and couldn't. There was some paper it was important Hugh should sign. Greg told Eileen to find him and get it done as quickly as she could. That was Sunday. She drove out to the laboratory, found it locked, and nobody let her in—if any one was there. So then she went to his house. What she saw there made it all plain enough. And then there are things that have happened since. I can go into details if you want me to, but——"

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The girl shuddered, then steadied herself. "I'd rather you didn't," she said. Constance, after a reflective silence, her gaze fixed on the black ellipse of her chauffeur's cap, said:

"I'd have talked to you about it sooner, but—I had an idea you knew."

Jean echoed that wonderingly. "But how could I know?" she asked.

"I thought," pursued Constance, finding the thing more and more difficult as she went on, "that Hugh might have told you."

"But Hugh doesn't know!" Jean cried. "I don't believe he knows!"

"I think he must," Constance said. "Why else has he gone away? Disappeared like that?"

"Gone away?" echoed Jean. "I didn't know he had gone away." The girl's voice wavered over that. Constance could hear incipient panic in it. But the old code and the old drill came to the rescue. She squared her shoulders, flattened her back, and repeated the assertion steadily. "I didn't know that he had gone away. Are you sure?"

"I'm not sure of anything," Constance admitted. "Only Helena says herself that he hasn't been home, and that's hardly a thing she'd lie about. And when we try to telephone the laboratory, sometimes they don't answer at all, and sometimes they say he's not there and that they can't tell anything about him. They'll ask him to call us, if he comes in. And he never does."

"Well," Jean said steadily, "I don't believe he's gone away, and I don't believe he knows. And I'm sure he hasn't gone away because he knows. That's not what Hugh would do."

"No," said Constance, "it isn't very accountable. But then, this that Helena's doing isn't very accountable, either. You wouldn't think she'd do a—crazy thing like that. A perfectly reckless, abandoned thing like that...."

She didn't add the word "unless"; pulled up on the brink of it. But Jean caught the implication.

"You do account for it some way," she said. "You've got a theory. Tell me what it is."

Constance found that her throat had gone dry. She had never had to say so hard a thing before.

"Yes, I have a theory," she said at last. "That's the whole thing, really—what I wanted to talk to you about. You mustn't hate me for this. You wouldn't even be angry with me for it, if you knew how I felt.

"Jean, it worried mother — my mother, I mean—away back last Fall, just after you came home, the way Helena seemed to be deliberately throwing you and Hugh together—'throwing you at his head' was how mother put it. She thought Helena might be doing it for some detestable purpose of her own. I tried to laugh her out of it. I never liked Helena very well, but I didn't believe she was capable of anything like that.

"Well, I believe, now, she's capable of anything—of trying it, anyhow. And I've been wondering—if she succeeded. I couldn't help wondering. I don't see how she could have thrown away all she's got in the world, her position—everything, for a shabby little transient love affair. I can't believe she'd have risked it, unless she had something she thinks will protect her—some sort of threat against Hugh that would make him keep quiet—pretend not to see.

"And the only threat I can think of that would work that way, would be one that involved you—with him . . ."

SHE stopped there, not quite sure whether she had gone far enough. Did the girl understand? Did her life afford her the data for understanding a monstrous supposition like that? And if she understood, how had she taken it?

There was nothing in the silence to afford her a clue, and her courage faltered from looking around into the girl's face. Finally she said—and the words were almost a cry:

"Jean, darling, do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand, of course," Jean said quietly. "I was thinking."

Then Constance did look around, amazed.

There was no look of anger or hurt in the girl's face; no expression of horror, or even of protest. The attitude of her body, the poise of her head, were tensely alert. Her gaze was fixed out the window in concentrated thought.

"I don't know how much one needs to make a scandal of," she went on, at last in that quiet voice—"not very much, I suppose. And still less to threaten one. But there's nothing that Helena knows, or can have been told, by any one who's telling the truth, that's any different from what you know about us yourself."

The phrase struck Constance as curious, but in an instant she understood. All Jean saw, all there was room for in her mind at that moment, was Helena. She was eying her as one might eye a movement in the grass where one suspects a snake. It hadn't occurred to her to protest her innocence to Constance. It was only from that latter point of view that the use of the phrase might have seemed evasive. So it was all right, after all!

But just as the older woman was drawing her first long breath of genuine relief, a gasp from Jean checked her. She looked around again in time to see a flame of color leap into the girl's face.

"Why, Jean!" she cried. "What is it?"

It was a matter of seconds before she got an answer. Then, "There's nothing that anybody knows—except that nobody knows but Hugh and me. Unless he told her—that same day that it happened—Saturday—after he went back from Lake Forest. I—I wasn't thinking about that."

There was a long silence after that. Constance had simply gone limp. As for Jean, she showed no disposition to add anything to the amazing admission she had just made, either by way of explaining or qualifying it. Her mind, so far as Constance could sense from the way she sat there, so still and so alertly poised, seemed to have gone back to the consideration of Helena once more.

Finally Constance said: "Jean, dear, won't you go away? Just as soon as it can possibly be done? To-morrow. Don't you think Hugh would feel better if you were safely out of the way? She's terribly dangerous. Especially if Hugh has told her—what—whatever there is to tell. And if she's threatened him with making a scandal of it . . ."

"I don't believe that's it at all," Jean interrupted. "I don't think he's seen her since they quarreled last Friday night. There was some terribly important work he meant to do at the laboratory, and I think he went straight back to that. I think he's been there all the time. And I don't think he knows what Helena's been doing. If I *knew* that was so, I'd go away. I told him I would go, and I think he'll expect to find me gone when he comes out of the laboratory. But I'm not going. Not as long as there's a chance that she's done what you think. If she's done that, he must fight, of course. And I must stay and help him. I'm about the only one who can. Why, it would be admitting I've done wrong, to run away! Shall we go home now?"

Constance weakly assented. To say that she had got out beyond her depth is an utterly inadequate way of putting it. She felt as if she had come through a mill-race. But along with her sense of her own complete helplessness there came a curious confidence that her young niece was not going down to shipwreck. Storm-battered she was, no doubt, going to be; she would probably lose a sail or two. But the essentials of her were going to come through intact. When they clasped hands, it was Constance who was clinging to Jean, not Jean who was clinging to Constance. That was the way it felt to the older woman, at any rate.

THEY didn't say much all the way home; not a word that bore on the subject that was in both their minds, until, the chauffeur having taken the inner drive through the park and turned down Astor Street, they passed Gregory's house.

"I've been glad he was away," Constance said, "and dreading his coming back. Because there's sure to be an explosion when he does. But I'm beginning to wish he would."

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Then he laid it on the floor near her hand and tiptoed out.

"He came to-day, I think," Jean said. "At least, Eileen was expecting him this noon, when I saw her. He'd telegraphed or something."

It was with an equal mixture of relief and apprehension that Constance received this news. "I wish it were to-morrow at this time," she said, "and nothing—terrible had happened."

Jean left her with a reassuring hug and an affectionate kiss. It was a strange reversal of rôles, for a fact.

Nevertheless, the young girl paused outside the door of their apartment for a steadying breath or two, and then she rummaged in her wrist-bag for her latch-key, in preference to ringing and having to face a maid.

She walked swiftly across the hall and down the corridor to her own bedroom. Arrived at this haven, she allowed herself just one moment's indulgence in the friendly darkness of it before switching on the lights, ridding herself of her outdoor wraps and changing to a house frock for dinner.

This moment of "recollection" was broken in upon by the jangle of the telephone bell. She started at it and sat breathless, listening with strained ears. She had done that, poor child, since Sunday morning, every time the telephone bell had rung. The apartment was very quiet, and the voice that answered—that of one of the servants—though faint, was audible.

"No, sir," it said, "Miss Gilbert has not come in. She returned from the concert and went out again. . . . Oh, no, sir. She's not left the city: She's expected for dinner."

Jean snatched up the extension that was in her room—one of those little English instruments with the receiver and transmitter all in one piece. The way her face nestled to it was a caress. But she said steadily enough, "I've just come in, Mills. I'll answer from here."

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There was a dead silence over the wire for an instant after the click which told that the other receiver had been hung up. And then, in Hugh's voice—the voice she had been so certain she would hear:

"Is it you, Jean? I was afraid you'd have gone before this." And then, in the moment before she answered, "You're there, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Only my voice wouldn't come, for a minute. You're there, too? At the laboratory? You haven't gone away, either?"

"Gone away!" he echoed. "I should think not! I haven't had my head out-of-doors since last Saturday afternoon. Jean, I've got it! I've had it ever since three o'clock Monday morning! Since then I've just been making sure. I swore I wouldn't call you till I was. But I've checked it every possible way. There isn't any doubt about it. I'm free now! The job's done."

"Oh," she said, breathless. "Oh, I wish we didn't have to—talk!"

Evidently it was as difficult for him as it was for her. At last he said, "Jean, can we see each other again? Once more before you go away? I didn't mean to ask that!"

"We must," she agreed. "Not because we want to so much, Hugh. But we can't talk like this and there are things to say. I won't go—I can't possibly go—until I've seen you. I won't go at all if—if I think you need me here. —No, not—that way. That's not what I mean. Need me for a special thing. If it's a question of—fighting instead of running away. Oh, Hugh, —you don't understand, do you?"

All he understood, it appeared, was that there was some new emergency that he knew nothing about. "We can't talk like this," he said, crisply. "I'll come straight over."

"No, it's not like that, either," she said. "It's not me. I'm all right. It's you. Hugh, don't come to-night. Go and see Gregory, instead. See him before you go—home. And if you don't find him, go to Constance."

He agreed to this, but made it a matter of sheer docility. "I want to see Greg, anyway, but I shouldn't have thought of tackling him to-night. I had a notion of getting about a week's sleep, first."

There was a vibrant silence then, two or three breaths long.

"I want a promise from you," she said at last in a tone of deep seriousness. "Hugh, I want you to promise that—that you *will* come to me. When you're ready. To-morrow or whenever it is."

"You want me to promise that!" he echoed incredulously. "Promise to come to you!"

"Yes," she insisted. "Whatever happens."

It was in a tone of troubled wonder that the words she wanted came at last. "Yes, I promise."

That satisfied her, and with a little gasp, she said, "Good-by."

There was one blessing in store for Jean that she had not counted upon; one sacrifice which she had resolutely braced herself to make, that was not demanded of her. The one almost unendurable aspect of the situation that had resulted from her discovery, there on the beach that Saturday morning, had been the necessity for keeping her mother in the dark about it.

They were companions—confidants, that pair, as mother and daughter seldom are. It was something much solider than a mere intuitive understanding (that is a sword which cuts two ways) that this relation was built upon. It sometimes took a good deal of explaining, indeed, to get a situation fairly understood between them. But the point was that the explanation was always possible. They could have kept secrets from each other, if they had wanted to. Indeed, I think it is the inability to do this that often reduces two intimately associated, and affectionate, companions to bare nerves and almost unendurable exasperations.

THE bond between Jean and her mother was a profound—and quite unconscious—respect, in each, for the integrity of the other's life; of the other's right to a separate, individual entity. I don't know that a respect like that—reticence it almost amounted to—is accountable, but I'll venture to guess that in this case it was partly accounted for by the completeness of Ethel's love for her husband—by the extent to which he satisfied and absorbed her. The child, much as she had been loved, had never taken his place.

And then, being the grave, responsible little thing that she was, it had been possible to treat her as an adult in matters of responsibility before she could even talk straight. Jean had been enlisted as an ally of her mother's long before she could remember, in the business of helping make her father's arduous life run smoothly where it could. As a child of ten, she had had problems brought for her help in solution, that many a daughter grows to womanhood without ever having been asked to consider.

Confidence, then, between the pair never having been forced or pried into, was as natural a function as eating and breathing. And it is the simple truth that that strange elation of Jean's, about which she had so wonderingly commented to Hugh in the moment of their parting, did not leave her until the realization came that here was something she could not tell her mother.

Ethel's condition was far from satisfactory. For a while after their arrival in Chicago in the autumn, it had steadily improved. But this improvement reached its peak around the Christmas holidays, when her husband came North on a twenty-day furlough. Since his return to the border, it had steadily grown worse. The doctor who was looking after her had taken the orthodox line—and stuck to it—rest and quiet, an exact regimentation of her days, and, above all, no excitement—no shocks. And, of course, the less she improved under this treatment, the more rigorous the treatment had to be.

Anyhow, it was transparently clear to Jean, when she came home that Sunday from Lake Forest, that Ethel was in no condition to be told that her daughter had embarked upon a mutually avowed love-affair with a married man. The only hope the girl could see—and it was a passionate one—was that which she had expressed to Constance. (There was not a trace of bitterness in the girl's prevision that Ethel, re-united to her husband—"with him to hold on to"—would take her daughter's affair less seriously.) There was nothing to do but wait for that.

But accident intervened. As Jean hung up the telephone after her talk with Hugh, she heard her name spoken quietly, and from near by, in her mother's voice. It came from the next room and the communicating door was open. She switched on the light and went in.

"Here I am," her mother said. She was stretched out in a long chair. "I didn't mean to be an eavesdropper," she went on. "I must have been asleep when you came in, and wakened rather slowly. I just enjoyed the sound of your voice for a while, before I realized what it meant. And when I did, it was too late to interrupt."

"I didn't think," Jean said. "I didn't remember even you. I heard the maid telling him I wasn't at home, and I forgot everything else." Then, dropping down beside her, she took her mother's arms in a strong grip. "It's all right, mother," she said. "There's nothing—not one thing in the world for you to worry about. No harm has been done to anybody, and none is going to be. And I'm not unhappy. I've never been—really—happy before. Can't you just believe that? Let it go at that? Put it out of your mind and not be excited or distressed about it?"

"Oh, my lamb!" her mother said. "You haven't done me any harm. Take off your things so that I can feel you, and light that little reading-lamp so that I can see you a little, and then come back and tell me all about it."

Jean obeyed the first of these instructions quite simply, like a little girl. But when she came back and seated herself once more upon the long chair beside her mother's knees, she was all of a tremble and voiceless, and she put her head down on her mother's breast and cried a while instead.

(Continued on page 99)

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Agreement On The Republic

Wherever you tour this summer it will pay you to ascertain the general attitude toward Republic Tires.

You will find an amazing agreement among car owners that Republics *do* last longer.

This conviction is founded on the experience of thousands of users of Republic Tires.

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KHAKI KLIPPINGS

Company H, 105th U. S. Infantry

She—Will you be happy when you start for France?

He—Happy? We will be in transports.

Sergeant Whoozis—I would take you to the vaudeville at the Harris, but I know you would be uncomfortable.

Miss Converse—How is that?

Sergeant W.—You know the Government now puts tax on the seats.

We are getting three meals a day: Indian meal, oatmeal, and corn-meal. A. G. A.

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth.

Sergeant Mutt, after vainly trying to teach a new recruit the Manual of Arms: "Private Nuts, you should be in the aviation corps."

Private Nuts—"Why, sir?"

"Because you are no good on earth."

How Sweet!

Since coming to the sunny South
We've had so much molasses,
We all are getting quite stuck up
And feel like silly asses.

The Sheridan Reveille.

A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

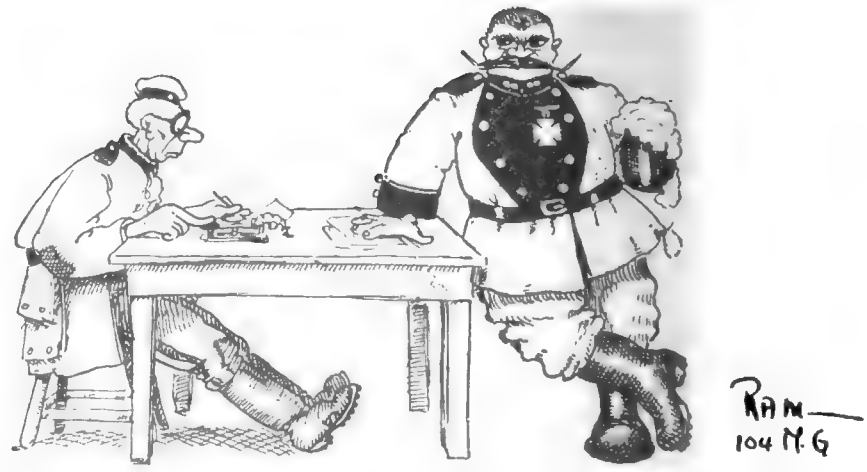
DERE MABLE:

I been thinkin of you a lot durin the last week, Mable, havin nothin else to do. I been in the hospital with the Bronxitis. I guess I caught it from Joe Loomis. He comes from there.

I got some news for you, Mable. The cook says we only drew ten days supply of food last time. He says he guesses when we eat that up we'll go to France. Hes an awful smart fello, the cook. Hes got a bet on that if the allys dont buck up an win the germans is comin out ahead. Max Gluckos, a fello in the tent, is refere. We're all eatin as fast as we can. Perhaps we can eat it all in less than ten days. So maybe we'll be gone, Mable, before I write you from here again.

There's a french sargent comes round once in a while an says the war is goin to be over quick. He ought to know cause hes been over there an seen the whole thing. He smokes cigarets something awful an dont say much. That because the poor cus cant talk much Engiish. It must be awful not to talk English. Think of not bein able to say nothin all your life without wavin your arms round and then lookin it up in a dickshunary.

I feel so sorry for these fellos that I'm studin french a lot harder sos theyll have someone to talk to when we get over there. Im readin a book now thats wrote all in french. No English in it anywhere, Mable. A fello told me that was the only way to talk it good. I dont understand it very well so far. The only way I know its french is by the pictures. Some day Im goin to find out what the name is. Then Im goin to get the English of it. Those are some pic-



Telegrapher von Pabst—"Sir, General von Pilsener reports that there are four reasons why he can't capture the town of Crêpe de Chine."

General Speck Hans Eitel Friedrich von den Wurtzberger—"Himmel, what are they?"

Telegrapher von Pabst—"Three Irishmen and a pile of bricks."

The Gas Attack.

tures. Aint I fierce, Mable, I guess thats why I get on with wimin so well.

As soon as we got the hot shouers all fixed the pipes busted. So the other day the Captin walked us all in town to take a bath. I didnt need one much. I used my head more than most of em. Last fall when it was warm I took as many as two a week and got away ahead of the game. I went along, though. More for the walk than anything.

I saw the Captin didn't make no move to take a bath himself. I thought he might be shy. He dont mix very well with the fellos. I felt sorry for him. Every one else was laffin an throwin things around with him standin off an no one throwin nothin at him. I went up an says "Aint you goin to take a bath this winter to, Captain?" Just jolly, Mable, thats all. I says: "You dont want to mind the bunch. They dont care a bit. There as dirty as you are, anyway. Probably more." An I bet they were, Mable, cause I aint seen the Captin do a stroke of work since we come here. Just stands round givin orders.

I says, "If no one won't lend you a towel you can use mine. I was just goin' to have it washed anyway." He got awful red and embarased, Mable. I thought he was goin to choke. Hes awful queer.

I keep herein more about this fello Broggins. I suppose he belongs to the Home Gards an wares his uniform round in the evenin. An I suppose he has an American flag on his writin paper. It dont mean nothin in my life, though. I aint goin to put up no arguments or get nasty like most fellos would. Dignity. Thats me all over, Mable. Let me tell you though if I ever come home and find him shinin his elbos on the top of your baby grand Ill kick him down the front steps if I only have one leg to do it.

as ever
on guard,
BILL.

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth.

Me
And Bill went
Down to the
Picture show
The other night.
The orchestra played
"Over there," and Bill
Thought it was
The national anthem—
Bill stood up.
So did I,
Darn Bill.

The Sheridan Reveille,
Camp Sheridan.

105th Infantry, Company C

Private Leo O. Haires' voice is so pathetic that when he sings, even the trees begin to leave.

Private J. A. Murphy is a fashion plate; he even presses his shoe-laces.

Cook Magle is teaching his nine kitchen kids to peel macaroni.

Private Noonan likes to hear reveille blow, but he would like it better if it blew after dinner. —— S. G. W.

Lou Tellegen, eminent actor and husband, has organized a "Stand by Wilson League for Actors." We hope they won't do their standing by in the tap-room of the Claridge.

My name is Percy Dense,
Heaven is my station;
I thought it was a joke,
To duck inoculation.

It is reported on good authority that the doctors at the Base Hospital are working on a new serum with which they can inoculate us against mule-bite.

Sergeant Tompkins, the Ammunition Train mule charmer, calls the salmon to which some mess sergeants are addicted, "submarine chicken."

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

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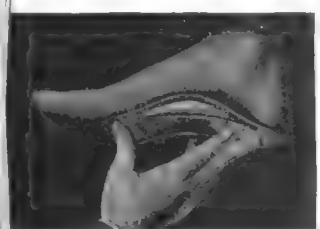
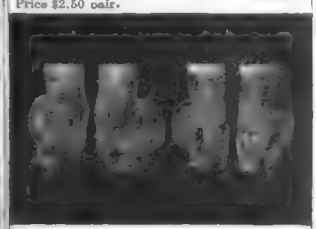
Don't Neglect Your Feet

Are they well shaped, high arched feet—free from defects—enabling you to thoroughly enjoy life? Comfortable feet unconsciously stimulate desire for vigorous walking and wholesome recreation—and this action in itself is an aid to health.

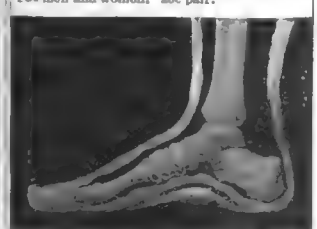
Or, are your feet like the above, which typify seventy-five per cent of the feet of persons who are compelled to be on their feet long hours. Notice the weakened and depressed arches—the cramped and contracted toes—the crooked and enlarged great toe joints (bunions)—corns on the tops of the toes and callouses on the balls of the feet. Such feet mean inefficiency. They tire easily; the soles burn; the heels ache and frequently cause pains in the ankles and legs, like rheumatism. These conditions can be quickly relieved and permanently corrected with



Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer relieves tired, aching feet, weak arches, cramped toes, etc. Worn in any shoe. For men, women and children. Price $2.50 pair.



Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads prevent run-over heels and correct faulty walking. For men and women. 25c pair.



Dr. Scholl's Tri-Spring Arch Support for flat foot and severe cases of broken arch for stout men and women. $4.00 pair.

Dr. Scholl's Absorbo Pads. Instantly relieve corns, callouses and tender joints. Remove by absorption. Made of antiseptic rubber. All sizes: 10, 15, 20 and 25c.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

These simple devices are easily worn inside the regular size shoe. They at once relieve the strain and unnatural pressure and furnish a sense of relief and security to the feet in standing or walking, thereby correcting the underlying cause of the trouble.

There is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for every foot trouble. These can be purchased at leading shoe and department stores, where also you will find men trained by Dr. Scholl experts in Practipedics, the science of giving foot comfort. They are rendering a distinct service to your community and deserve your patronage.

See your dealer today and learn more about the foot comfort there is in store for you through the use of these Dr. Scholl Appliances, or write direct to Dr. Scholl for free advice, describing your foot ailment.

Write for Free Booklet

A valuable booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the world's authority on foot troubles, will be mailed free upon request.

The Scholl Mfg. Co.

Largest Makers of Foot Appliances in the World

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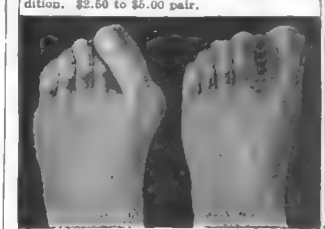
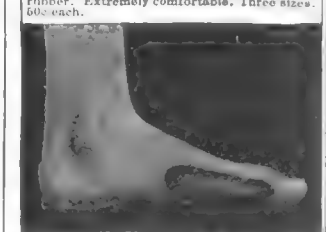
(A720)

Callouses, Pain or Cramps Here? Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Supports bring quick relief and restore foot to natural condition. $2.50 to $5.00 pair.



Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex corrects bunions by straightening the crooked toe. Soft antiseptic rubber. Extremely comfortable. Three sizes. 50c each.



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer. Instant relief to bunions and enlarged joints. Relieves pain and pressure, reduces enlargement. Antiseptic rubber; fits snugly to foot. 50c each.

Watch Your Feet

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BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 19*)

that the German troops were to have been passing through. the city had lengthened into three weeks, and the Germans were installing a government, the townspeople had persistently considered the conditions as temporary. They were convinced that Antwerp was impregnable, and every time the wind blew the sound of cannonading nearer they were persuaded that the English were coming to the relief. But slowly the hand was laid more heavily upon them. One morning I came downstairs and found a man with a very long, dark, serious face.

"It's the last straw! The people won't endure it!"

"What?" I asked.

"Why, the order about the pigeons," he said.

There was a new *affiche* that morning stating that German soldiers had orders to fire on any civilian riding a bicycle, and that any one possessing carrier-pigeons would be tried by court martial. The interdiction of pigeons was the last straw; the population would be in revolt. We laughed; it seemed so ridiculous. Of what importance were a few pigeons?

But it was important to the Belgians, for, as de Leval explained, the rearing and training of pigeons was a national sport, almost as popular as archery. Every Belgian who could afford it had a dove-cote, or, if it were not quite that popular, many persons had them. They had their clubs and on Sunday their contests; the land was filled with pigeon enthusiasts as jealous of their rights as the lords of the olden times when the possession of a dove-cote was one of the seignorial privileges.

The Germans, no doubt, feared that pigeons might soar away with information; a similar fear was the motive for the harsh measures with regard to cyclists. The guards were increased everywhere; sentinels were placed at the Porte de Namur, at the Porte Louise, at the entrance to the Bois—everywhere.

Each morning had its new prohibition. It was forbidden to take photographs in the street and public places, or to distribute newspapers, or to tamper with telegraph or telephone wires. There were oft-repeated menaces, embracing whole populations: "localities in the neighborhood of which telegraph or telephone lines are destroyed will be punished by a war contribution, no matter whether the inhabitants of the locality are guilty or not."

And then one morning there was an *affiche* that gave a last blow to Belgian pride, an *affiche* that bore a final humiliation—the Belgian flag was everywhere ordered down. Many had taken in their flags and closed their windows and shut their doors the day the Germans arrived, but there were houses where the flags of black and yellow and red still floated. And now these must come down. They might be "considered a provocation," announced the notice of General von Lüttwitz, "by the German troops sojourning in or passing through Brussels." And he added, "The Military Government has no intention by this measure to wound the sentiments and the dignity of the inhabitants. It has no other end in view than to preserve the citizens from harm." But the people read the *affiche* in sorrow and in shame. The flags came down—those on the Palace Hôtel at the significant touch of a pistol by its wearer.

But the following morning there appeared another *affiche*, signed by Burgomaster Max, a proclamation that was like a cry of wounded pride, that rang clear with patriotism; it recalled the original proclamation of the Governor-General Baron von der Goltz Pasha, which said that no Belgian would be called upon to renounce his patriotic sentiments, but it begged the people to make this additional sacrifice and "patiently to await the hour of reparation."

The answer of the Military Governor of Brussels to this appeared the next day, all over the town on all the walls—the proclamation of the Burgomaster had been covered during the night by white paper—blank.

XL

I CAN not follow in all their sequences and to their dénouements all of the incidents that were so constantly coming up in our experiences. They happened as things happen in life and not in books, in that casual, detached and unrelated way in which life weaves its mysterious romance, without the regard for unity that enslaves conscious art, largely because, I suppose, our vision is not broad enough in its scope to embrace the whole of the action. In romances, the war, or the earthquake, or the calamity, is an incident in the life of the individual; in life itself, the individual is but an incident, and usually a most insignificant and pitiable incident of the war, or whatever the calamity may be.

Indeed, little difficulties followed so swiftly one on the other, that there was not always time to follow them to their end. If it was not a woman in trouble or the latest American arrival to be got out of the country, there seemed to be always a British Red Cross ambulance to be concerned about.

No sooner had the Duchess of Sutherland been released than three young Englishmen, belonging to the ambulance then serving at the railroad station at Schaerbeck, disappeared. We found them eventually where most of those who disappeared, during all the time in Belgium, were to be found, at the Kommandantur. The three young men of course were charged with spying. The Red Cross ambulance had remained in Brussels and had nursed German wounded, under the assurance that they would be respected in accordance with The Hague Conventions. The phrase, however, was beginning to lose some of its magic, and when the three were arrested, I tried to arrange not only for their release, but for their departure by way of Holland.

The German physician who was then at the head of the Red Cross, a Dr. Sturtz, wished to send them to Liège. When objection was made—Liège being more directly in the route to Germany than to Holland—the doctor produced a paper written in German and signed by Mr. Wyatt, the young Englishman at the head of the ambulance, in which he expressed his willingness to go to Liège; Dr. Sturtz insisted on this. Wyatt was young and in a difficult position; he could not read German, and not only had he not known what he was signing, but he had signed it under threats of the Germans.

I pointed all this out for Dr. Sturtz's benefit, and argued that it was not only unfair but in most countries illegal to hold a man to a signature obtained under duress. The point escaped the German mind, and for the time I could obtain no decision.

The Germans, indeed, had a policy, not unpractical, one must admit, of preferring to discuss the shortcomings of the duties and responsibilities of others rather than their own. When I went to see them, they always introduced some other disagreeable topic before I could selfishly mention my own; they always had some complaint at hand, usually about an American or the Legation or one of our English protégés.

At that moment when I would go to them, it was the visit of the secretaries of legation to Louvain they preferred to discuss. They were beginning to feel the reaction from that monstrous horror, though they were slow to realize it as a monstrous horror themselves. One young officer then temporarily in Brussels, remarked to me that the affair was not of great importance, and that he failed to see why so much ado was being made about it. "After all," he said, "nothing of great value was destroyed." I spoke of the library—I had always the vision of the old priest bursting into sobs as he tried to articulate the word "*bibliothèque*"—but he said that there was little of real importance in that.

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I do not mean to write unkindly about him; he was in reality not bad at heart, but always ready and even anxious to do favors and little helpful deeds. He had come to see me in an effort to get Gibson and Poussette and Bulle to testify that they had seen civilians firing at Louvain. Several other officers called on the same mission, among them von S——, who in civil life was a banker, and he was so much a civilian always that even his uniform did not militarize him. He was a man of education and culture and he felt the stigma on his land that Louvain had indelibly placed there. The younger military men among them did not have much concern about it; they were getting used to it and sweeping on to others like it. As Talleyrand said, "One can militarize a civilian, but one can not civilize a military man."

I had not the slightest intention, I may as well say frankly, of helping any such evidence to go back, for the simple reason that the young men had no means of knowing who it was that was firing, and that even if civilians had fired it would not be surprising. That which had been going on for three days was enough to make any civilian fire, if he had anything to fire with, and his firing three days after the horror had begun could not throw the slightest light on the question of the initial responsibility.

I told them that I should have to ask, in any event, the advice of the Government at Washington, and von der Lancken, with his knowledge of the ways of diplomatists, trained or untrained, remarked that in making the request I would probably so word it as to suggest the answer desired. I should not wonder if he were correct in that suspicion; at any rate the testimony was not forthcoming.

And yet, not all of the visits we received were so prolific in difficulties. When they had not to do with some flagrant and exasperating injustice or some revolting cruelty, they might be of that minor quality that is amusing in a cynical way. Some Frenchman—Talleyrand, I suppose, since all the witty French sayings of the last century are attributed to him—has said of some deed that had been referred to as a crime: "It is worse than a crime; it is an indelicacy." Thus we had the story of a certain châtelaine near Brussels who tried to be polite to the German general who had quartered himself and his staff in her château. Thinking to make the best of it, she asked the general:

"At what time will you have dinner?"

"Never mind about that," he said; "I have already given orders."

And its companion story, that of the *gouvernante* in a château in the Ardennes where German officers were quartered. One morning an officer drew his revolver and said to the *gouvernante:*

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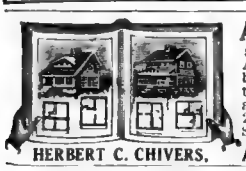

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"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, simply because I feel like shooting some one to-day."

Then she replied calmly:

"Why don't you shoot yourself?"

XLI

WHEN we got home one September evening from Louvain, Gibson and de Leval were waiting for me to say that during my absence word had come that there was at last no more flour in Brussels. The situation as regards food had grown more and more desperate and now it had come to be acute.

It was not a surprise. Ten days before we had made the first effort to meet the situation that was now upon us. Mr. Daniel Heineman, the American who had so efficiently organized the relief for the stranded Americans, had been in to confer with me and, on the twelfth of September, to be exact, since the date is not without its interest, he and Mr. Millard K. Shaler, an American engineer resident in Brussels, had gone to see certain men in the German administration to discuss possible means of getting food in.

A simple fact will express the whole difficulty of the situation. In normal times of peace Belgium must import from four-fifths to five-sixths of her total food supply. The most densely populated, the most intensively cultivated country in the world, this was the best she could do. Now, ravaged by war, with crops ungathered and industry dead, the need was even greater, and the ports of entry were closed by England on the sea. We had heard, however, that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp belonging to the Belgian Government, and Davignon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had contrived to get a letter through to me saying that the wheat, or a part of it, would be sent through to Brussels if we could contrive the means.

The excellent Heineman had been busily at work and he assured us that the Pasha would consent to its coming in. Heineman, indeed, could work marvels. He had large financial interests in several countries, Germany among them; he could speak German, and he could be addressed as *Herr Doktor* himself, if necessary, since he had a degree of Ph.D. from a German university. He was a member of the *Comité Central d'Alimentation et Secours* (Central Food and Relief Committee), and he had worked untiringly to aid in that great work of charity, a work that so soon became a work of justice.

There may have been in Brussels men in and out of that committee who suspected what a task it would be to feed Belgium, but I doubt if any fully realized it. I am sure that I did not. In my house breakfast was brought up punctually; luncheon and dinner were announced at the usual hours. That was the least of my concerns. I had never known what it was to be hungry in all my life, or perhaps I would better say, never known what it was to go hungry; the appetite of the golf-links, of course, was but one of the many pleasures of the experience—and there was a waiting table in the country club. The words of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," had never had for me, I fear, any other than a poetic meaning. My own attitude toward food was as insouciant as that of a lap-dog, for whom nourishment is provided, though it was not as gracious or as grateful as that of a lap-dog, since I often grumbled if it were not prepared to a somewhat fastidious taste.

I speak of my own attitude in this respect as a confession and as an illustration, too, since it was the attitude of nearly every one that I knew, on both sides of the Atlantic. The war was soon to bring us face to face with the great elementary facts of human existence; we were, as Kitchener said, to taste the salt of life. And there was this phenomenon: the rich were as badly off as the poor, for not all their money could buy food. The old prayer was to acquire significance; it was to become the principal concern of each moment, not only for us, but vicariously for seven millions and ultimately for ten millions of people. So that now I never see any one idly crumbling bread at dinner without a shock. . . .

But we had no notion then, and well it was that we had not; if we had had, we never could have accomplished what we did; the monstrous task would have appalled us. Just then, that autumn evening, it meant merely that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp. There were armies between us and Antwerp, but if we could get the wheat through, all would go well—for those anonymous poor who were hungry. As for our being hungry, the thought was inconceivable! I went, then, at once that evening to see von der Lancken. The question was, how to communicate with the Belgian Government in the beleaguered city. Von der Lancken was entirely sympathetic. Sitting there in that great bureau in the *Ministère de l'Agriculture* we talked across his great table. The question, as I say, was to communicate with Antwerp.

"It is simple," said Lancken.

"How?"

"Max can communicate with Antwerp," he replied quietly.

"How?" I repeated.

There was a shrug of the shoulders in the gilt epaulets, and the trace of a smile. . . . But such a request to Max? No, not that. Max's means of communication were then the important thing! And I came away.

I saw von der Lancken the next morning; he still thought I should ask

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Max to communicate; there were rumors of a secret telephone of some sort. But I refused to ask Max. The next afternoon I suggested that inasmuch as we seemed unable to agree on Max, we compromise on Gibson and send him to Antwerp—he knew the way; and during several days the Baron and I tossed the two names back and forth with the most amiable persistence, and finally he agreed to Gibson's going.

The journey as planned this time was not dangerous. The German army was investing Antwerp too closely and the battle was raging too fiercely for him to go directly; he would have to turn, as it were, the German right flank from the rear—a thing that your military man would say could not be done—that is, go around by Maestricht into Holland and enter Antwerp from the north.

And as he was going this way, we decided that it was best to take advantage of the opportunity and send out the two old ladies of our household with him. We had been concerned about them; there was too much danger in the air; no one ever knew. The recollection of the mother of Madame Poullet, who, at eighty years of age, had walked all night all the way from Louvain into Brussels, was ever present and too suggestive; and there were always those horrid tales of what happened whenever the Germans were checked anywhere—for Belgium not only suffered from German victories but paid the penalty of Allied victories too. We would be easier with the dear old ladies away, sad as we were to see them go. They had been so fine, so brave, never a word of fear, playing cards in their room, keeping away from the windows lest if the Gare de Luxembourg, half a block away, should be blown up by bombs from some air-craft the pieces fly that way; taking their walks and drives, and disappointed of their trip to Paris—like the Germans.

And so it was agreed that Gibson should go with them in the motor to The Hague and leave them there while he went to Antwerp to arrange for sending through the wheat, then rejoin them and escort them to London. We asked for the passports.

XLII

WHILE we were engaging in the first negotiations for the revictualing of Belgium, another curious and complicated series of events was mounting to the climax that had been inevitable from the beginning: the *duel d'esprit* between the Burgomaster and the Germans was rapidly approaching an acute phase. When Max's *affiche* asking his "*Chers Citoyens*" to make one further sacrifice, to take down their flags and to wait the hour of reparation, was covered that night with white paper by the

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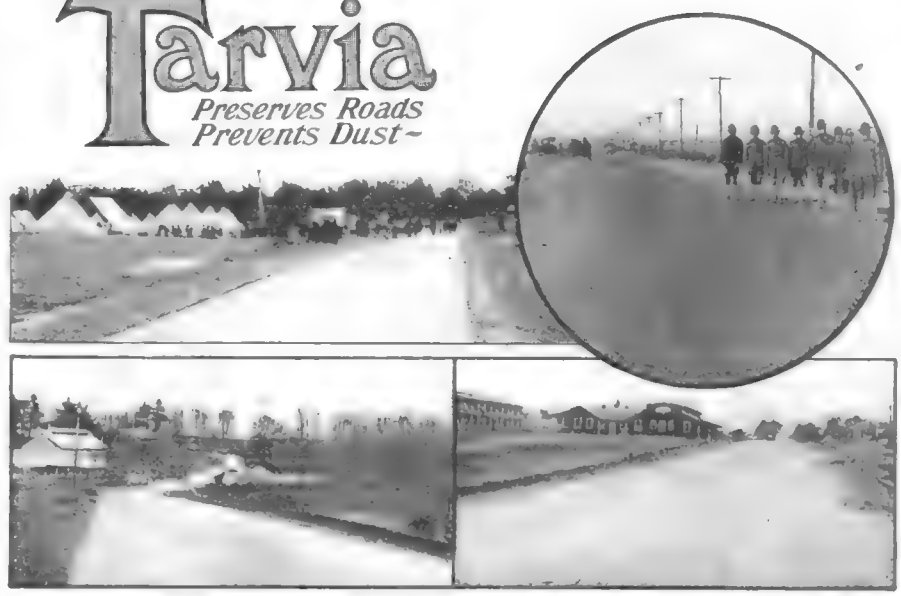

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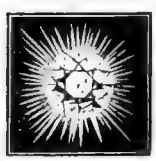

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military authoritles, this did not close the incident, for Max was arrested by the German authorities. The Commandant of the Place, Major Bayer, had appeared at the Hôtel de Ville with four German soldiers and informed him that he was under arrest.

"*Je m'incline*" (At your service), Max replied, and so went like a gallant man to be informed that he was a prisoner and would be sent to Germany.

Max bowed. He said:

"I regret, of course, that I can not continue to discharge my duties to the end, but I must submit. However, I have the satisfaction of having done my duty. You told me at the beginning that you wished to avoid trouble and difficulty in Brussels; I know the temper of my people better than you do, and if I had not interposed myself between you and the population of Brussels, we should have had bloodshed here. Therefore I can not regret having done what I did. I am glad, too, that up to this time when my authority ends, we have had peace here. Now that you have made me prisoner, I find a certain relief in the fact that I shall not be responsible for what occurs hereafter."

General von Lüttwitz started; he had not foreseen such a result, and he said: "Wait a minute," and went away. At the end of a quarter of an hour he came back, having seen the Pasha, extended his hand and said:

"You are free."

The story got abroad. Max expressed the resistance of the splendid proud old city; people could liken him to St. Michel, the city's patron saint, with the dragon bent down under his feet, just as he stands forever on the tower of the Hôtel de Ville. The town burst suddenly forth into admiration; everywhere there were little plaster busts and pictures of the Burgomaster, growing very popular, too popular, I feared, in my walks through the charming old streets that twisted about in the lower town; for to an old head used to politics, which are the world over everywhere the same in essence, this phenomenon had a meaning and a danger too apparent.

On the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of September, going from the bookstalls — quite deserted now — in the Galerie Borthier to the Galerie St-Hubert, where there was more life and movement, I saw, in the Rue de l'Écuyer, a new *affiche*, and stopped to read it:

PUBLICATION

The German Government ordered the payment of requisition receipts, having good reason to suppose that the city would voluntarily pay the whole of the war contribution that had been imposed upon it. It was only on that condition that the exceptional treatment which the city of Brussels had enjoyed could be justified, in contradistinction from all other cities in Belgium in which the requisition receipts would not be paid until after the conclusion of peace. Now that the city administration of Brussels refuses to turn over the balance of the war contribution, from this day forward no requisition receipts will be paid by the Government treasury.

Brussels, September 24, 1914. The Governor, Baron von Lüttwitz; Major-General.

The announcement bore an immense significance which was not perhaps instantly seized by the small group that so idly read it. They did not, I fancied, all of them at least, feel its dark presentment of impending evil. I hurried home.

On the twenty-fourth of August, Burgomaster Max and General von Jarotsky had had some negotiations as to the fifty millions of francs which the Germans had demanded from the city. Max had declared, as he had told von Jarotsky in our presence, that he could not procure the entire sum. However, he agreed to try to procure a million and a half down and, within eight days following, eighteen millions and a half; and he tried to induce von Jarotsky to reduce the sum demanded to twenty millions. Von Jarotsky said that he had no power to do this, but he promised to use his influence with the superior officers of the army to have it done, as soon as the twenty millions had been paid. The contribution, as it was so politely termed—war having need of so many euphemisms!—was subsequently reduced to forty-five million francs.

The General also agreed, at the request of the Burgomaster, that for eight days the German authorities would make no further requisitions of food or provisions, either in the city or in its outskirts or from the inhabitants. This agreement was drawn up August 24, 1914, signed by von Jarotsky and the Burgomaster and witnessed by Grabowsky, the *conseiller aulique* of the German Legation. And the very next day a German general passing through Brussels told the Burgomaster that he would not observe this convention unless Max made it possible for him to bring at once by railroad from St. Trond, a place northeast of Brussels, some stores of food and provisions that he had there. Max wrote to protest to von Jarotsky, insisting that the convention had been made without condition and that for a German general to introduce a condition later was to break the given word and destroy confidence in a contract regularly signed by the German Government.

And again, on the twenty-seventh, two days after the agreement made by von Jarotsky to the effect that there would be no more requisitions for eight days, a superior officer sent by a general in charge of any army fifty kilometers from Brussels came to the Hôtel de Ville and ordered Max to furnish him

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with fifty pounds of yeast. Max again invoked the convention, but this general said that he was not bound by Jarotsky's word.

In the meantime Max had succeeded in obtaining a respite of thirty days for the payment of the forty-five million francs. It had been decided among the delegates of the various communes of the *Agglomération bruxelloise* (Greater Brussels comprises fifteen communes, each with its burgomaster, but the burgomaster of the old historic Brussels had always been considered as the titular head of the whole city) that the Commune of Brussels would pay twenty millions, and the other communes thirty millions, divided among them pro rata to their population. The city—that is, the Commune of Brussels proper—made its payments regularly, and when the thirtieth of September came, there were only four million four hundred thousand francs left for the city to pay. The suburban communes had not succeeded in raising thirty millions, and the Commune of Brussels itself did not possess the funds necessary to pay the part of the other communes.

On the twenty-sixth of September, then, Baron von Lüttwitz published the *affiche* set out above. Following this and in reply to it, M. Max wrote to M. Dufaire, the director of the Deutsche Bank in Brussels, that the certificates of indebtedness which the city had given to the German authorities could not be paid on the thirtieth, and that he did this as a reply to the Governor-General's publication.

When I returned to the Legation, Villalobar was waiting there to see me. We had chatted a little while when the aldermen, Jacquemain and Steen, were announced, and M. Jacquemain came down the corridor swiftly, his dark face darker still in the stress of a vivid emotion.

"Bad news!" he exclaimed, as he entered the room. "Max has been arrested!"

He sank into a chair, well-nigh overcome; he was perhaps the Burgomaster's closest friend.

Max had been arrested at two-thirty in the afternoon while at a reunion of the delegates of the *Agglomération bruxelloise*, which was discussing the measures that they had to take in view of a situation that was growing more and more alarming: oil difficult to obtain, the gas plant and the electric-light plant which belonged to the city would soon have to cease their production because coal was growing scarce; the bakeries could no longer bake the bread. It was difficult to get coal to Brussels; the railways were taken by the German authorities for their own transport; the canal to Charleroi was being repaired and was no longer navigable; horses, wagons, all had been requisitioned; the only means of transport that remained was the tramway

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vicinal—what we would call our interurban. The city fathers were discussing all these questions and how they could be remedied when a German officer appeared and ordered the Burgomaster to report to the Military Governor, von Lüttwitz. There he was informed that he had been relieved from his functions as burgomaster and that he would be sent to a fortress in Germany.

At five o'clock that afternoon Aldermen Jacquemain, Lemonnier, Maes, and Steen had gone to see the Military Governor and had told him that all the administrative measures that Max had taken had been with the approval and with the accord of the Collège Échevinal (Board of Aldermen), and insisted that Max had not broken any of his pacts with the military authorities, and asked that all be arrested with Max. General von Lüttwitz produced the letter that the Burgomaster had written to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank—it was that for which he had been suspended; he should have written to the authorities, said the General, not to the director of the bank. He asked the aldermen to take the direction of affairs of the city; if they did not do so he would name a German burgomaster, who would take the necessary steps to have the entire amount of the indemnity of war paid. Jacquemain proposed to General von Lüttwitz that he be held as hostage in Max's place, but this the General of course refused to do. Then they came to the Legation.

Villalobar and I decided to go to General von Lüttwitz, asking the aldermen to await our return. It was half-past seven o'clock, already dark, and a chill wind blowing.

At the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs there were signs of perturbation and ill-humor: the sentinels were nasty; we had difficulty in getting in. The young aid in the anteroom was very truculent, glancing contemptuously at our cards and saying curtly:

"What do you want to see the General for?"

Villalobar's Spanish pride bristled at once.

"*Monsieur!*" he said, in a tone that might have blasted the young fellow where he stood. The officer handed our cards back to us, saying that the General was at dinner and could not be disturbed. It was difficult to keep one's temper with such a boorish fellow as this youth, and it was unpleasant to adopt in dealing with him the only tone he understood; perhaps it was because we could not quite do the one that we succeeded so well in doing the other. We told him that we should state our business to no one but the General, and, in short, that we were not accustomed to speaking to *aides de camp*.

A flush of rage reddened the young cheeks that were marred by the scars of the student duels, but the phrase did its work, and young jackanapes clicked his heels and went in, came slamming out presently, shouted angrily to us that Monsieur le Général wished us to wait, clicked his heels again, and flung out of the room in a fine show of temper.

"How polite!" said the Marquis.

WE SAT down and waited, cooling our heels if not our tempers, while the General finished his dinner. We waited long. German generals are good trenchermen, and the wine that poor Davignon had left behind in his cellar was excellent. But all things come to an end, and finally the General came in. He had dined well, of course, and we had not dined at all. He came in very friendly and with a certain loud laughing geniality, begged our pardon for having kept us waiting and showed us into his, or Davignon's, private room. We spoke of the arrest of the Burgomaster.

"Well, what can you do?"

It was, of course, none of our affair, as we admitted, but our good offices were at his service in the exigency. Then he told us the whole story. It was, he said, the third serious difficulty he had had with Max, and when he mentioned Max's name he had to restrain his feelings; he said that the difficulty was that Max had been growing too popular and that his popularity had gone to his head, in the intoxicating way that popularity will at times.

"That man has never written me a letter," he said, "in which there was not concealed some sharp pricking point," and he gave a vicious stab with his finger in the air to illustrate the effect of Max's piquancy.

"I said this to him the other day," he went on: "'Monsieur Max, do you know what I think you are trying to do? I think you are trying to become the first president of the Belgian Republic!'"

He spoke then of the first disagreement with Max, the affair of the famous *affiche*. "I had no intention of repeating what Max told me," he went on, "but I felt in duty bound to report it to my Government. They told it to the Commandant at Liège, who *affiched* it."

Then he spoke of the next notice, the one concerning the Belgian flags, which was subsequently covered with white paper, and at last came to the case under notice, his latest bulletin and Max's letter to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank.

"There was nothing left for me to do but to arrest Max," said General von Lüttwitz. His face grew very hard as he sat there, and very red, his gray hair giving him a distinguished look.

"One or the other must rule here," he exclaimed, "he or I, and I am put here to rule. When this house burns, I'll burn with it, under the ashes of the

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door-sill." He clenched his fist, then gave a harsh laugh. We made a last effort to get him to reconsider his decision and release Max, but he shook his head determinedly.

"He has already been sent away," he explained. "I gave him a fine dinner," he concluded, and relaxed more comfortably in his chair. He added that Max would be sent to a fortress at Namur, in honorable confinement. That seemed to close the incident. He was prepared for trouble when the worst became known; he had posted guns everywhere. But he hoped to avoid it; he wished the aldermen to continue in their functions, and he asked us if we could help him by any suggestions.

"If the police continue at their posts and maintain order," I asked, "will you leave that work to them?"

"Yes," he said. "If we can keep order for three days, the worst will be over."

We left him then and returned to my Legation. It was about nine o'clock and Messrs. Jacquemain and Steen were still waiting. We asked them to get Monsieur Lemonnier and meet us again at the Legation at half-past ten.

Monsieur Lemonnier was a lawyer in Brussels, and the ranking alderman. He had been indicated, by reason of his length of service, as Burgomaster, but Max had been chosen instead. There were, therefore, certain points of delicacy in the situation. According to precedent, Monsieur Lemonnier, as ranking alderman, would become Acting Burgomaster, but when he arrived, at the hour fixed, with his colleagues, he was reluctant to assume the duties of Acting Burgomaster precisely because of the old ambition to fill that very post; he had a delicacy that did him honor, and a reluctance to seem to profit by the misfortune of his ancient rival. He was a large man, and determined, and he seemed fixed in his determination. It was a position, under the circumstances, doubly difficult for him, and one could sympathize with his reluctance. And yet there were interests at stake larger than any one man's delicacy, however creditable it might be to him; if local self-government could be maintained, so much at least might be saved.

Sitting there around that long table where so many problems were to be discussed during the troubled months and years of the future that was so kindly hidden from us, my thoughts went suddenly to another city far across the sea, and to its problems, which in coming to Brussels I had too fondly hoped to escape. It was a lucky thought, for suddenly there flashed into my mind the peculiar coincidence that here was the same old problem that would not down, the old ineluctable struggle of the city to be free. The free city! And Brussels was one of the oldest free cities in the world.

I leaned forward toward Monsieur Lemonnier. In Belgium there is one chord in every citizen that vibrates instantly to the touch, and that is the chord of the old city spirit. It seemed strange to be stating the argument in another tongue, but I did the best I could, and I said to Monsieur Lemonnier:

"This is not the first time that the city of Brussels has been occupied by a foreign power. To-day it is the Germans; not so long ago it was the Dutch; before that it was the French and the Austrians and—the Spaniards." The Marquis smiled and bowed. "Before that it was the Duke of Brabant with whom you struggled. But during all those occupations, during all those changes, there was one thing that did not change, one flag that always floated over the Hôtel de Ville down there in the Grand' Place. That was the city of Brussels; that flag was the red and green."

Monsieur Lemonnier did not wait for me to finish. He leaned forward out of the deep chair where he sat:

"I'll do it!" he said.

And so it was settled. There were a few details to arrange. Would the police obey him? Yes.

The aldermen prepared a proclamation informing the people that the Collège would continue in their functions, would maintain order, and keep things going (*"feront marcher les affaires"*).

Villalobar and I wrote a note then to von Lüttwitz, asking him to post this notice; and he thanked us for suggesting it. It was after midnight.

XLIII

I WAS startled out of sleep by the heavy booming of cannonading, and then suddenly it was still, and the church-bells were ringing in another Sunday. For days we had been waiting for the passes that would permit Gibson to go to Antwerp for the wheat, and our two mothers to leave. Their trunks had been packed and were waiting, and now, more than ever, since we did not know what might follow the arrest of the popular Burgomaster, we were anxious to have them gone, and to know them safely out of Belgium. That morning the passes came, and at ten o'clock they, with Gibson, in the motor piled high with luggage, drove away under the American flag. A little knot of people gathered in the Rue de Trèves to see the departure—a little knot that quickly grew to the proportion of a crowd, a fact not without a disquieting suggestion. They went away bravely, and as they went we watched them, with hearts full, but a great load lifted from our minds. They expected to reach Maestricht that night and The Hague on the morrow. The crowd outside melted away and

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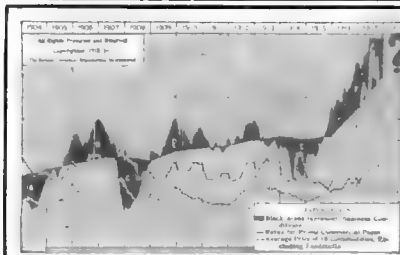

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the town was still. Villalobar came in and we chatted for a long time, oddly enough about the Spanish-American War and the King of Spain, who felt that the future of America and the future of Spain were mysteriously bound together, and so tried to do away with every trace of feeling and bitterness.

And then M. van Vollenhove, Chargé des Affaires of the Dutch Legation, appeared to say that he had just been down to the Grand' Place and that a German lieutenant with some want of tact had selected that as a propitious moment to parade there some Belgian soldiers, prisoners of war. As the morning wore away the atmosphere of the city became surcharged with a nervous quality that was not reassuring. The news of Max's arrest was spreading, and then by noon there were callers at the Legation anxiously inquiring if it were true that the American Minister had left. It was precisely what I had expected: the crowd that had gathered to watch the motor drive away laden with luggage had already done its work. A number of citizens suggested that some means be devised to counteract the effect of the rumor, so in the afternoon, shortly after luncheon, I took an open motor, and with my wife drove all over Brussels.

The day was fine, clear and cold, and in the sunlight crowds were gathered everywhere. Our motor carried the flag and we drove along the Boulevard Bischoffsheim to the Gare du Nord, the Boulevard Anspach, the Rue Haute, the entire length of the Rue de l'Escalier and all through the popular districts of the Marolliens. Children were playing on the sidewalks and people were gossiping at the doors; there were carts everywhere with fresh English walnuts for sale, the women before them gesticulating with their stained hands. We drove through the Boulevard du Midi, Rue Neuve, out to Laeken, and then across the canal the only incident of the drive worth mentioning occurred. The German sentinel stopped us and a great crowd gathered, and when they saw the flag they raised excited cries of *"Vive l'Amérique! Vive l'Amérique!"* The Belgian police rushed everywhere among the crowd crying:

"Allez! Allez!"

It took the thick-headed German sentinel as long to read the pass as though it had been "Chitty on Pleading," but he finished, finally, and we got away, and I can still see among the red and excited faces, the Belgian with a pointed yellow beard shouting frantically as he swung his hat in the air:

"Vive l'Amérique!"

Everywhere people were waving their hats and shouting, but nothing happened, and we came back late in the afternoon, half frozen and reassured.

XLIV

WE WOULD fall asleep at night to the lugubrious booming of those heavy siege-guns the Austrians had so ostentatiously dragged along the boulevards on their way to Antwerp; and we would awaken to the same sound in wan mornings of care. Now and then there would be the drumming of those iron heels on the pavement, and the exultant music of a military band, adding irony to despair.

"Ah! Ils sont très gais; ils sont contents!" (Ah, they are gay, indeed, they are happy!) said one of the servants one morning, bitterly.

The incessant thud and rumble shook the house so that it trembled, it rattled the windows in their casements; and it got on the nerves. The doom of Antwerp was not far away. One evening, Baron von der Lancken said that the Germans had again taken Malines and that they could no more be dislodged. One by one the outer forts were falling, and then one morning the Baron came to say that the bombardment of the city itself was about to begin, and would I be so kind as to say to the Belgian Government that if the Belgians would promise not to use the towers of the cathedral and other monuments for military purposes, they, the Germans, would promise not to bombard them?

"We do not wish a repetition of the affair of Rheims," von der Lancken said, "and we are tired of being called barbarians."

For the diplomatic representative of a neutral government it was a delicate question, for we were not to take any action that might have relation to military operations without instructions. The German authorities were most eager that the arrangement be made, and their interesting and original opinion was that this was not a military operation. They knew certainly far more than I about military movements, and I could only say to them that if the bombardment of Antwerp was not a military operation, I should like them to do me the honor when they had a real military operation on hand, to let me know.

I was, of course, anxious to aid in sparing those monuments, and yet, so readily does doubt poison even the most credulous mind in a world where agreements had a way of transmuting themselves into scraps of paper, that I was a prey to unworthy suspicions, and so sent a dispatch to Washington saying that if the Government desired, Gibson, then at Antwerp, could be instructed to bring the locations of the buildings to Brussels.

Then one morning—it was the sixth of October; we were getting off the English nurses, one hundred and twenty of them, that day, and the doctors as well, including Wyatt, for all of which we were duly grateful—came Herman-

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cito, always a very mine of gossip, and told me that the presence of military attachés proved that the Kaiser was in Belgium, perhaps in Brussels. Antwerp was to fall on the morrow; the city had been summoned to surrender and the time had expired at six that very day. The news spread abroad, in the way it used to do in those dumb days without a press. The city settled under a sodden melancholy. As the troops marched down the streets, men stood on the corners and watched them in despair.

The next morning—Wednesday, the seventh of October—Villalobar being at my house, at ten o'clock the Baron von der Lancken and a Colonel von Leipsig arrived. They came to ask us to inform the Government at Antwerp of the Germans' intention to bombard the city unless they surrendered. They came officially, wearing their swords, and bearing official documents, The Hague Conventions, no less, or what was left of them, and on these they squarely placed themselves. Article 26 was the rock that yet projected itself from the welter of chaos about us. They said that according to Article 26 it was their duty to use all means to notify the town, and inasmuch as the Belgians refused to receive any representatives for a parley, they had to have recourse to us. Curiously, almost at that very moment, I had a dispatch from Washington about the preservation of historic monuments at Antwerp. It had all been arranged nicely, and we set to work on a letter citing the premonitory Article 26 and communicating to the local authorities at Antwerp the request made to us by the Germans. We decided finally to send the letter by Señor Sorela, Villalobar's white-bearded naval attaché. He was to go in my motor with Adrien—one of our chauffeurs—to drive him and the Baron von der Lancken to see him safely through the lines. I wrote a letter to Davignon and one to our Consul-General, Mr. Dietrich, setting forth the facts, and Colonel Sorela departed in state under the Spanish and American flags, with a white flag to use at the lines.

XLV

COLONEL SORELA, who, according to some Spanish rule, was a colonel even though he was in the navy, and Adrien, came back from Antwerp the next morning at three o'clock. They had had a wild, adventurous time. It was with difficulty that they got out of Antwerp, and once out they had even more difficulty in getting back into Brussels, for the bombardment had begun and shrapnel was bursting over the hood of the automobile. *"Mon brave Adrien!"* said Colonel Sorela enthusiastically, laying a hand on the little chauffeur's shoulder, as

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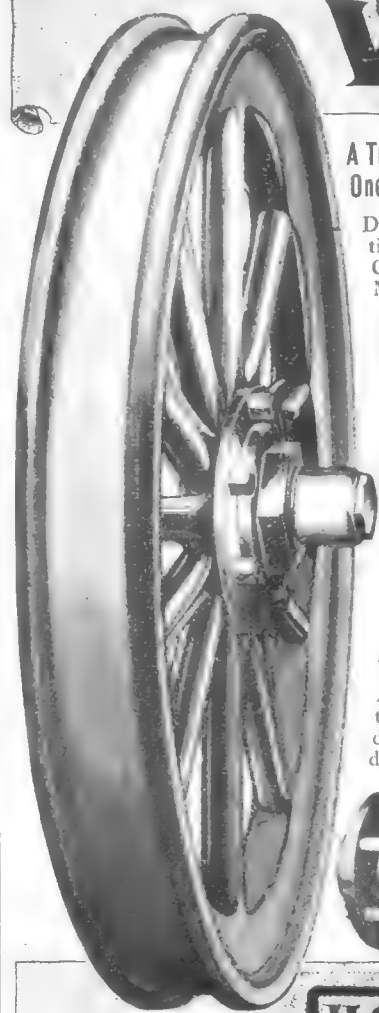

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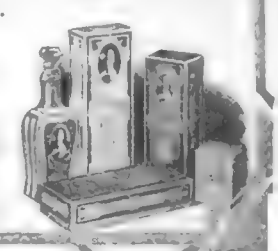

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though he were giving him an accolade.

Arrived at Antwerp, Colonel Sorela had gone to see General de Guisse, who did not at first understand and refused to receive the colonel and his message. He would receive, indeed, no parleys, would not surrender, would fight to the death. But when Colonel Sorela explained that he had not come demanding a surrender, and that he was merely placing the local population in possession of the information, the general thanked him for his services to the city of Antwerp.

Such was Colonel Sorela's official report, officially delivered with appropriate salutes. But it was his unofficial report that was the most interesting, and that I did not have from him until I had it from Adrien. Arriving at three in the morning, Adrien had not been able to arouse the house and had patiently sat in his motor before the door until half-past five in the morning, when Joseph awoke from the sound slumber with which he was nightly blessed, and opened to him the great iron gates in the courtyard. And when I came down—not at half-past five, by any means—Adrien came to me and with great blazing eyes told me an astonishing secret.

The English had arrived! Antwerp was full of them! Oh, there could be no mistake; he knew the uniforms, and they were everywhere, thousands and thousands of them, in short—the British army! All day we lived in the pleasurable excitement of the news, not daring to mention it, wondering if the Germans knew and almost every minute expecting some great event to be born of it.

And then that afternoon at five o'clock came Gibson, with as many adventures to relate as Adrien, and great sacks of mail, and the news that the mothers had sailed the day before on the *Baltic* in the care of Richard Harding Davis. Gibson was accompanied by Harold Fowler, of the London Embassy, come to take out the English nurses. We could tell him that they were already out—but what of Antwerp and the British army?

Ah, Antwerp! The army had gone, the Government had gone, the King and Queen had gone—out on the road, in the night, to Ostend.

But the British army? Gone too; it had been only a little handful of troops, come too late—and Antwerp must fall.

We were up late that night hearing from Gibson and Fowler the news from London, reading a great mass of mail from America, the first in many weeks, and the newspapers full of good news indeed—long stories to the effect that I had sent protests to the Kaiser for having bombarded Antwerp from Zeppelins; that I had appointed Max secretary of Legation in order to save his life; that I had gone out to meet the German general and ordered him not to lay a hand on Brussels. Too bad that the cinema man could not have been there!

Gibson within ten minutes after his arrival had taken to the Germans the list of monuments in Antwerp, which in accordance with the agreement were to be protected in the bombardment, and one of the German officers, with that peculiar sentimentality that seemed always to lie side by side with their ferocity, was particularly interested to know that the zoological garden was marked down as immune.

"The poor animals!" he said.

I do not think that a list of buildings to be protected was of much benefit, and it was, as it proved, hardly necessary. The bombardment of the inner city had not lasted very long and was then indeed nearly over.

XLVI

THERE was no sound of firing the next day, and we had grown so used to the sound that the stillness left us vaguely uneasy, as though some normal thing were missing. We were like the women to whom Villalobar gave refuge in his legation during the bombardment at Lisbon at the time of the revolution: at every report of cannon they screamed, until he had them sent to the cellar, and then, in a little while, they sent up to complain that they could no longer hear the guns. It was a strange, silent, portentous day. In the afternoon Madame Davignon came to inquire after the health of her husband. He was well, was he not? And safe, was he not? And I did not have the heart to tell her that, as a result of his responsibilities and perplexities and worries, he had just had a stroke of apoplexy.

The German headquarters was deserted. For once they were not working there. There was an unwonted air of somber quiet, as though life and affairs were in suspense. No one was to be seen until Conrad, the good-natured, serviceable, kindly clerk, saw me and said:

"Antwerp has fallen," and he added, diplomatically, "officially."

I went back to the Legation; de Leval was there.

"Antwerp has fallen," he said. He said no more, too much depressed to comment on the fact.

Later in the evening came Madame W——, lovely in her mourning.

"Antwerp has fallen! I am completely ruined!" she said. She had large factories in and near Antwerp, and German soldiers, she had heard, were taking away all they contained, though later we were able to save something for her.

And then came Villalobar with a long face, and the same note. Antwerp fallen! The news was not only all over town, it was all over the world, for he had had a telegram from Madrid.

Another caller arrived, Monsieur J——, a Brussels lawyer.

"Is it true that Antwerp has fallen?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said.

And then a curious phenomenon occurred, an eccentric reaction of human nerves to a long-dreaded catastrophe at last arrived. He grew instantly livid with rage, his eyes blazed, he advanced toward me with clenched fists.

"How dare you!" he said. "How dare you tell me that! It is not true! It is not true!"

He was furious, indignant, as though I had insulted him wantonly, as though I had impiously sullied some point of honor.

"It is impossible! It is impossible! Those forts were built to be impregnable! Nothing could overthrow them! Not the Germans; not you!" And he sank on to my table, beating it convulsively with his fists.

Down the long corridor there was the sound of voices and, strange in that moment, the gay sound of women's laughter. Denys was there, Denys of the Belgian Foreign Office. What was the news? I heard him ask.

"Fallen," said a voice, and the laughter ceased.

Gibson came; he had seen the Germans; they had told him, and added: "and now we'll push the Belgian Government into the sea."

I HAD one more visitor that evening, quite late, von S——, a German officer. He came in from the field, cold and wet and weary. He sat down in a chair before the little open fire that burned in my room. He threw back his grayish-blue overcoat, took off his cap, revealing his gray hair, arranged his long saber between his knees and was for a moment silent. He was a distinguished man in appearance and not all the mire and dirt of war could hide a certain elegance that was implicit in his attire. He had lived long years in London, long years in France; he spoke all the European languages as well as he spoke German. He sat there a moment and stretched out a white hand toward the grateful blaze; a gold bracelet that he wore glistened in its warm light. Then, suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, as though the fire had burned his fingers, he withdrew his hand, passed it wearily over his face, and then covered his eyes with his palm.

"Are you tired?" I asked.

He took away his hand and looked up, looked at me with an expression in his blue eyes that was terrible to see. He did not answer my question; perhaps he had not heard it.

"This thing," he began, "this thing of standing old peasants up against the wall—well, it's no business for a gentleman!"

The next instalment continues the story of the German yoke, and tells of Cardinal Mercier's heroic stand against its tyranny.

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H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Spring Doings

THE last spring events were great days for the Volunteers. It was their first National Competitive Review, their first camp; their first high enthusiasm after a year's splendid progress; but the war had not yet sunk in, had not colored the emotion, sobered the bearing of the boys.

This spring there will be a new note, a sterner tread in the Volunteers that march in Chicago for the national events. Their march, their games, will have won a new significance in the shadow of a darkening year of war.

This competitive review and the other events will be a real Review Before Battle. The Volunteers in hundreds will be called to the front—to our farms, to the Food Front—to assist in the spring planting of what must be the biggest crop our fields have borne. They will step from the *preparation for*, the rehearsal of, one aspect of war to *actual participation* in what is perhaps the most vital part of it. They will become combatants; this will be their first battle, the battle against starvation.

For this reason our national review will he held early, on May seventeenth; it will be shortened, given the brevity of real business, but it will leave a no less strong impression upon those who see it this year. The entire corps of the city of Chicago will constitute the body of the parade, which begins in the morning, and will be reviewed by General Carter and the school authorities. There will follow a company competitive drill, exhibition battalion drill, signal drill, and wall-scaling competition. Besides the National H. S. V. U. S. banners there will be new prizes.

The events will be reported in full soon in these pages.

After the spring review Captain F. L. Beals, in charge of the H. S. V. U. S. work in Chicago, will conduct a training-camp for physical instructors, and high-school military instructors, to finish the correspondence course in H. S. V. U. S. work which he has been giving. The camp extends from May twentieth to May twenty-ninth. Full information may be obtained by writing Captain Beals, Board of Education, Tribune Building, Chicago. A charge of ten dollars is made for the training-camp course. Attendants furnish their own uniform and bedding. All other equipment will be provided. It is expected that two hundred physical directors will attend the camp. At the end of the course an H. S. V. U. S. commission will be given those who take the work.

Following this, a series of spring training-camps for H. S. V. U. S. cadets will begin on June first and continue as long as may be necessary. The Northwestern Military and Naval Academy at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has tendered the use of its grounds and equipment for the training-camp, both for the athletic directors and the high-school students. Cantonments costing about twelve thousand dollars will be built here and the equipment is to remain permanently the property of the H. S. V. U. S. and be used for their mid-western encampments. It is planned to accommodate about three hundred boys at a time, in periods of two weeks. The Volunteers will furnish their own uniform and bedding, the camp supplying all other equipment. The camp cost, per boy, is a dollar a day. Full information may be obtained from Captain Beals. This—*Camp Steever*, as it will be called—the first permanent H. S. V. U. S. training-camp—is going to be watched with the closest interest. It will supply a great need of the boys of the Middle West. It is going to be an important success.

The Volunteers of the Eastern states will have opportunity to use the camp established by the Junior Training Camp Association at Wurtsboro, Sullivan County—Camp John Pershing. The cost will be the same as for the western H. S. V. U. S. camp—one dollar a day. Write the Junior Training Camp Association, 258 Broadway, New York, for full information.

We hope by next summer to have a complete series of camps for the Volunteers in operation from East to West. The importance to the Volunteer of two weeks' training in the open can not be overestimated. We would welcome any aid or suggestion to assist in realizing this project.

CARING FOR LIGHT COLORED SHOES

The beauty of a white kid or calf shoe is in its newness and this fine original condition should be preserved as long as possible. The means of preserving its newness is entirely different from the means of making the shoe look as well as possible after it is considerably worn. Yet many people use the same white cleaner in either case.

To make a white shoe that is in poor condition look well requires harsh treatment which is unnecessary and harmful to a new shoe and makes it deteriorate more rapidly than is necessary. If the public will distinguish and adopt the difference in treatment required for new and for badly worn shoes a great deal can be saved in wear and in the appearance of the shoes.

This principle applies to colored and black shoes as well as to white. Using the same cleaner on new as on badly worn shoes is a good deal as if a lady should use the same soap for cleaning her hands that a machinist would use.

A polish made expressly for new shoes is Chainlightning Shoe Cream. It was made deliberately to maintain shoes in their original condition as long as possible. It is a mild cleaner and polish and is not recommended for badly worn shoes. It is made in White, Natural, Gray, Brown, Tan and Black. It is a cleaner and polish combined so that one thin coat of it takes the place of two thick coats of other style cleaners and polishes. It is the correct treatment for new shoes.

On the other hand when white shoes become so badly soiled that the wearer is at a loss what to do with them, Whitehope is a cleaner which will do most towards making them look presentable, but Whitehope contains a grit necessary to clean badly worn shoes but unnecessarily harsh for new shoes. For a slightly soiled white buck or canvas shoe Bagof should be used. If badly soiled, Whiterightoff or Whitehope should be applied.

Always there is a difference in the treatment which is correct for new and for badly worn shoes.

George J. Kelly.

Lynn, Mass., April 10th, 1918.

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AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Passenger Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	122	Salisbury		32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	$1295	$1295		$1295		$1920	
				3½x5½	29.40	122	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	1595	1595		1595	$2150	2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1195	$1095			1395	
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal.	3½x4½	15.63	106		FF	30x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal. W'house							
AMERICAN SIX. Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Atw. Kent	1695	1695	1645	1695			
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	1475	1475	1475	1525		2165	$2750
		6		3½x5¼	30				34x4					2200		2200			
APPERSON Kokomo, Ind.	3	8		3½x5	34	130			34x4		Rayfield			2550		2550		3400	
		8	Own	3½x5	34	130	Own	DF	32x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Bijur		3500		3500			
			Cont.	3½x4½	23.4	120		¾F	34x4			Remy		4345	1345			1595	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	131		FF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1685		1685		1985	2450
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅝x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	5000		5000	5250
			G. B. & S.	3½x4¾	32	114	Peru		31x4		Zenith		995	995	995				
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	Cont.	3½x5	36	114	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	1145	1145	1145				
									32x4										
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¼x5½	22	121		¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
				3½x5		114									895				
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4-6	Lycom.	3 x4½	20	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			1055				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x5½	29.4	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy			1850				1600
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	7200	7700	7700		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5½	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	825		825				
				3¼x4¼	18.2	106			31x4				795		795			1185	
				3¾x4½	27.3	118		¾F	34x4							1495		2175	
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3¾x4½	27.3	124	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1265	1265		1695	1845	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5		116	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Delco			945				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3½x5½	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	35x5 34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1565	1565	1565	1615		1950	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
				3.687x4	21.7	102	Own		30x3½	Grav.			620		635		1060	1060	
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4-8	Own	3.687x5¼	21.7	108	Own		33x4	Vac.			935		935			1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4		3½x4	36.45	120	Own	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		1385	1385				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	106 127	Hyatt Columb.	SF FF	30x3½ 33x5	Grav. Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	695 2395	2395	695	2395	2495	2795	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1595	1450			2295	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	40	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	1095				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	995	1055	995			1395	
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	5500	5500	5500 6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3½x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3250	3250	3250	3250			
				3¼x4½	25.35	119	Hyatt	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1485	1485	1485		1850	
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.40	125	Bock	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1785	1785	1785		2100	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995			1375	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty				3750			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stewart	No. East		885	885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	132	Timken	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	105½	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		865	865		1265	1265	
DOUGLAS 8, (formerly Drummond) Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	124	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2000	2000	2000	2100			
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
		6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.3	116	Salisbury	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1285			1795	
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		1095	1095			1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4½	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Teetor Cont.	3¼x5	24	115	Peru	SF	33x4				1165		1125				
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	25.6	120	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1360	1345	1375		1685	
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5½x6¼	42	140	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	Holley W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	6500
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3	Grav.	Kingston		435		450		560	695	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2200	2250	2250			3050	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¾	31.0	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1095	1095	1095		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto	985		985			1185	
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅝x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3600	3750	3600	3600		4750	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¾	22.5	106 115	Peru	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
		6				121			34x4						1850				
		6				127			35x4½			Leece		1950		1950	2535	2585	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	3	12	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Neville		2910		2910	3335	3385	
			Own	3x4½	28.8				34x4		Stewart				1485				
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	116	Own	SB	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Splitdorf			1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¾x3⅝	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		2050		1950		2750	3150 3400
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x5½	16.9	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	950	1025	1000				

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Continued from page 80	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	$1495		$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	35	126	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1575	$1495	$1575		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.40	127	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur		1875	1875	1875		2550	
									32x4½		Ball &			2375		1995		2825	$3500
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		2085	2085	2085	$1935	1935	
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2½x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2850		2450	2850	3000	
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2220	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3½x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¼x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4					1385					
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1585		1585	1545	1885	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,		4	Own	4½x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3½x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3900	3900	3900	3900	5000	5000	5050
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3¼x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
		4	Own	3½x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾ F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	830						
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3½x4½	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1050	1050	1050	1080		1650	
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	33.75	136	Own	¾ F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur		3750	3700	3750		5150	5250
MAXWELL,									30x3½			Simms-Huff							
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾ F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.			825	825			1275	
MERCER,						115					Ball &								
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ball	W'house	3750	3850	3850				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3½x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	695		695				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3½x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1650	1650			2280	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1985		1985			
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,																			
Columbus, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1295				
MONROE, (Wm. Small Co.,		4	Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Vac.			565	635				965	
Inc.,) Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾ F	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		995	995			1850	
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1295				
		6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1785		1785			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1985		1985	2950	2950	
MOORE 30,																			
Danville, Ill.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	K. D.	Auto-Lite			695				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3½	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis	2	6	Own	3½x4½	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5½	29.4							W'house		2150		2150	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2750		2750	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	1050		1050		1550	1550	
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Johnson	Remy	1195		1195		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2½x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Delco		1495		1495			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x4½	17	112	Own	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1085			1340	1565	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	835	875					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			850			1240	
		4	Own	4½x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		965	965				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	27.35	116	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1195	1195		1420	1620	
		6	Own	3½x5½	29.4	125	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3300	3300	3300			4350
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	35x5					3950		3950	3600		5000
Cleveland, Ohio	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		5300		6300	6300
			Own	3x5	43.2	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3950	3950	3950	5300		5500
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4300			5850
						117													
			Rutenber	3½x5	23.4				32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PAN, St. Cloud, Minn.	1	4	Cont.	3½x5	34	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Grav.	Zenith	Remy			1250				
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2½x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3½x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Auto-Lite	2490	2550		2550	3050	3250	3690
												Ward-Leonard			5000				
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125	Amer.	FF	32x4½	Vac.									
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4½x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3½x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1395	1395				
PREMIER,									32x4										
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3½x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	875	875	875				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4½	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4½x4½	27.2	120		SF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson			1225	1225				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5½	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1550		1550			
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,		4	Dusenb'g	4 x6	25.4	128			32x4½				2950	2950		3250		3750	
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2375	2475		2475		3250	
												Ward-Leonard							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.				1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco		1445	1395				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		445						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4–6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1045	995			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,		4	Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾ F	30x3½		Zenith	Remy		935					
Detroit, Mich.		6	Northway	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4		Marvel	Remy	1195		1195				
	3	8	Ferro	2½x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3½x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		900	850				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4¾x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER,												Apico							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2750		2800			
STATES,		4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	1025	1025	1025				
Kalmazoo, Mich.	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	1125	1125	1125			1395	
STEARNS,				3½x5½	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1935	1935	2300	2500	2635	3350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4–8	Own	3½x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2700		2700	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1585	1650	1585			2085	
				3½x5	19.26	112			32x3½		Schebler				895				
STUDEBAKER,				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4		Ball & Ball	Wagner-				1295			
Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3½x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Remy					1695		
						120													
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4½x6	30.6	130	Own	¾ F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
TEMPLAR, Cleveland, O.	1	4	Own	3½x5½	18.23	118	Amer.	SF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Remy	2255	1985			4250	2850	
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1340	1340	1340		1900	1885	2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595			
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1990	2090	2090	2890	2890	
						124½						Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	Own	35x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		5000		5000	6050	6050	6200
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	120	Own	¾ F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1450		1450		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4½x4½	27.23	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1625	2275		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3½x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2100		2800	2900
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¼x5¼	33.75	128	Own	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3150	3150	3150	3200	4150	4400	4150
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Own	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3850	3850	3850	3850	4850	5100	4850
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	3¼x5	22	122¾	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	3¼x5	18	104		FF	28x3		Schebler	Dyco	405						

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Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2400 to $4600
"ACME," Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1900 to 3900
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2900 and 3850
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	985
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2475 to 3875
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	2050
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4600
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1240 to 2250
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear D.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1350 to 3450
"BETHLEHEM" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 2½	1245 to 2565
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., New York City. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2650
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	825 and 850
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2150 to 3750
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	985
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear D.	1	1340 to 1490
"CONESTOGA," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancaster, Pa. 2 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb. & 1½	1050 to 1450
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4500
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1900 to 3800
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	1045 to 4300
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	2000 to 4750
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain D.	¾	1150 to 1250
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2685
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	4000
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4400
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive on both axles thru center differential.	3	4600
"FULTON," Fulton Motor Truck Co., Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. 1 model chassis only. Internal gear drive.	1½	1620
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1750 to 3750
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	2100 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1490 to 2190
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 6	On application
"GRANT," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 3 models. 2 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1075 to 1950
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¼ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Truck Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 2 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½ and 2	1850 and 2350
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HERCULES" Hercules Truck Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1½ to 5	2600 to 4750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis D.	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Younstown, Ohio. 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1800 to 4400
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear D.	¾ to 2	1450 and 2550
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2750 to 5200
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	1½ to 5	1885 to 4350
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2400 to 5100
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 5 tons	1250 to 2165
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive.	1 and 5	1000 to 5000

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 3650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N.Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	1950 to 4450
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1900 to 3050
"LITTLE GIANT," Little Giant Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2550 to 4750
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5500
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	4000 and 5000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	1085
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	¾ to 5	1650 to 4540
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 960
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"NILES," Niles Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1600 to 2600
"NOBLE" Noble Motor Truck Co., Kendallville, Ind. 1 model, chassis with cab. Worm drive.	2	2300
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear D.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE" Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O., 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	840 to 975
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2650 to 5400
"PANHARD," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	985 and 1185
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5300
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1½	1150 and 1350
"RELIANCE," Rallance Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 4 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	1½ to 5	1295 to 3350
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1175 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ½-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	½ to 5	895 to 4500
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	2 to 5	3000 to 4900
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 5800
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	3000 to 4600
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2950 to 4700
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear D.	1 to 5	1550 to 4950
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2000 to 4750
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2575 to 4250
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2990 to $5500
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	850 to 2295
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	1045 and 1400
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich, 2 models. Bodies extra.	1½ and 2	2275 and 2750
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"TWIN CITY-FOUR WHEEL DRIVE" Twin City-Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models.	3½x5	4250 to 5350
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	1½ to 6	2350 to 4500
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm D.	2½ to 5	2800 to 4850
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm	1½ to 3	2600 to 3400
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 14 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½ to 3	845 to 3850
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4750 to 5500
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 5 models, diversified lines of bodies including Fire apparatus, etc., extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5750
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain D.	1 to 5	1800 to 4300
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	On application
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 5	1560 to 4600
"WINTHER," Winther Motor Truck Co., Winthrop Harbor, Ill. 7 models. Bodies extra. Internal Geor drive.	2 to 5	2250 to 5500
"WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	3½ to 5	1650 to 5000

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Since the days of the Comtesse de Rebenac, in mediæval times, the women of France have been famous for their excellence and thrift in cooking.

As the years of war have swept on, black necessity has forced French housewives to the utmost limit of their racial genius to conserve the food.

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Under these circumstances, what more serviceable thing could be done than to set before the women of America the advice of their noble sisters of France, born of their tragic experience!

Alone of all American publications, The Delineator is in a position to do this; for we publish and send to France monthly a French edition of The Delineator *(Le Miroir des Modes)*, the largest and most influential magazine of its kind in France.

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These recipes, as delicious as they are economical, are being given to American housewives each month in The Delineator. They will prove a revelation. Each one has been successfully tested by Honoré Willsie, the editor.

For instance, here is a recipe sent in by Mme. Louise Bocquet of the French town of Flers de l'Orne. It is a recipe for Hindu biscuits given her by a Hindu officer billeted at her house. The ingredients are simply one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce of grated cheese.

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We Can, If They Can

By Howard Wheeler

THIS is the second of a series of short sketches recording impressions received during a recent trip to the French and British fronts. I found high inspiration in these impressions, awful depression. I came home with the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. The purpose in these articles is simply to pass on what stands out most vividly. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

IT WAS my first visit to England. I had just come from Havre, where I had been arranging with Brand Whitlock for the publication of his story of Belgium. It had been dreary in that dingy port in old Normandy—fog and rain, and a damp chill against which no garments were proof. I had had visions of a dismal, foggy England and a damp, murky London. The crossing had been through heavy fog.

My first visit to England, and I awoke to a glorious October day—bright sunshine, and an air like wine! My spirits were high as I stepped from the boat at Southampton. I was new to the war. The bare fact of war had not settled down on me then as it did only a few days later out on the front. To-day was sunshine and crisp air—and I was to see London.

I saw London that day and for several days afterward. To put what I felt about London into words is a difficult thing, an impossible thing. There was something there, though, that made me feel just a little selfish, perhaps just a bit ashamed of the high spirits in which I had set out from Southampton. In London I began to get hold of the fact that I was looking upon a nation that had suffered terribly. The whole city seemed to me to be mourning in a way new to my experience. There was a great city with the hand of war resting heavily upon it. Any glamour there may have been in the early days had disappeared. I could not find any one who was laughing—very few even smiling. There were many women in deep mourning. Yet it was not depression. I soon got hold of this. Whatever the spirit was, and is, it is largely sheer determination—the spirit of a country that had settled down grimly to plugging and plugging and plugging, with no regard to suffering or sacrifice. It seemed to me that each individual had made the country's great job his own great job. There was no room, nor time, left for personal sensations or emotions—not even for the enjoyment of a perfect October day.

I was in London during an air-raid by Zeppelins. The sheer ruthlessness, the cold brutality, the calculated inhumanity of a Zeppelin raid at last got home to me in a personal way. People were killed in that raid right in the heart of London—killed horribly. It was no new thing, that. And the people there in that city had come to accept such a frightful thing as this as part of it all, as an unavoidable incident to the big job. I talked with many people—with officers, diplomats, private soldiers, business men, hotelkeepers, women, policemen, taxi-drivers. I talked with every one I encountered who I thought could give me ideas about the war. I found few who spoke of the end of the war—none who spoke of the end of the war without victory.

One evening I had the privilege of talking for an hour with an elderly woman who had lost three of her four sons early in the war. The fourth had been invalided home. She told me of England's spirit in the early days; of the prayers that it all might be avoided; and of the ready acceptance of responsibility when the black thing became inevitable. She told me of her own feelings; of the breaking down all over the land of selfishness; and of the development of the spirit of self-sacrifice. She told it all in a very impersonal way, this brave little lady. Just before I left I remarked:

"It's become an old story to you now, yet I don't see any signs of England's being tired of it."

"You will find none, I think," she answered gravely. Then, with a smile that I shall never forget, she added:

"We can stand it, if those boys out there can."

I WAS standing on the crest of Vimy Ridge. I was trying to whip my imagination into giving me even the dimmest of pictures of the terrific scenes that had been enacted there. I was talking to a British officer while we were watching the artillery fire over toward Lens. The noise of the artillery had been incessant all the afternoon.

"That will keep up off and on all night," the officer told me. "That is the way we are playing the game now. Nothing spectacular, you know, but a steady pressure—and no rest for Fritz."

That same day, as we were tramping back over the road we had come, I glanced back at Vimy Ridge with its monument on top to speak of the heroism of the Canadian troops that captured it. It seemed incredible, a miracle, that human flesh and blood could mount those steep, churned slopes and drive an enemy from defenses constructed painstakingly and considered impregnable.

When we reached our autos I asked the British officer about this. "When all is said and done and all the figures are down," he said, "it will be found that Vimy Ridge was captured with astonishingly small loss to the British. You see," he said with a smile, "it was what you might call a psychological victory. Each day the British guns set down a terrific barrage on the Ridge. Ten minutes each day. That was all. Ten minutes' barrage and no attack. Each day, of course, the Germans expected an attack. But it didn't come. Then on the eleventh day, the ten minutes' barrage, and when it lifted—there were the Canadians *walking* up Vimy Ridge. Fritz offered but a comparatively feeble resistance."

It was slow work there along the western front; but if one inquired of any man in that British army, whether it were officer or private, he got the same answer. The British felt that they were winning; and they were content to go on as they were going—slowly, doggedly—with no rest for Fritz.

At the château where American visitors to the front are entertained, in the course of conversation one evening I remarked to one of the officers:

"It's slow work, isn't it? And terribly hard work. Don't you ever get sick of it?"

"Oh," he replied with a laugh, *"I guess we fellows out here can stand it, if the folks at home can."*

Exactly the same feeling as had been expressed by that brave woman in London! Britain has reached the place where she is thinking straight—and fighting straight. Occasionally those bob up who attempt to turn the nation's thought away fron the straight line, but they are powerless.

I am writing this while the March drive of the Germans against the English line is still in progress. Only a few weeks ago I was on the French and British fronts. I was near Ypres. I was at Bapaume, Arras, Albert, Vimy Ridge, Verdun, Fort de Vaux, Bar le Duc, Chalons, and Rheims. I know the spirit that is along that splendid line. I know the dogged cheerfulness with which those splendid boys on the

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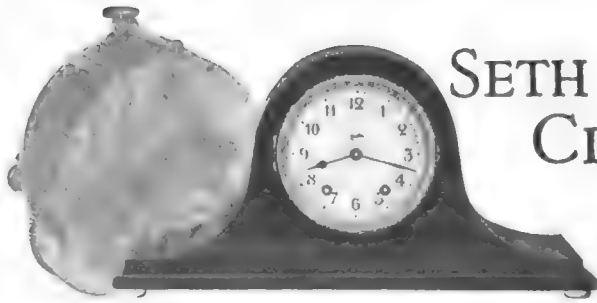

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Augustus Van Gueson of New Jersey lost his regular job because of his age. To-day he is making $1,500 a year.

British front have accepted the frightful things that go into the job of setting a human wall against the onrush of barbarism.

I TRIED to remember as I set foot again in America that America has not gone as far as Britain or France—that America's spirit has not yet been tested. But still it came to me in the nature of a shock that as a nation we are not yet thinking in a straight line. It struck me that there were too many of us setting up the wail, "Germany is winning the war."

In a newspaper I found an editorial which read something like this:

"Every business man, every loyal American, ought to have pasted on his desk a card bearing the words, 'Germany is winning the war.'"

Not once along the battle-front in Europe did I hear an Englishman or a Frenchman give voice to such a conviction. I knew that France was tired. I knew something of what England had suffered and borne. I knew that America is fresh, vigorous, powerful. I felt that the winning of the war was up to America. It seemed to me that the job of each individual American was to do his part regardless of time, pains, or sacrifice, to hasten the hour when America could strike with all her strength, and to prepare himself for the shock of sacrifice to follow. I felt then as I feel now that predictions or estimates of the probable duration or the probable outcome of the war are idle; that speculation as to whether or not Germany is winning the war is equally footless; that one thing is certain: Germany is a long way from being beaten. France is not secure. England is not secure. And above all, America is not secure.

I feel that the thing the American should paste on his desk should not be "Germany is winning the war," but, "The war must be won by America."

The Purpose

By Oscar C. Williams

BENEATH it all, this blood and
soul-deep woe,
This waste of happiness, these senses
numb,—
Beneath it all, like joy beneath the
snow,
A balm-fraught purpose waits for spring
to come.

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The DUCHESS of SIONA

(Continued from page 27)

for my purpose that occasionally it may consist in a keen appreciation of pain or discomfort in others.

The Duchess burst out laughing as she looked at Pandolph. So, after a moment, did the Chancellor. Pandolph stood outside the influence of their mirth.

He was dyed a deep, rich, royal, opulent blue.

His hair was blue, his face, his lips, hands, clothes. He may, perchance, have been a gaily dressed man that morning when he set out on his business of wiping up arrears of dyers' taxes. But had he been brilliant and variegated in hue as some gay freak of tropic nature, flitting, half bird, half fairy, among fantastic fronds and flowers, all his wild chord of color must have yielded to the dominance of the note the dyers had chosen for him.

They had dipped him in blue. Dipped him? Ducked him, soused him, held him under, redipped him, played him in the vat with a pole, stirred him, lifted him for a breath of God's air and plunged him in again with that hearty exuberance of enjoyment that only the free manipulation and mishandling of something alive and helpless can excite in the common breast.

The tideless Adriatic is blue; blue, Siona's skies in summer; the gentian blue, sprinkled over Rossi's great shoulder humping itself high in air to Siona's west; but none of these is blue as Pandolph was.

For his was also a spiritual blue. Blue is the color ever associated in poetic fancy with melancholy. Pandolph's very soul was blue.

He must have opened his mouth—incautious man—to shout while still beneath the flood. Now when he opened it to speak to the Duchess, she saw his teeth, his tongue—blue! You might suspect an avenue of blue through his internals.

In a word, Pandolph was well and truly dyed blue.

THE Duchess, ever a kindly and polite girl, made an effort and restrained her mirth. The Chancellor mastered his. Pandolph had none to trouble him. He stood, miserably, knees together, teeth chattering—spite of the blaze of sun outside, the great stone hall was chilly to a soaked man—and told his tale while drops of blue dripped at intervals on to the stone floor.

His story, obvious enough to the Duchess from his first aspect, was a simple one. He had descended with an attendant clerk and two men-at-arms—for the ducal dignity demanded this display when an underling so important fared forth on ducal business—with a bag for receiving the taxes he had no doubt of collecting, seals for receipting, etc. There had been, from the first, a stark unfriendliness, a flippant and coincident inadequacy of excuse that roused first his ire, then his suspicion of conspiracy. Never doubting the sacred nature of his office, he had hectored. Insolence responded. Threats bred threats, and alas, at what must have been the critical moment, his two men-at-arms had deemed it discreet to disappear. His man clerk had frankly bolted, and our poor Pandolph, helpless, discovered to be no more for all his threats than a dagger rusted immovably in its sheath, had been compelled to abide the hasty judgment of the crowd. Hence this blueness and these tears, not actually evident, perhaps, but barely restrained because of the presence of his august mistress.

Her face was now set again. Pandolph was dismissed—to begin that scrubbing, first frantic, then more methodical, which you may as well know continues long after this story reaches its finish—and duchess and Chancellor were left alone to continue their weighty conference.

Said she, coldly: "This must entail punishment."

"Punishment will not be easy."

"No officer of mine shall be so treated."

"Excellency, that's all very well, but here's a plain caution for us. Here's a temper will want handling."

"We can handle nothing if we can not command respect. Pandolph when he collects our taxes is ourself."

"In theory, yes. In practise he appears as—well—as a long, none too handsome or even agreeable fellow, disclosing himself at too frequent intervals in the guise of a detested nuisance."

Her sense of justice compelled her to admit some truth in this. She sat silent and thoughtful.

"Excellency," went on the Chancellor, despondently, "we arrive at the plain fact—our position here grows impossible. The taxes—let me be frank with you—are monstrous."

"But what can we do? Malatesta lays his imposts on us, we have nothing to do but pay—surely they see that?"

"They grow tired of paying. It's very human."

"But what will happen to them, to the city, if we do not pay? Is Malatesta to come here again? Have they forgotten his last coming?" She shuddered.

"No. But that's eight years ago. They forget or at least they think less of that than they used."

"That's folly."

"It's human."

She looked at him thoughtfully, then spoke. "And they speak of revolt—against me? What good can that do them? Malatesta would still levy."

"Madam," he spoke with some hesitation, "with this talk of revolt you must understand goes the idea that they may secure a new leader, a head of the city who can hold his own with Malatesta, and make, compel fresh terms."

"They mean war?"

"I would not say that. Their idea, I fancy, is that with stronger leading, Siona has power to force a fresh scale of levy without fighting. On this too, there have been suggestions—" he stopped.

"Suggestions?"

He faltered. Her eye rested unsparingly on him. It must out; he gulped it out: "Of your marriage."

She stopped abruptly, stared at him freezingly. "They have dared!"

"Excellency, face our situation. We are overtaxed. We have to deal with our overlord, Malatesta, who will not see fairness. Nay, who deliberately plans unfairness. What's his object? Your ruin."

Her lips tightened. She said nothing. He went on, "You are but a girl, I, an old man. Malatesta's a tiger and means to devour us. There you have it. That's the wisdom of the common folk, and oh, my dear young lady, it's not far wrong." He spoke with feeling.

"But my marriage, what good——"

"They see you allied to a man such as alone deserves you, a great soldier, a statesman, a power, able to parley with our enemy and so bring our poor folk some relief from this load, this crushing load of taxation. That's in their minds, and if they speak of revolt, it is only a knowledge of your obduracy that drives them."

THE Chancellor finished with an immense relief. For a day or two he had been in possession of what he had now disclosed to his mistress and knowing her temper had wondered when and under what circumstances he should impart his news. Now it was done, and he breathed more freely.

Beatrice paced the room thoughtfully. There was that in her face that kept him from addressing her.

Suddenly her eye lighted on him. He was a friend of hers. He had served her father well, she knew, and his loyalty to her was part of his very being. He looked painfully old, saddened, depressed, and she was a woman of unfailing charity and kindness.

Her face lit up with a smile; she came swiftly over to him and placed her hands on his shoulders. "Never mind," she said, with something like gaiety

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in her voice. "Are two clever people like you and me to despair? Recollect this trouble springs from the doubling of Malatesta's levy on us. He promised it should be but for a year."

"And now two have passed. Malatesta uses lies as he uses any other weapon."

"But we have courage, we deal justly, and we have faith in God. What cowards we are to doubt. Come, smile again."

He was never further away from smiling, yet he managed to call up the ghost of a facial effort in that direction. She kissed his forehead, he kissed her hand and went sadly away.

SHE turned to leave the hall by the opposite door, but paused as her eye fell on the great chair of state.

It was the chair that Malatesta had sat in, victorious, sword in hand, on that dreadful morning eight years ago when by her father's side she had knelt in blood, to beg life for her and him.

Five years ago, only eighteen, yet a woman already steeped in the appalling irksomeness of a city's rule, she had been formally seated as Duchess of Siona in her dead father's place. Only five years—and she was so tired of it all that she drooped to the burden of her thoughts as she stood alone, looking at her chair.

What was the use—what was the end—the purpose? A long line of ancestors had sat there. Each had done his task well, or ill, and gone his way. Siona under their varying rules had been great, small, great again, and now was humble indeed. She knew what this morning's business meant, her townsfolk's rising hostility, the implacable pressure from Missona. She was plainly at the beginnings of a struggle.

To hold her seat in Siona meant effort, unceasing perhaps, demands beyond her strength. Should she struggle, or should she give it up? Her conscience acquitted her of vainglory. If she fought, she knew that it would not be so much for her rights as her duties. Yet her heart was in revolt.

It cried out passionately against this continual sacrifice of her whole self to a purpose she had almost come to doubt. Almost for a minute she gave way. Let them revolt—they should govern themselves, or choose this wonderful champion, whoever he might be; or Malatesta should take the reins, and show them what government stood for in the eyes of a man notoriously drunk with lust of empire dominion. Only for a minute this mood possessed her. It passed. She drew a long breath, wearily straightened her young back and, all her courage flying its banners again, stepped to the door. As she stretched her hand out to push it open, the Chancellor reentered at the other end of the hall. Turning, at his coming, she saw him leading in a man, booted, spurred, and caught his detaining message:

"Your Excellency, Signor Bartoldi, from my Lord Malatesta of Missona, desires speech with your Grace."

She walked slowly down the hall to meet them both.

Bartoldi was a tall, fat man, tanned, scarred, bearded, long in thigh, broad of shoulder, upright, aggressive, and frank in standing and speech. He was soldier first and foremost, and though his errand was presumably a peaceful one, he wore a steel cap, leather jerkin with rings sewn thickly over, and steel thigh-plates. He was booted above the knee, and spurred for riding; on his left thigh hung the weapon that like Malatesta he affected—the long two-edged cutting sword then slowly yielding to the rapier in general esteem.

All Aquiloja knew him, Malatesta's condottiere, whose ferocity, valor, cunning, and energy lifted him on to a par with Malatesta himself save for one quality—ambition. Malatesta was the stuff of which emperors are made—for what they are worth. Bartoldi was a merchant in blood, the killer for hire with no purpose in life but to make money in the way body and mind found most congenial.

AS FROM a soldier his greeting might pass—a curt touch of the brim of his helmet, not so much a civility, or even a salutation as an acknowledgment that he admitted himself to be within speaking distance.

"Greetings, Excellency." He clicked his spurred heels together, and from under his jerkin produced a folded parchment tied and sealed.

"I bring with me a written message from my master, my Lord Malatesta of Missona, and place it in your hands."

He offered it to the Duchess. She accepted it, glanced at it, and handed it to her chancellor. Bartoldi saluted again.

"Now, not from my Lord Malatesta, but from——"

The Duchess interrupted in surprise: "But, a moment. The answer first to this."

"There is no answer, madam."

"But doubtless my Lord Malatesta asks——"

"He asks nothing. It is an order."

"An order!" Her eyes opened. "My Lord Malatesta sends the Duchess of Siona his orders!"

Bartoldi shrugged his shoulders. "I carry out instructions, Excellency."

She was flaming, yet kept herself in hand. "Ah, but wait. Malatesta orders his dinner from his cooks—let's see what he orders from the Duchess of Siona." A bright red spot showed in each cheek.

"Madam—" ventured the Chancellor, looking at her apprehensively.

"Open, open," she commanded. He

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undid the cord, spread the parchment out, adjusted his spectacles. She took the document impatiently from him. Her eyes darkened as she ran over the contents. She crushed it up in her hand and faced Bartoldi. He waited stolidly for the outburst he felt was coming.

"The man's mad!" she exclaimed.

"You allude to my master?"

"I allude to my Lord Malatesta. I say he's mad. Chancellor, read." She thrust the parchment into the old man's hands and with arms folded on her breast stared at Bartoldi. The condottiere remained and waited calmly.

The Chancellor gave a little groan. "Monstrous!" he ejaculated.

"Incredible!" burst out the Duchess. She snatched the message from the old man's hands, held it out in one hand and striking it repeatedly with the back of her other hand addressed Bartoldi excitedly: "This is madness, the sheerest madness, criminal madness! Does Malatesta think we are made of money?"

"Twenty thousand crowns, a special war levy—" this from the Chancellor. "What voice have we in Malatesta's affairs? Are we consulted as to his enmities, or friendships?"

"Friendships!" came from the duchess. "He has no friends."

Bartoldi stared very black at her. Her tone and manner conveyed hostility and contempt for message-bearer as well as message-sender.

"Madam, for God's sake—" broke in the Chancellor.

She would not be checked. "Here is an unprincipled demand and I will not submit. I can not pay. It is impossible to raise such a sum, and he knows it."

"Madam," began Bartoldi, "I assure you——"

"And 'a hundred men-at-arms, all well equipped, mounted, and furnished with three months' supplies.' For what purpose? In what war? I supply men, and am not even told whom they are to be employed against. I have no enemies. I am not at war."

"We are," interposed Bartoldi.

"Your wars are your wars," rejoined the Duchess; "not mine."

"Our wars are yours also, madam. Malatesta, as your overlord——"

"We have rights! Good God, we lost much when Malatesta broke us here eight years ago; but if we are no longer a sovereign city, we have rights, I say, and Malatesta has no power to bind us in either war or friendship."

"Times change, Excellency; circumstances alter. My Lord Malatesta stands to you in the relationship of overlord, and therefore as protector."

"We protect ourselves."

"Excellency, how long could you protect yourselves, with a wall broken as Siona's is?"

"Let him let us rebuild it—then. We have asked him often enough."

"And he has refused. Have no doubt, your Grace, of his friendship, but have regard also, I beg, to his policy."

"Tyranny!"

"Madam—" the Chancellor spoke. He was alarmed. He saw that her temper was more likely to grow than diminish with a conversation of this sort. "Madam, pray forgive me. Signor Bartoldi, I shall press you to bear an answer back to my Lord Malatesta, and to give us, first, time for some little consideration. Think, sir, my Lord Malatesta is probably under the impression that more money can be raised here, only because it is our custom to make our payments promptly, and without cavil. That is not done without effort, but it is her Grace's wish and orders that every effort should be made to preserve good feeling with my Lord Malatesta."

"As well." Bartoldi grinned openly as he said it.

"But because I yield Malatesta his lawful dues," broke in the Duchess, "it is not to be assumed that he may proceed to make what demands he chooses. I refuse the men-at-arms——"

"Without careful consideration, Excellency?" suggested the Chancellor.

"It needs none. I refuse, definitely. Tell my Lord Malatesta that my acquiescence in his extortionate demands for money in the past has sprung from my desire to avoid giving him the slightest excuse for a repetition of what we have had in the past from him. But armed men—never! I refuse them. One can be called to account for that by whomever he uses them against, and that I will not have. Let him keep his wars, his slaughterings, his burnings and starvations and all the rest of that devilish business to himself. I will not see Siona involved."

"You will vex him, madam."

"At least, we must be consulted," put in the Chancellor.

"No!" said the Duchess.

Bartoldi replied to them both: "My lord will not consult you. His plans, his alliances, and enmities are part of his own policies and because he relies upon your assistance, that carries no obligation on his part to take you into his confidences. Madam, I warn you, the matter is serious. He looks to you for cheerful and willing assistance."

"He will not get it." She rapped it out uncompromisingly.

"That is your answer, Excellency?"

"That is my answer. I stand by it. And let my Lord Malatesta know that if he presses me again he may drive me to take steps to preserve what little independence is still left me."

"Revolt, madam?" asked Bartoldi, openly contemptuous.

"I have not said so. Only, let my Lord Malatesta consider, since Siona has been almost an open purse to him, whether it is worth while to excite feelings here which will certainly do him no good."

"Nor you."

"Granted—but my hurt is no profit to him."

Bartoldi turned it over in his mind, not a very deep mind, perhaps. "Well, now, putting that on one side for the present, and touching this open purse—I thought I understood that you proposed to draw the string tight?"

"I can only tell you that the purse is empty."

"But a little pressure——"

"Sir," the Chancellor assured him, "on my word, we are come to the limits of what our people will endure."

"But surely a little pressure——"

"They talk of revolt, even under the present levy, rather than be stripped."

"Then—" Bartoldi rolled it out slowly. It was evident that he had been stuffed with what he was now discharging. "Then it appears that we shall have to come to Siona again and make our levy direct." He watched her face for the effect of his threat.

SHE drew a deep, quivering breath, a long, painful sigh. Her head drooped. In the forefront of her mind swept that terrible, unceasing memory, never more than just removed from her consciousness, even though eight years had elapsed since first it stamped itself on her brain. She saw again the horrors of the siege, the starving women with famished children clinging to them, starving because the men on the wall must eat. She saw again shattered men, dead men; heard the maniac shouting, the wild hullabaloo of deviltry let loose in the town when Malatesta's hired army broke in with free license to work its will.

"No, no," she said, "not that—not that again. If I can manage—if it can be contrived—tell Malatesta we will manage. The money shall be paid, somehow. He must let us have a little time. But he must not come here."

Her terror was evident. She was all bravery, but she sickened at the thought of what a fresh visit from Malatesta might mean to her people. As far as she could bring herself to plead, she pleaded then.

Bartoldi, brute as all men knew him, took no pleasure in her distress. He closed the incident as abruptly as he could manage, and moved at once to the second object of his visit.

"Excellency, I shall report, then, that you defer consent to my lord's demand for the men-at-arms till you have examined your resources in that respect."

She nodded. He was, she knew, taking instant advantage of her concession on the one point to weaken the opposition she had so firmly declared on the other. Mingled with her distress came a gust of anger at her helplessness. Yet, she must bear it. "I come now

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to a matter which I hope may be more to your Excellency's mind. I bring another message."

"From my lord?"

"From my Lord Guilielmo, my Lord Malatesta's son."

"Guilielmo!" She stammered the word. Her face was white. This was something altogether outside her range of speculation.

Bartoldi pulled at the points of his jerkin, slipped his hand into his breast, and brought out a small package wrapped in silk. This as he spoke he unwrapped.

"My Lord Guilielmo bids me bear you his greeting. He has long heard of your beauty, and now kisses your hands by me and sends you, in all love, this."

He had divested the parcel of its silk and now held it out to her. She stood rigid. Her face was white with passion. She held her hand out, not to take the present, but to repel it in open disgust. "Wait!"

Bartoldi stood stiff, the present still extended.

"Before I look at it, I take it to be a picture."

"So."

"Of my Lord Guilielmo himself?"

"So."

"Then if there be a true one I'll describe it before I see it. I saw him but once in my life, but my memory is clear. And if I had forgotten him, as I have prayed to forget all the circumstances of our meeting, tongues innumerable in Aquiloja would give him clearly to my mind. This picture then is that of a man weak but cruel, vengeful but cowardly, incompetent but boastful, plausible but dishonest, a false friend—" She raced on, at a white heat.

"Madam! Excellency! For God's sake!" The Chancellor made an imploring gesture. She was not to be stayed.

"A false friend, a mean enemy." She was shaking, her vehemence made her tremble. "And, above all else, the picture may stand for the image of lust that sets no bounds to its vile ambition, and reaches its ends by whatever path seems easiest, though it lead through a pigsty."

Bartoldi looked at the Chancellor. His glance said plainly, "Stop this."

"Madam, Beatrice, listen—" the old man tried to take her hand persuasively. She struck his hand away.

"That's if the portrait's true. And if it flatter him, still, I turn from it in loathing, for it claims to be Guilielmo."

Bartoldi had no answer for her. He looked undecidedly at the portrait. Suddenly she made a step toward him, her hand extended. "Give it me."

He held it out. "I render it to your Excellency, and beg for the sender a message more complaisant, and your portrait in exchange."

The picture was in her hands. She gave no glance at it, nor at its frame of gold, chased and wrought and set with jewels. She drew from its sheath at her girdle the knife she wore, and with two vicious slashes ripped the painting into ribbons.

"There's my answer!" She flung the wreck down. "Tell that to Guilielmo, Malatesta's son though he be!"

She could speak no more. Her fury had exhausted her. The Chancellor got his chance to speak. He looked imploringly at Bartoldi. If intercession could hold back the otherwise inevitable bursting of the storm the Duchess's message would infallibly bring about, it must be made to the man whose duty it was to convey her answer.

"Sir, her Excellency's but a girl. We're men of years. Signor Bartoldi, without discussion you and I can understand her Excellency's feelings and possibly her anger, too freely expressed perhaps. My Lord Guilielmo has—as you know—a certain reputation——"

"Faith, Chancellor, I obeyed orders when I brought the picture. As to the answer I'm to take back, give me one yourself." The condottiere's willingness to ease the situation was plain. Cruel and unscrupulous, as all men knew him to be, there was still in Bartoldi something that could be reached by the girl's outburst and the sight of her indignant loveliness. But she was implacable. She struck in at once.

"No answer but this. Take the picture up. Take it back to Guilielmo. Tell him minutely and faithfully what I said and did."

As she pleased. The captain of cutthroats stooped, picked up the tattered picture, saluted, turned and went out.

The Duchess stood, still breathing rapidly. Her color had faded again. Pitifully her chancellor spread his hands.

"And now—what, Excellency?"

She turned away, paced rapidly down the room, paused by the throne, stood there, her back to him, arms held stiffly at sides, hands clenched as if she would strike. The sense of outrage still animated her. She heard the Chancellor's voice at her elbow and turned to him.

"Excellency, here's our second lesson this morning." She looked inquiry. "Pandolph's treatment—a slight to you. This fellow's damned message—a slight again."

"An infamy!"

"Then regard the common wisdom. The city needs a man's governance. You must take a husband."

She was silent.

"We come to the end of our powers. Fresh strength must be sought. Where? In an alliance by marriage."

"I can not marry. I can not love."

"But marriage——"

"I know," she said scornfully. "A marriage of policy. Never! That drags a woman with her own consent through depths as repulsive as this thing Guilielmo offers. I can not marry, for I can not love."

"Perverse, perverse. Beatrice, my dear mistress, with such beauty, such charms of face, body, mind, you should be a very queen of love. And oh, with such wide choice as you have had, under the city's law——"

She was rallying. She almost laughed. "Love and I know each other by now. We are sworn enemies."

"Unsay that. Love takes strong revenges on those that slight him."

She was almost gay again. "I defy him. Yes," as the Chancellor shook his head warningly, "I defy him. Love, venture not here," she threw out her hands, "for here defeat awaits you. And I make the challenge the more freely," she swept round gaily on the Chancellor, "in that I feel a certain knowledge within me that, law or no law, I have seen the last of my suitors——"

She said it—and on that instant—

What was that? She and the Chancellor turned, both together.

There came a sound of rushing footsteps, feet falling fast on stone-flagged floor. A door opened, girls ran in, a swarm, a mob, eager-faced, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, bursting through the doorway, and as they ran, Francesca at the head of them, they called, "Madam, madam, a suitor!"

*The next instalment of "**The Duchess of Siona**" will appear in the July number.*

LOVER'S LACK

By Charles Wharton Stork

YOU'RE beautiful, you're exquisite,
Most lovely, rare, supreme:
Such words across my dreams will flit
Whene'er of you I dream.

Yet, when with words I would express
Your beauty, I despair;
For God Who wrought your loveliness
Wrought never word so fair.

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The RULING LOVE

(*Continued from page 39*)

Her eyes were kinder now. "He's so lonely," she said. "You can't understand that. No one can, I suppose. It's awfully hard for him to like people, and trust them—so many have shown him that! You talk of the things I've missed! I've tried to make up to him for some of the things he's missed, and lost——"

He looked mutinous. But her eyes checked him as he was about to speak.

"Oh, I've rebelled, sometimes!" she went on. "I've had queer moods, Mr. Templeton— Last night— Oh, I hated myself for being so stupid! And I hated you—just because you could see how stupid I was! I thought of all sorts of things to say, and then I just couldn't say them. I—I never meant to ask you to dinner in that—that shameless way! I hadn't even thought of doing it, until my father came. But then I—why, I just did it! I didn't care a bit what either of you would think. It's the first time I ever let myself go, the first time I ever followed a wild impulse. I suppose it might have been any one——"

He took that exactly as it was said and meant. And he was wise enough to say nothing at all himself.

"And then, to-night, the way I sang that wanton song of *Carmen's!* I—I'm ashamed, Mr. Templeton——"

"And I'm glad!" he said, devoutly. "If you hadn't, why, it might have taken me weeks to find you out——"

He stopped short. He was rather appalled by the implication of his words. But she was neither frightened nor offended. She was considering him, her eyes grave, and now she nodded, in a curious, faintly emphatic way she had.

"It's strange, isn't it, Mr. Templeton?" she said.

"I—I think I'd better not try to talk very much just now," he said. "I'm not altogether responsible, Miss Orme. You—you're rather intoxicating——"

"I ought to pretend that I don't know what you mean, oughtn't I?" she said. "Or else to be rather offended, and very distant, at least?" She laughed. "And I do know what you mean, and I'm not in the least offended —I'm glad——!"

He caught his breath as he looked at her. And suddenly she shrank a little. "Oh, I do think you'd better go now!" she cried, breathlessly. "But, you're to come again, I want you to come again, soon——"

He walked home, in a driving, biting rain, all the miles to Washington Square and his rooms. It is to be doubted that he knew, even, that it was raining; it is certain that he cared nothing for the storm, nor for the way it soaked him. He wasn't walking on wet pavements, he was treading air far above them. He was engrossed with all sorts of thoughts, amazing, surprising thoughts, about Elizabeth Orme. He had believed her stupid! Stupid—and he knew now that she had the wisdom of Confucius and the wit of Sheridan. He had been critical of her looks—and she was, he fully understood, the loveliest creature he had ever seen or ever would. He remembered, appalled, things he had said about idiots who fell in love at first sight, or at second— Well, what it all came to was that he knew that he wanted to marry Elizabeth Orme, and would do it, if she had ten thousand fathers, instead of one, who wanted to keep her from him!

He didn't blame Orme so much. Indeed, he had many noble feelings about Orme. He wouldn't be selfish; things could be arranged. He could sympathize with the desire of a man who had such a daughter to keep her to himself.

So he thought as he marched along, thinking aloud, sometimes, so that policemen and others who had to be out in the storm regarded him with suspicion and disfavor. And, after a time, he got home, and sat down in front of his fire to think and dream, and began to sneeze, presently, and was aroused and swore, and ripped off his wet clothes, and took a hot bath, and rubbed himself down with alcohol, and then remembered, vaguely, that he'd seen a picture of a girl called Elizabeth Orme in some magazine, and upset the whole place looking for it. He found it, presently, and cut the picture out and tacked it up on the wall. And finally he went, more or less, to sleep.

IN THE morning he telephoned to Elizabeth, and told her she must hear a new contralto who was giving a recital that afternoon. And he went to call for her, and it was so lovely a day, the storm having blown itself out in the night, that they decided to walk down to Carnegie Hall. But they grew so absorbed in one another and their talk that they quite forgot to turn west at Fifty-seventh Street, and walked straight on down Fifth Avenue until they were startled by the shadow of the Washington Arch above them. They looked up, and then they looked at one another, and laughed, and went into the Brevoort, and talked more hours, over tea. And when he took her home, very late for dinner, she made him go in with her, because, she said, it was much too late for him to get his own dinner anywhere else, and besides, she would need help in making explanations to her father.

Later, she sang for him again. But this time John Orme stayed with them, in a far corner of the music-room, smoking a good deal, and saying nothing at all. Yet, though he was so silent, his presence did, gradually, lay a curious constraint upon them. Naturally, it was Elizabeth who was affected, chiefly. She would begin a sentence, and then glance at her father, and her voice would break, first, and then falter, and fade away. He remembered that evening for sentences half-spoken, thoughts queerly truncated.

But, though Steve was conscious of John Orme's odd influence, an influence almost sinister, he was far too deeply committed to his undertaking to abandon it now. He wooed Elizabeth impetuously, ardently; he threw all of himself into his quest of her. From that gay afternoon of talk and mutual obsession they were comrades; save when the shadow of John Orme's presence was upon them they were gay, light-hearted. And even when he was with them there were moments of an odd communion, when their eyes, meeting, shared a secret.

Orme must have known, from his first sight of them together, what the outcome was bound to be. Their whole world knew it, and regarded them both with a happy, smiling tolerance. Helen Dryden, especially, was delighted. Orme himself, for that matter, was, or seemed to be, acquiescent, tolerant—and more. He drew more and more away from them; he watched Elizabeth's unfolding. He interposed no bar to her acceptance of the invitations that were showered upon her now.

Then, on a day in spring, when Steve and Elizabeth had planned some excursion, she was not quite ready when he came for her, and he had to wait. He stood in an open window, looking out over the park, with its green spaces, and its clamor of new life springing up. She came stealing up behind him, smiling, mischievous; her hand on his shoulder roused him from his dreaming, thrilled him, unleashed the longing within him. He caught her hands and drew her to him. For a moment she shrank from him. And then, suddenly, there was yielding in every atom of her body, and she was in his arms.

They stood so for a long time. She stirred in his arms at last; he cried out, his voice stifled, at the sight of the tears in her eyes.

"Elizabeth—!" he said. "Oh, my dear, will you marry me?"

"Yes!" she said. "Steve, I want to! I want you, you don't know how I want you to take me, and keep me! Steve—I'm happy, and afraid——"

But never in his life had Steve been further from fear than in that moment.

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"I want so much!" she said, a little later. "Steve, I want too much, I think. I want love, oh, yes! But it's not that that makes me afraid! I've got to be so proud of you, Steve. You've got to make me so proud! My father—you see, I'm going to judge you by him. And—I suppose it isn't fair. But I've got to try to make you understand——"

THEY kept their secret to themselves, or thought they did, for a few days. And they made love, of course; desperate love. There were moments of sheer joy, untroubled by any recurrence of that strange, almost somber mood of hers. But there were interludes, too, in which, little by little, she showed him a phase of herself strangely illuminating, almost terrifying.

"I've dreamed about being married," she said. "Long before I knew you. Girls do, you know. And always dad's been all mixed up with my dreams and my ideas. You see, I suppose I can't make you see how I feel about him and the things he's done. It isn't a little bit that he's rich, that he's so tremendously successful. And yet it is, too. You see, he's had a career. He—and his work—oh, I *can't* find the words! But, I think of him, and America, all together. Do you see, Steve? I want you to be like that! Not just successful, just making money. But doing something big, something with a meaning."

He was rather rueful.

"You—you do want a lot," he said. "You know—your father——"

"Oh, I do know, of course," she said. And then she was swept, suddenly, by one of her rare moods of tenderness. She drew him down to her. "I love you!" she said. "That, oh, that's forever and ever, Steve! Nothing is ever going to change that! You could, oh, you could do anything! You could fail, utterly—and still I'd love you! But I've got to do more than love you, Steve! I've got to be proud of you, you've got to make me proud of you——"

"Steady!" he said. But he wasn't quite steady himself. He was awed, a little frightened. Here was an emotion, naked, primitive, stark in its revelation, that shook him.

Orme received the news of their engagement with a calmness that was almost disturbing. And he was not surprised.

"Yes," he said. "I have seen that this was coming. I have, tentatively, made some plans——"

Elizabeth stirred, uneasily, and looked at Steve. But his eyes were fixed, unflinchingly, upon her father.

"I won't say I'm sorry," said Orme. "Regrets are useless. As useless as opposition to the inevitable. Only—I must know that a thing I oppose, or m[illegible] regret, is inevitable, before I accept it. However—I have been studying you, watching you, Mr. Templeton. I think it would surprise you to know how much I know about you and your work. What I know leads me to think that you will—do——"

Steve found himself eager to speak—with nothing to say.

"I have no son," Orme went on. "That has troubled me. I have considered the possibilty of Elizabeth's marriage. I have thought that her husband might take the place of my son. I have been thinking of you, lately, with that possibility in mind. I have decided that you should have a chance. I should like you to come into my office—as soon as you can, fairly, leave your present work. If you will take lunch with me to-morrow, we can discuss details."

"Dad!" said Elizabeth. Her eyes were shining.

"I—I don't think I know what to say, sir," said Steve.

"Let us wait, then," said Orme. He looked old, suddenly. "I am tired, to-night. Will you come to my office, at one, to-morrow?"

"Of course," said Steve.

He was troubled, when he was left alone with Elizabeth. He could not share her delight.

"Steve!" she said. "How wonderful! Oh, my dear, it's the chance you ought to have, the chance to do every wonderful thing I want you to do, to make all my dreams come true——"

"Yes—" he said. "But— Oh—to let him make me! To owe a chance like that to you—to your loving me——"

"Steve!" she said. "That's wrong. It is, dear, I know it is. You'll have to make good, surely you know dad well enough to know that. And Steve, you can do such wonderful things! I'm so sure of you! You can accomplish so much! It's just the chance, the opening, that he can give you!"

"But one wants to stand on one's own feet," he said.

He took his doubts to his luncheon with Orme next day. Orme disposed of them by sheer strength of purpose.

"You'll earn what I pay you, and more, or you'll fail entirely," he said. "I expect you to succeed—and in that case you'll relieve me of my greatest anxiety. I suppose the nightmare of every man in my position is about the same. We know what we're doing, Mr. Templeton, in spite of all that's said about us. And I know that I wake up in the night, sometimes in a cold sweat that comes from fear—fear at the thought of dying and having all I'm doing crumble into ruin because there's no one to carry on my work. A son—that's one of the reasons men want sons. But their sons fail them, sometimes. They trust them, believe in them, because they're their sons. They can't try them out—as I shall try you. No! I'm doing you no favor, Mr.

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Templeton! I'm trying to help myself."

Once more Steve felt a certain awe. Orme could inspire it, as could Elizabeth. The opportunity was extraordinary, dazzling. It was such an opportunity as is offered to few men. He owed it to Elizabeth—there could be no getting away from that. And yet, he must make his own use of it; she could not help him further. There could be no real question as to his decision. He accepted Orme's offer.

STEVE was not unconscious of reservations in Orme's acceptance of him in the weeks that followed. He threw back, once or twice, to his first impression of the man; the impression Helen Dryden had given him. But he found it easy to dismiss such thoughts from his mind. He saw in Orme now a man who had been misunderstood, as Elizabeth had said: a man who, if he had ever actually sought to possess his daughter and keep her to himself, had surrendered to the invincible assault of youth and love.

It was some time before he was prepared to admit to himself that something was wrong. Very gradually, almost imperceptibly, indeed, he grew faintly uneasy. In the beginning he plunged, with a tremendous energy, an enormous degree of absorption, into his new work. He was upheld, at first, by the incessant mutability of his new work. Each day brought with it a sense of achievement. There was so much that he could talk over with Elizabeth. . . .

Probably he never really exorcised, although he thought that he had, the doubts that had assailed him at first when Orme had broached his suggestion. At any rate, they came back. They came back when he began to have a vague feeling that he was held by invisible chains; that his feet were caught in a morass he could not see—and that was equally beyond the perception of Orme and others. Orme was never impatient; he accepted, with only a faint lifting of his eyebrows, explanations Steve had to offer of minor failures, delays. Indeed, in those early days of a curious, faint, disillusionment Steve was his own harshest critic—and his only one.

Steve had never indulged in illusions. He drove straight through the complacence of Orme to the essential fact—which was that he was not making good in the measure he demanded of himself, and which, moreover, Orme had every right to demand of him. New doubts came to reenforce the ones that had troubled him at first. Then he had wondered whether he was justified in accepting Orme's offer because of its connection with his engagement to Elizabeth. Now he doubted his own ability to succeed—and that was a corroding doubt, and one he had never known before. It gave him sleepless nights. . . .

But in his mind there was something far subtler, against which he put up a desperate resistance. He could not quite banish a feeling that, in some way, he had been tricked; that there was something unfair about his failure, some intangible but definite opposition to his success. He was afraid of that suspicion; he saw in it a sign of weakness. His instinct cried out against the voicing, even to himself, of such a suspicion; he had an ingrained hatred, fierce and intolerant, for the workman who blames his tools, the man who fails and charges failure to chance, to fate, to a malign influence, to anything beyond his own control.

And yet his struggle was vain. Tiny proofs, none definite in itself, were piled, one upon the other. In a moment in which he came close to panic he had a flashing insight into what was happening. He thought he saw the true quality of Orme's surrender. Orme was giving him, deliberately, tasks hopeless of accomplishment. Orme was discounting his inevitable failure, turning that failure to account, weakening him with Elizabeth, bringing about a steady diminution of her lover's stature in her eyes. Furious, driven by his fear, he tried to challenge Orme.

"I wish you'd lay your cards on the table, sir!" he said. "Do you want me to fail? Have you some idea of turning Elizabeth from me?"

"I think I am not called upon to answer that question," said Orme, quietly. "I have never argued with Elizabeth; I have never opposed her intimacy with you, nor your engagement."

"But if she thinks I've failed, if I'm made to look like a failure!" said Steve. "She wouldn't want me, then——?"

"I think she sets a high value upon a man's capacity to succeed," Orme admitted. "Is there anything really important? I am a rather busy man, Templeton."

Steve was baffled. And he felt singularly helpless. He could begin, now, to see doubt in Elizabeth's eyes as she looked at him. It was manifest in her eager questions, in the sigh with which she accepted his terse explanation of the wreck of some plan in which she had been interested. She had an astonishing knowledge of her father's affairs. Often, now, he surprised her as she studied him, weighed him, appraised him. And, in subtle ways, she was withdrawing herself from him; the harmony of their intercourse, its flowing rhythm, were broken——

She turned, more and more, to her father. Steve, looking on, was wretched. He was afraid to appeal to her with his idea of the truth, knowing how impossible it would be to convince her. Indeed, there were times when his own conviction was threatened. The turn was grotesque, when he tried to

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examine it in the light of cold reason. Men didn't do the sort of thing he suspected Orme of doing. And yet—what of the flash of triumph that flared up, sometimes, in Orme's eyes?

If Steve was wretched, Elizabeth was as unhappy as he. Now there were long, silent intervals, when they were together, when neither had anything to say. Two or three times she cancelled an engagement with him to be with her father. Steve had a feeling that things could not go on so; that some crisis was impending.

THE Ormes were at their place up the Hudson; Steve was to be with them over Sunday. On Saturday afternoon, smarting under a new defeat, and one singularly hard to bear, he found them both waiting for him. Elizabeth was eager, vibrant; he had not seen her so for weeks. Orme was impassive. Elizabeth left him with her father after she had greeted him.

"You saw Carpenter?" Orme asked.

Steve nodded. "He refused to see our side of the case," he said.

"That is unfortunate," said Orme, after a moment. "I shall have to see Carpenter myself. I—I felt you would be able to handle Carpenter. Thursby could have done it, but, since some one else has tried, and failed, I shall have to take the time myself."

The quintessence of scorn was in his voice. Steve, stung to a breach of his rule never to make an excuse, broke out.

"But, look here, sir!" he cried. "In this case——"

"I'm sorry," said Orme, gently. "But it's not worth while to discuss this, Templeton. I have found that much time is wasted when one enters into discussions, when one considers anything but results. Your results, well, they're rather disappointing, aren't they? We both made a mistake. I thought you possessed certain qualities you do not. I pay for my mistakes, we all have to do that. I took you from work to which you were admirably suited. We will find such work for you. Your salary will stand——"

Steve was left, raging, staring after Orme as he went into the house. His face was scarlet. He hesitated a moment; then followed Orme through the French window into the great living-room. Elizabeth confronted him. He almost brushed her aside.

"Steve!" she said.

"Dear, I've got to see your father," he said. "We've got to have this out, this time——"

"Wait," she said. "We've got to have something out, too, Steve."

Her voice checked him. He turned to stare at her.

"Oh!" she said. "Steve, you know it won't do! We can't make it do, can we? I heard just enough. Steve, I've never been so wretched in my life. And it—it's as if I were hitting you when you're down—but, dear, half portions won't do for us! That's as true of you as it is of me! You, why you'd hate me if I married you, feeling the way I'd feel, the way I couldn't help feeling!"

"Look here—" he said, angrily.

"Oh, wait!" she said. "Steve, I told you! I warned you! I said I'd keep on loving you, and I have, I do! But the rest, the things that must go with love, it's not your fault! You're dear—if I were different—you see, you can succeed, the way most girls would measure success, it's not your fault that I'm different. I'm not blaming you, Steve—I'm—oh, I'm wretched—I've never been so unhappy in my life——"

"Elizabeth!" he said. He went to her, suddenly, and seized her hands. "You've got to listen! Your father wouldn't, but I'll make him! And you've got to understand. I've found out to-day something I've suspected for weeks. Do you know what Helen Dryden told me, the first night I met you? That your father kept you to himself, deliberately, that he wouldn't let you have friends, because he wanted you for himself—oh—all that sort of thing——"

"It isn't so!" she said, hotly.

"I thought at first it was—and then I thought it wasn't," he said. "And it was! What a fool I was, how easily he tricked me! I don't blame him, you know, that's the funniest thing about it. Even now I can't be really angry with him. But, my dear, it was so! He was ready to fight for you, to do anything to keep you. And——"

"But he didn't object when we were engaged—and he gave you the greatest chance. Steve, you'll make me not care for you at all——"

"Wait!" he said. "Elizabeth, stop and think! Would your father be such a fool as just to orbid you to marry me? Wouldn't he know that that was the surest way to make you do it? Do you suppose he didn't know you—understand you? Don't you see that he understood the things you told me—the way you had to feel about the man you loved?"

"But—" Her protest died away. For the first time there was doubt in her eyes.

"He knew!" Steve cried. "And so he set out to discredit me—to make me look like a failure in your eyes! Oh, don't look like that! I felt that way, too. I hate a man who blames any one but himself for his failures! I've been fighting that suspicion for weeks. But to-day I found out. Carpenter—you see, he must have forgotten to coach Carpenter. Because he saw him a week ago! I wasn't supposed to know that—no one was supposed to know it. He told Carpenter not to do anything until he heard from him again. That was why I failed! And, knowing that, I'm sure, now, about other things——"

"Steve!" she said. She was terribly shaken. "I can't believe it!"

But he knew she did; he knew that her conviction was as absolute as his own. And as he looked at her he was swept by a fierce anger against Orme, who had made her suffer so. A step behind him, on the veranda, made him turn. He sprang through the window.

"You've got to listen to me now!" he said. "I'm not excusing myself, I'm asking you why you planned my failure with Carpenter! You see, he gave you away! You didn't make him understand. He told me the reason he wouldn't agree to what we wanted was that you had told him to wait until he heard from you again——"

Elizabeth had followed Steve to the veranda.

"Dad!" she said. "Is it true?"

He couldn't meet her eyes. He nodded, sullenly.

Steve caught Elizabeth to him as she turned, gropingly, toward him.

"Look here!" he said. His voice was high, triumphant; the conquering note of youth, eternally triumphant over struggling age, was in it. "I—I've learnt something I ought to have known all along. Elizabeth—he was pretty nearly right, you know. I didn't deserve you when I was willing to take what your father was giving me—hrowing in with you! I was right when I wanted to keep on for myself. And now I'm going back, of course. I may make good—I may fail. Whichever I do, I'll do myself, by myself, for myself and you! We—we'll be making a new start, in a clean book——"

"You needn't worry, Elizabeth," said Orme. "Perhaps you'll want to wait and see—both of you. But he'll make good! I—he told the truth about me! But, by God—when I lose I pay!"

The Camera in Khaki

What it does, how it is used, and how photography has come to be the most vital thing in modern warfare. An entertaining and surprising article by Edward Hungerford—in the July number.

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UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

AN OLD Scotchman was acting as guide to an American tourist who was traveling through Scotland. Sandy found great difficulty in pleasing his employer, for no matter what point of interest he took him to see, it was nothing in comparison to what the American had already seen in the United States.

Finally Sandy took him to see Loch Kathrine that supplies the city of Glasgow with the finest drinking-water in the world.

"Ha'e a drink o' that, mon, ye ha'ena water like that in New York."

The American drank long, and when he had finished he turned to the old Scotchman and said, "Say, Sandy, that's the finest water I've ever tasted. If we had this lake in New York we would make a fortune out of it.

"Weel, sir," said Sandy, "ye can easy get it there."

"Impossible," said the American. "How in the world could I take a lake to New York?"

"Weel," said Sandy, "ye cud lay a two-inch pipe frae here to New York an' if ye can suck as well as ye can blow, ye'll ha'e it there in no time."

A STOUT Irishwoman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street-car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the stout lady squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth.

After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish. Whereupon the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his overcoat closer to him.

"I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer-r to have a gintleman sittin' next to ye?"

"I certainly would," snapped the youth.

"So would I," calmly responded the fat woman.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

TWO San Francisco negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted.

" 'Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Lemuel sulkily. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' oveh in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with a-n-ybody, and Uncle Sam kain't make me fight."

Jim pondered over this statement for a moment. "You' right," he said at length. "Uncle Sam kain't make you fight. But he can take you where de fightin' is, and after that *you kin use you' own judgment.*"

AN ATLANTA woman was standing on her block porch one beautiful spring morning. She did not appear to be happy or contented. She confided her restlessness to her old darky housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!"

"Look heah, chile," said the old mammy. "Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Dis heah beautiful house? Dese heah lubbly chillun? Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Yo' gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber yo' go!"

IT WAS the youngster's first experience at Sunday-school and he sat eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. Whereupon the superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter."

"Try him sideways, mister!" called out the youngster.

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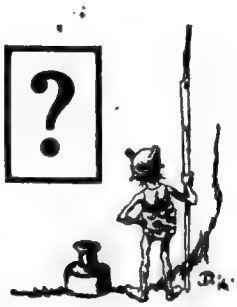

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POETRY *of the* WAR

MEN OF THE BLOOD AND MIRE

By DANIEL M. HENDERSON

WE WHOM the draft rejected;
We who stay by the stuff;
We who measure our manhood
And find that it isn't enough;
We who are gray and burdened;
We whom the trades require—
Will you permit us to hail you,
Men of the Blood and Mire?

We of the thundering forum;
We of the pen and press;
We who are pouring our utmost
Into our land's success;
We of the Cross and Triangle,
Lofty in deed and desire—
God, how we shrivel before you,
Men of the Blood and Mire!

Aye, we are square with conscience—
We are reservists all;
Aye, when your ranks are gaping,
We will fight where you fall;
Yet, while we wait, your altar
Flames in the gas and fire—
We are the shade of your glory,
Men of the Blood and Mire!

STRANGE

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

STRANGE, in the clutch of Hate,
Strange, with a world at War,
That we should love so many
We never loved before!

Home-reft boys in the camps—
Not only your son and mine,
But all who are mates with Courage,
All who wear her Sign;

And the soldiers "Over There,"
From lands we have not known,
Fighting for us in the trenches—
They are one with our own.

Men who are moaning in pain,
Ill, and broken, and blind;
Little children who hunger,
Sorrowing womankind—
Ours is the need to succor
And ours are the wounds to bind.

And, oh, the call to the heart
Of the foreign, cross-marked field,
With each unnamed soldier resting
On Honor, as a shield!

Strange, in the clutch of Hate,
Strange, with a world at War,
That we are loving so many
We never loved before!

THEN

By JESSICA ROYER

IN TWILIGHT gray I'll meet you on the path,
When the contrite world, repentant of its wrath,
Returns to sacred plains of peace;
And nations, glad in their release,
Find nations' need grown kindred with our own
Deep longing to relight the fires of home.

And I shall place in yours my quiet hand,
And climb beside you, till at last we stand,
Deep breathing, waiting, hearts at rest,
Before the brown house on the crest.
And in dear, dusty rooms so empty grown,
Together we'll relight the fires of home.

"WHEN THERE IS PEACE"

By AUSTIN DOBSON

"WHEN there is Peace, our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be heaven? Will it be hell?
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for, this implore:
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace.

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WITH THE SAME PRIDE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

ONE star for all she had,
And in her heart
One wound—yet is she glad
For all its smart
As they are glad who bear
The pangs of birth
That a new soul and fair
May come to earth,
Seeing she, too, was one
Who from Death's strife
Granted her first-born son
Proudly to Life.
Now with that very faith
Life justified,
She grants a son to Death
With the same pride.

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FOR GRUB AND GUNS

By Harold Titus

A HUNDRED men in uniform, low over note-books on the wide arms of benches in a college class-room; one on the platform before them, an eye on his watch, the other on his notes, dictating as rapidly as they can follow.

He talks in what, to you, would be jargon: of incoming papers which may be requisitions from units, of requisitions for individual equipment, of armament records, the return branch. He gages the company before him, increasing the speed of his delivery until a head is lifted in protest or query; then repeats, slackens and proceeds, accelerating again. Time is precious.

On the campus a clock strikes, and from the corridors comes the shuffle of feet as a regiment of undergraduates, their hour's task completed, shift from room to room, from subject to subject. Not so with these. The one on the platform has announced a new division of his matter: Supplies division.

"One: Storehouse branch," he continues. "A, issuing house; B, receiving room——"

And so on, for another hour.

Nothing picturesque, no action, no suggestion of war. Why the olive drab? What have these men to do with the clash of arms?

Just this: They are being prepared for a service without which the National Army would be helpless; for that branch whose function it is to furnish the field forces with the means to meet and destroy the enemy.

Supplies! The major problem of modern warfare. Without supplies the best-drilled army in the world would fall of its own weight; and to deliver them at the proper place and time requires men who have been trained for their jobs just as intensively as soldiers of the line are coached in theirs.

Without fanfare, with next to no publicity at all, a chain of colleges and universities that stretches between the two oceans has been enlisted where men are taught to render service in the Ordnance Department and Quartermaster Corps. At intervals of six weeks these schools are sending out a total of from four to five hundred men who have undergone a high-pressure course of study that has given them a foundation upon which can be based that practical training at arsenal, depot, or cantonment, which will make them indispensable in this problem of grub and guns.

Many of these men will never see France. They may be detailed to quartermaster depots in this country, supervising the handling of food, clothing, horse equipment, and the thousand-odd items that this corps procures and distributes. They may serve in cantonment or mobilization camp on this side as highly specialized clerks or as storekeepers who receive supplies from depot and arsenal.

The majority will go over there, ordnance men and quartermasters, to serve in offices and warehouses as parts of that intricate clerical machinery which keeps the fighting forces equipped. Others will be in the transportation service, riding mules with wagon companies, motorcycles with motor trains, living on military railways. Each will be specifically charged with some job designed to insure movement of material only on authorization, delivery to the proper person, the securing of required receipts that records may be kept, and safe, quick transportation, in proper amounts. Some will work with the finance division, arranging pay-rolls, buying, accounting. Some will be concerned with mail and records at bases. A few may find themselves in the remount section, furnishing mules and horses to all branches of the Army.

Whatever the soldiers of the line may use, be it socks or canned goods or gas masks, or shells for big guns, these men will have a hand in getting it to them. They won't be conspicuous in the news stories, they won't be decorated for bravery, but without their bit battles could not be fought.

In the spring of 1917 colleges began searching for the places they might best fill in the emergency which confronted the country. Much was being done in medicine, in chemistry, in engineering branches to prepare men for military service. In some instances, where Harvard is a striking example, the institution threw itself directly into the work of training men to fight.

Late in April, J. A. Bursley, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Michigan, announced a special course in storage methods, aimed particularly at training men in army-stores practise. Professor Bursley is a Plattsburg man; he knew enough of military affairs to appreciate the significance of an army's supply division. For years he has been bringing the problem of the manufacturer into his class-rooms, and this was his opportunity to bring in another problem: that of an unready nation forced to maintain an army in the field.

A group of undergraduates elected the work, devoting several hours each week to its study. About that time the Storage Committee of the Council of National Defense called on Professor Bursley to aid them, interested other educational institutions, and arranged a meeting of college heads with representatives of the Chief of Ordnance and Quartermaster-General. College after college responded: Dartmouth; Harvard; the University of Pennsylvania; Penn State; Chicago University; the state universities of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. The Ann Arbor plan was used as a foundation, augmented at the suggestion of the Army bureau chiefs; the courses were made full-time work and, under the supervision of men detailed by the Chief of Ordnance and Quartermaster-General, classes were run through in the briefest time possible. Northwestern University, the University of Pittsburg, the University of California, and Oregon Agricultural College fell into line later.

The groups which elect these classes comprise all manner of men. Attorneys, manufacturers, bankers, production engineers, farmers, journalists, teachers, salesmen have enrolled. They learn army organization thoroughly; they master the theory of army paper-work, which means the devices by which the flow of materials is controlled; they are instructed in methods of storing goods, with particular attention to the rigid requirements for ordnance supplies. Manufacturing concerns have cooperated by opening their factories and warehouses to the men. The best that American industry has developed in handling goods has been made accessible.

IN NOVEMBER the Quartermaster-General's office made plans for the opening of its own training-camp at Jacksonville, Florida, and called a stop to further instruction elsewhere. This made it possible to double the number being schooled for the Ordnance Department.

Just recall that the ordnance materials alone for the United States Army will require a base depot in France which will necessitate an expenditure of twenty millions. Consider the tonnage that will pass through such a station, then of the number of men who will be needed to handle it properly to avoid waste, delay, confusion. Without them the Army would be immobile, unfed, unsupplied. By schooling these men the American university has rendered the Army a service of incalculable value.

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The WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 64*)

Eventually, and in fragments, the story got itself told—the story you already know And after it was told they talked about it for a while.

"People don't take things the way they're supposed to, do they?" Jean said thoughtfully. "Hugh and I didn't; and now you don't. I've done something that's supposed to be terribly wicked and dangerous, and you aren't angry or shocked at all."

Then, "Mother, that isn't because you don't believe it? You don't think because I could go on so long without understanding, that it's just a little-girl thing and that I don't really understand, even now? I wasn't jealous, you see. That was what I went by. I liked Helena, because I thought he was fond of her; because I thought she made him happy. I thought she was what he wanted. But when I found he wanted me . . .

"Mother, if it's wrong to love him, then there's nothing I could do that would make me any wickeder in my heart than I am now. I'm ready to do anything he wants me to do. Anything—that will make him happy. What becomes of me doesn't matter. It's like what the preachers used to say: 'Rejoicing to be damned for the glory of God.' That's what I mean. You must believe it, mother."

Her mother quieted the girl's vehemence just with the pressure of her hand. Before she spoke, she smiled. "You come by it honestly, Jean dearest. Had you forgotten—or didn't you ever know—that you wouldn't have to explain that—to me? Why, lamb, I was just your age—almost to the week—when I defied my mother—told her I didn't care whether she disowned me or not; whether I ever saw her again or not, or any of her family or friends—and ran off with Roger. We did it on what he had left of a month's salary, around eighty dollars it was, and the first thing we bought out of it was a complete outfit of clothes for me so that I could send everything I'd worn away from home back to mother in an express package. Neither of us was married to any one else, of course, but I'm not sure that that would have mattered much, granted that we'd had a chance to fall in love honestly and in good faith, first. I'd never had a father long enough to count. I'd been badly spoiled—indulged—brought up soft. But I'd have followed Roger barefoot and in rags, and gloried in it."

"I've known all that, of course, always," Jean said in a voice of wonder. "Only I never tried to think what it meant. I couldn't have understood it, I suppose, till now." She put her head down again on her mother's shoulder and clutched her in a tight embrace. "Then all you have to do is remember, and you'll understand, too. Remember hard, mother!"

Ethel winced at that, but she resisted the girl's attempt to sit up and inquire into the cause. "No, lie still. It's all right. Only—'remember,' Jean? How old do you suppose *you'll* be at forty-two? Beyond love and the hunger for it? It looks different to you now, but looking back, from then, it won't."

It was getting close to the dinner hour and old Mrs. Crawford made a point of punctuality, but they stole as many minutes as they dared just to sit there close—closer than ever they had been before—in the dusky silence. At the end of it Ethel gave Jean the one word of counsel she had to offer:

"Remember that when two people love each other completely, it isn't possible for either one to make a sacrifice for the other. You're willing to do anything to make him happy; willing to be ostracized, disgraced, damned—for him. I know. But his happiness can't be had at that price. No more than yours could be, by letting his life be spoiled and broken. Any sacrifices you make will be the sacrifice of both of you. No one told that to Roger and me. It was life that pointed it out to us as we went along."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT
Hugh and Greg Understand Each Other

EILEEN had no idea how important the matter was that Gregory delegated to her upon his unforseen departure for New York, Sunday morning. He had asked her to take a certain paper to Hugh, secure his signature to it, and mail it, registered and by special delivery, to an address that he gave her in New York. The fact that Gregory wanted it done, and that it was a matter of business, gave it, so far as she was concerned, a paramount importance. It never occurred to her to leave off trying when her first attempt to find Hugh, on Sunday, was baffled, nor did she think of telegraphing to Greg, and asking for further instructions. She simply kept on trying to get that signature, day after day, at the house and at the laboratory. And though it is true, as I have said, that she was horrified at the discovery of Helena's misconduct, which her quest entailed, the thing that was still in the foreground of her mind, as she sat at home late Friday afternoon, awaiting her husband's return, was the fact that she had failed to get that signature. She was, absurdly, more indignant with Hugh for being inaccessible when there was something Gregory wanted of him, than over his failure to look after his wife.

Was Gregory coming home just because she had failed? Had the trip to New York been in vain? For the want of that signature was a fortune to be lost, as a battle was once, in the school reader, for the want of a horseshoe nail?

He was very glad to see her. That was plain enough. There was no lack of ardor about his embrace. Perhaps he didn't know that the paper hadn't been sent—supposed all the while that it was safe at its destination! She hadn't thought of that.

But no. He was worried about something, she could see; was preoccupied, anyhow; had something on his mind. She braced herself and made her confession. "I didn't get that paper signed, Gregory. I couldn't find Hugh."

All he said at first was, and without full attention, "Oh, that doesn't matter." Then, waking up a little, "You couldn't *find* Hugh! What do you mean? Where is he?"

"I don't know," she said. "Nobody seems to know."

"Oh, he must be somewhere. Did you try the laboratory?"

"I should think I did. I've been out there every day. It's locked. It's always locked."

"How about the phone? Don't they answer?"

"Sometimes, now. When they do, they just say he isn't there."

"Did you tell them who you were?" he asked.

The thing that was wearing through Eileen's nerves was the fact that he seemed to be taking her failure so little seriously. She assured him, subduing her excitement as well as she could, that she had told them who she was and had made it clear to them that her errand was of first importance.

"Oh, well, don't you worry," he said soothingly. "It's not a matter of much importance, anyway. But I imagine they'll tell me where he is. I've really *got* to see him. To-night, if possible."

He said it soothingly, but that was not the effect it produced. Her eyes filled up with tears, as she said raggedly:

"It wasn't important! And I've been having this perfectly horrible, detestable time with Helena." She broke off there, a shudder and a sob all mixed together.

Greg took her in his arms, called her pet names, tried to comfort her, apologized for having given her an exaggerated idea of the importance of the business, all without success. And it gradually came over him that there was something in the situation that he didn't know about.

"What about Helena?" he asked. "You don't mean she's been rude to you?"

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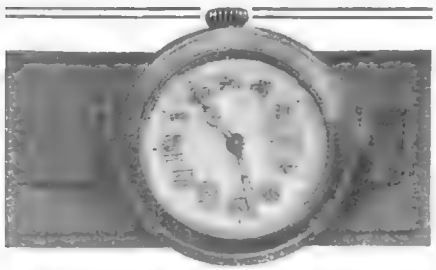

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"'Rude!'" said Eileen with another shudder. "Oh, Greg, it's horrible! It's unbelievable! Would be, if I hadn't seen it!"

"Tell me about it," he said quietly, and just his manner of giving the command steadied her so that she could.

"I went there Sunday afternoon, after I couldn't get into the laboratory. I asked the maid for Hugh and she said he wasn't at home. And then I asked for Helena. She said she'd find her, and was gone quite a long time. She asked me to sit down in the drawing-room, but I didn't, because I only meant to stay a minute.

"Greg, you know that mirror up on the landing of the stairs in their house, built in the wall on the bias? Well, I heard her coming at last, and looked up. I looked up when I heard her step. There was a man with her. And before I could look away, he'd kissed her. It was very quick and furtive and—nasty. He took her by the neck with one hand, and when he'd done it, he tiptoed away. I heard him. And she came down-stairs, looking—oh, wicked! There was a smell of cigar-smoke in her clothes and in her hair. It almost made me sick. She said she didn't know anything about Hugh, except that he wasn't at home. She supposed he was at the laboratory. I'd better try there if I wanted him.

"And she asked me if I wouldn't come in and sit down. She didn't say anything about the man being there. But, of course, I didn't. I wanted to get out into the air again.

"Greg, he's been there ever since. At least I think he has. I've been back at the house twice. I thought I *had* to go if there was any chance of finding Hugh. Once I saw him, and once only I smelled his cigar again. He'd just gone stealing out of the room before I came in. And Hugh hasn't been home at all! At least Helena says he hasn't. That was Sunday, and this is Friday."

She heard Greg say: "By God!" and read some unguessed intention in his dark face.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

His manner instantly became cool again. "I'm going out for a little while," he said. "Don't you worry about it, dearest. Forget it, if you can. Don't think of it again."

She asked him, timidly, if he wouldn't surely be back for dinner.

"I don't know," he said. "Don't wait for me."

She had to stop to dry her eyes and powder her nose before she could follow him down-stairs (she didn't want any casual servant she might meet to see that she'd been crying in the hour of her husband's return), and he was just going out the door in his big ulster and with his big thick walking-stick hooked over his arm, when she caught her last glimpse of him.

A quarter of an hour later he rang his brother's doorbell and was promptly admitted by one of the maids. It happened he knew her. She'd worked for his mother once. So the first exchange of words between them was his "Good evening, Martha," and her "Good evening, Mr. Corbett." And then, "Mrs. Corbett at home?" he asked.

The maid said she thought Mrs. Corbett would be coming down for dinner in a few minutes, and volunteered to find her.

"No hurry," said Greg. She hesitated, and with a gesture offered to help him out of his coat. But he said, "No, I'm not going to stay," and strode across just as he was, into the drawing-room.

It all happened very quickly—quicker than it can be told, almost. Certainly before the man, who had been lounging very much at ease in a big leather easy chair before the fire, could get himself together to meet the emergency; almost before he could get to his feet, for he had sat quite still for a paralyzed moment after he had heard the maid say "Mr. Corbett," trying to decide what line to take. And anyhow, the apparition of Gregory—six feet and nearly three inches tall—huge and formidable enough even without that great ulster, and the heavy walking-stick that was in his hand, was enough to account for a blink and a gasp. He hadn't vizualized any such man as that, nor reckoned upon him. He had to swallow before he spoke. Then:

"Mr. Corbett?" he said. "My name's Gilrain. I'm an old friend of your wife's—go back to the San Francisco days. You've heard her speak of me, I guess. She says she—told you I was going to be here for a while."

"I'm not Mrs. Corbett's husband," Gregory said. "I'm her husband's brother."

There was an electrical intensity in the silence that followed this statement. Gregory, standing still and looking steadily at the other man, was thoughtfully weighing, among other alternatives, the wisdom of dragging Helena's guest out to the front door and kicking him down the rather long flight of stone steps. And the guest, as was apparent from the way he clenched his hands and moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue, had a clairvoyant perception that this project was being considered. There wasn't the smallest question in his mind, any more than there was in Gregory's, that Gregory could do it if he chose.

But, in the silence came the sound of Helena's step on the stair, and Gregory, with no preliminary notions at all, strode into the hall to meet her. Gilrain, hesitating whether to follow or not, dropped back rather limp, into the big chair again.

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Gregory said, with only a nod of greeting, "I understand Hugh isn't home. Can you tell me where to find him?"

Even to Helena, his sudden emergence through the drawing-room door, was formidable. Was Gilrain in there? Had Gregory seen him? She didn't know. It wasn't as easy to treat him with insolently smiling defiance as it had been to treat that slip of a wife of his.

"Why," she said, "I don't know whether he's coming to dinner or not. He hasn't been home much lately. He's likely to be at the laboratory, I suppose." Then she came the rest of the way down-stairs and, in the interval, got herself a little better in hand.

"We're just sitting down to dinner," she said. "He may come. Won't you stay?"

"I think not," he said. "But, if I may, I'll telephone."

The instrument was at the end of the hall and he went back to it quickly, hardly waiting for his sister-in-law's curt, "Of course!" But even as Helena said the words her eyes left him and sought the drawing-room doorway, looking for Gilrain, or signaling to him, he couldn't make out which.

He called the laboratory number from memory and got immediate connection. It was Hugh himself who answered.

Gregory said, after telling who he was, "I want to talk with you to-night. At once. It's a matter of great importance."

"I've just this minute been calling your house," said Hugh, "to tell you the same thing. But Eileen said she thought you were already on your way out here."

"I came to your house, instead. I'm there now." Gregory paused there; then, with a significant edge to his voice, went on, "I'll come out to the laboratory, or I'll wait here for you, just as you please."

"Oh, come out here," said Hugh. "If you haven't your car with you you can find a taxi around the corner."

HELENA was still at the foot of the stairs when Gregory came back from the telephone, and Gilrain nowhere in sight; lurking around the corner in the drawing-room he must be. Some sort of communication had passed, no doubt, between them, while he was at the telephone. The woman had got herself thoroughly in hand again; color was in her cheeks and an insolent spark in her eyes. She looked wicked, just as Eileen had said.

"Is he coming home? Or are you going to the laboratory?" she asked.

"I'm going to him. Good night."

She said "good night" in reply, but did not move toward the door with him. She had not moved when he closed it.

The laboratory door was locked, but just faintly stirring, of recognition, a man was waiting down in the machine-shop to let Gregory in, and conduct him to the foot of the stairs. Hugh sang out from the head of them, "Come up."

It was symptomatic of something unusual in the atmosphere between them, that the two brothers gripped hands. Demonstrations of that sort weren't their rule.

Hugh's first words were, "I hope you haven't had dinner. Because I haven't. I don't believe I've eaten a meal this week. But I've ordered a real one to-night for the two of us. There's a little saloon around the corner where they have a man that really understands steaks."

"No, I haven't dined," said Greg. "I'll be glad of a steak." Then he added: "You're looking first-rate."

There was not, it may be noted, the faintest doubt in Gregory's mind that Hugh knew the essentials, at least, of what had been going on in his house during the past week. That conviction took possession of his mind the moment Hugh said over the telephone that he wanted to see him that night about a matter of importance. His remark now, about Hugh's looks, meant a great deal more than it said. There was a clear brightness in the younger brother's eyes, a ring of confident authority in his voice, that made it plain to Gregory that he had risen to the situation—had his plans—knew just what he was about.

"You wouldn't have said that half an hour ago," said Hugh. "I've just had my first news since Saturday morning." Then he called down the stairs, "Come up and set the table, Fred. We'll be ready for dinner as soon as it comes along." And at the man's "All right," Hugh led the way into the library. Fred came along too, and with an expedition evidently the result of practise, set the table, producing his materials from a sort of kitchenette that opened off the library.

There was something curiously attractive about that library. There was not an article in it that made any esthetic pretensions, but the total of it produced an effect of homeliness and comfort. Eileen, in her mystical way, might have said that this was because a man was happy here—secure—content. Hugh himself produced an effect at variance with Gregory's habitual thoughts about him; an air of "knowing what was what." One who saw him here wouldn't think of sighing over him as "poor old Hugh." And he "did himself," as the English would say, "rather well" out here, too. This man—Fred—whatever his other functions might be—was doing the work of a man-servant very effectively.

His presence in the room made it, of course, impossible to talk, so Greg's eyes lazily followed him, with the sense,

When they heard a knock on the street door down-stairs—with dinner, doubtless—and he went to answer it, Hugh asked: "Do you remember him?"

"I've been half thinking I ought to," said Gregory.

"He's Jean's burglar," Hugh reminded him. "He came out and asked for a job two or three months ago; had another one, but thought he'd like to work for me. I hadn't heard anything of him in years, but I was very glad to get him, of course. He's an absolutely first-class tool-maker and machinist, and he can make a shot at anything. He's the only one of us that keeps regular hours—seven to seven."

"You're not afraid of him, then?"

"I don't know anybody," said Hugh, "whose loyalty I'd rate any higher."

IT *was* the dinner that had knocked, and the two brothers now settled down to do justice to it—a big thick steak apiece, a platter of fried potatoes, a pie and a pot of coffee. They could eat, those big Corbetts, and it was their habit to treat food seriously. Fred was dismissed as soon as they were fairly settled, sure that they had everything they wanted within reach, but except for an occasional word of friendly, idle reminiscence, there was no attempt to talk until they had finished. Then Gregory lighted a cigar and Hugh loaded his pipe.

"You've something you want to talk over with me, as well as I with you," Hugh said after a little silence. "Tell me your story first."

Gregory was, for a moment, profoundly disconcerted. It was true he had wanted to talk with Hugh. He had come from New York intent upon that interview as the first step in a course he was determined, if possible, to follow. But it was also true that he had forgotten his intention so completely, since his talk with Eileen, that he could hardly, now, bring it back to his mind at all. Certainly, though, a discussion of Hugh's wife and of Hugh's honor should be begun by Hugh himself and upon his own terms.

So Gregory began, rather vaguely; but presently he got into his stride. The thing really was near his heart. Nearer than any abstraction except Corbett & Co. had ever come to it.

"I've been talking to some men in New York," he said, "who know the real truth about what's going on over there—in France, I mean—as well as anybody does, and it looks pretty black to them. The French military authorities didn't mean to defend Verdun. They thought it was hopeless. It was the politicians who saw they didn't dare let it go; that the whole French morale would cave in if they did. So it's a desperate thing. They're probably going to lose it anyway.

"And the English haven't got up steam yet. They aren't ready to start

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an offensive in their sector that will take the pressure off the French. They won't be ready till next summer, and it looks as if that would be too late. If the French collapse we'll have to go in, whether we've got a pacifist in the White House or not. The Germans are simply playing with us in this submarine business. They're stalling to hold us off until they've finished up the French. Then they'll tear up their promises about respecting neutral shipping, and start sinking everything, regardless. If we stand for that, and wait till they've starved out England, then they'll take us on by ourselves. The Kaiser has said that, in so many words, to Gerard. Said he wouldn't stand any nonsense from us after he got his hands free.

"And where will we be then? Hog-fat with money, and without any defense at all. But it won't come to that! We're going to be in the war ourselves—up to the neck—before the year's out. Well, that's preliminary. I may be wrong about it. My dope may be wrong. But it's what I believe.

"Now, here's where we come down to brass tacks. There's an idea for a new kind of a tractor for military purposes. As a fighting thing, I mean; armor on it, guns in it. They'll want an immense lot of them. There's no question of a contract. The thing hasn't gone through yet. But if it does, they'll want 'em. My God, they'll want 'em! And they'll want 'em quick.

"Well, my proposition is that we get ready. Take an absolutely blind chance. It'll mean a hell of a lot of money invested; new land, new buildings, new equipment, and that money'll have to come out of our own jeans. And—this is what I want you to understand—not a ghost of a guarantee that we'll ever get it back. Just a blind chance, as I've said. As a business proposition, it's indefensible. If it weren't that we three, you and father and I, own every share of Corbett & Co., I couldn't consider it.

"I remember your having said once that you thought grandfather's trust involved something more than his money. That sounded wild to me then, I admit. I didn't see it at all. Well, I've changed since then. This war has begun to—get me. Especially, I suppose, now that the kid's over there. The old game of making our annual statement every year show better than it showed the year before doesn't seem quite the only game to play. There's a better one, and I want to get into it. But I've got to know, first, how it strikes you."

Hugh had not interrupted once. Gregory had been talking with averted gaze, a little self-conscious and ashamed over the betrayal of emotion he knew his voice was making. But now, looking up, he needed no words for his answer. Hugh's face was alight. A brightness of tears was in his eyes. He thrust a big hand across the table, for his brother's. "You didn't really doubt how it would strike me, did you?"

"Oh, I didn't suppose you'd care a damn about the money," Gregory admitted. "But I wasn't quite sure how you'd feel about the war. I thought perhaps, you didn't believe in war."

"I've been pretty slow coming to see it—what it was going to mean to us," Hugh said. "Up to four or five months ago—well, it horrified me and made me blue—but it was something I kept trying to ignore. But then—I was waked up. And lately I've been thinking that when I could get free, over here, the best thing I could do would be to follow Carter. I think that's one way of waking us up; getting us ready. I'm not quite clear about it. That's one of the things I thought we'd—get to, perhaps, to-night.

"I've felt I had a job here, you see. But that's finished now; I think it is. I think that this last week has finished it."

He hesitated there, a little awkwardly. It wasn't as easy to tell about Corbettite to Gregory as it had been to tell it to Jean. The strong-box that had his samples in it stood upon his desk. He got up and fetched it—it was heavier now than it had been—and laid it on the table in front of Gregory.

"Open it," he said.

Gregory lifted the hinged cover. "What!" he began. But literally, he could not command another word. Could only stare, blankly, across at his brother.

He hadn't had the faintest doubt that the subject Hugh was leading up to was his disastrous marriage. Everything Hugh had said, refracted, as it was, by that fixed idea of his, bore that interpretation. Even when he left the table and fetched the strong-box, there was in Gregory's mind the wild notion that it would be found to contain letters, from or to Helena; incriminating evidence of some sort. It wasn't a notion he had time to develop or examine before he lifted the cover and saw the bits of dull metal which the box contained. The effect on his mind was that of a collision. For a moment it simply stopped.

Hugh had not sat down again; had gone back to the desk and was busy reloading his pipe. "It's a phase of lead, that stuff in there," he said, "with a completely different set of characteristics. It's as plastic as lead, but immensely harder. It's the ideal bearing-metal, I think. The tests I've made indicate that. I've been working at it for two years—on the track of it. Six months ago I was getting it half the times I tried. Now I can get it every time. I know how it's

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done. It's only in this past week I've really made sure of it. But I am sure now."

Something automatic in Gregory's mind turned up the observation, "I suppose if you could make it in quantities, and cheap . . . How much does it cost a pound to produce it?"

"I haven't an idea," said Hugh, taken aback by this, to him, novel aspect of his discovery. "I suppose that what I've got in that box has cost me as much as so much gold would have."

Gregory's mind was coming to life. "And that's what you've been doing this last week, shut up in here so that no one could get a word through to you! Playing with that stuff! Man, don't you know what's been happening in your own house! Don't you know that your wife's got a lover! That he's been living there with her all the week!"

Hugh's pipe dropped to the floor. Slowly his face went white. He sat back limply against the edge of the desk.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked. "Are you sure that's true?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Gregory said more gently. "As sure as it's ever possible to be in a case like that. I'm sorry I spoke like that. I thought you knew. I thought that was what you wanted to talk to me about. I've just come from there, you see. From your house. I've seen him. He thought I was you. Thought I was the husband he'd dishonored. And he stood there looking at me like a rat in a corner, thinking I meant to kill him, I suppose. I'd have done it gladly enough, only . . ."

Hugh picked up his pipe, and, with shaking hands, lighted it. Then slowly went round to the swivel-chair that stood before his desk, and sat down. After a minute he struck another match and held it to the bowl of his pipe, but did not draw upon it. And he did not say a word.

Silence was not endurable and Gregory began to talk. He told, in somewhat fuller details than I have reported, the story that Eileen had told him, his manner as dry and matter-of-fact as he could make it. All Hugh needed, he felt, was time and the reaction of anger would come. A glow of determination in place of this white, passive bewilderment.

But the glow did not come.

"The man told me he was an old friend of hers," Gregory observed presently. "He pretended to think that she had told me all about him Told you, that is. He thought I was you. He said his name was Gilrain." Then, "Have you ever heard of him?"

"Not his name," said Hugh. "But it's quite true that she did telephone to me, last Saturday, that she expected some one for a visit. She asked if I was coming home for dinner.

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was just getting this new set of experiments laid out, and I forgot all about it."

"By God!" said Gregory under his breath. Then:

"Look here, Hugh! You've got to do something about this. If I can help, tell me what you want me to do. That's what I came out here for."

"I know," said Hugh laboriously, "and I'm much obliged. But you can't—help. I've got to think the thing out."

"Let me help with that."

"I can't. There's more to it than you know, or than I could explain. I'm getting my bearings now. It's coming clear what I have to do. I'll be all right. You go along home. I'll get on better by myself."

Gregory came over and sat on the end of the desk close beside him.

"Hugh," he said, "you aren't playing with the idea of letting her get away with it, are you? The rotten idea that she's entitled to that if she wants it? That's well enough for these free-love swine that we read about. This is your wife—Mrs. Hugh Corbett! That's the name she's dragging in the dirt."

He paused there, waiting. Then in a sudden blaze of passion:

"Damn you, Hugh! You had a right to pick her out of the gutter. But you've no right, now you've married her, to let her go back there."

Another silence. Then:

"All right. I'll go."

"You're all wrong," said Hugh, "but you've a way of coming out right, at the end. Wait a minute and I'll go along with you, if you're walking."

"Where?" Gregory asked.

"Home!" said Hugh.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE
Helena Risks Too Far

THE table-linen under Gilrain's hands had the cool sheen of satin. The glass whose stem his thick fingers handled gingerly in fear of breaking was full of the best champagne he had ever tasted. Wonderful food was before him.

Helena, across the table there, was incomparably the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and more beautiful than she had looked to him before. He had never seen her dressed like this before. Tonight she had come down as if for a ball or a great dinner. Her sleeveless gown, cut very low, was of a curious shade of blue, dark yet bright, vivid yet variable. Even his untaught eyes discerned a harmony in which it took a part with the jade earrings she wore, and the jade pendant that hung in the cleft of her bosom, and her hair, and the dusky olive color of her skin, which darkened into mysterious shadows in the candle light.

She was his, that woman. His mistress. Utterly his, and had been ever since that first night when she had brought him home with her. One of the easiest of his conquests. The incredible augury that had been in her smile after she had broken away from his hands and struck him, that night in the little room over the drug store—a week ago tonight, that was—had come to pass. It seemed that she had meant from the very first that it should. Her attitude now, as she lounged over the table, her bare arms stretched toward him, her clasped hands within easy reach of his, her shoulders contracted so that the silken line of her gown sagged even more than it was meant to do, was an insolent proclamation of their intimacy.

He had dreamed stories like that; but this thing had happened! To him! And yet the only real comfort he had, in this moment, the only wholly pleasurable sensation, was the pressure against his thigh of that little revolver of his.

They had sat down to dinner as soon as Gregory Corbett left the house. She had given him no chance even to suggest anything else; a mere direction to one of her servants had compelled him to follow her out without an audible protest. All through dinner, too, the servants had constantly been about; hardly out of the room, so that he'd had no chance to talk with her. It hadn't happened like that before. It hadn't *happened* tonight. She had managed it—without appearing to. By some mysterious social resource that he didn't understand. His hurry had affected nothing. She had gone through the dinner with all the lazy deliberation of complete security. And that enormous brother-in-law of hers had gone off, the better part of an hour ago, now, to tell her husband what he so plainly suspected! What was her game? What the hell was her game?

Now, though, with the dessert and the coffee, the servants were finally dismissed. Now they could talk.

"You didn't make much of a dinner," she observed. "And your last night, too; when I had tried so hard to make it nice. I'm afraid Gregory spoiled your appetite." There was mockery but no real malice in her tone. A sort of lazy amusement, if such an emotion were credible in the circumstances.

"I've never seen the man yet that I was afraid of. I wasn't afraid of him. But *you* were—that was plain enough—when you saw him there."

"It took my breath, for a minute," she admitted. "I'd forgotten they were so big."

"They?"

"Gregory and Hugh. They're about of a size. If anything, Hugh's the stronger, they say. Oh he could wring your neck as easily as he could wring mine, if it came to that."

It was with an uncontrollable jerk that he thrust back his chair and slid forward to the edge of it.

She laughed, outright; a hard laugh with the edge of a sneer in it. "But he won't," she added. "That's what he never does. He—thinks, instead."

He made an effort—not very successful—to drop back into an easier attitude, but her strange eyes no longer mocked him. They had darkened into a sombre revery.

Here was his chance—the chance he had awaited so impatiently—to talk with her. And it was high time. Every moment put him in deeper jeopardy. He knew what he ought to say; what he ought to do.

He ought to ask her for the money. His money. Bertsche's money. He ought to take it and go, without waiting another minute. And thank his stars if he was not too late. But this was not what he wanted to do. He had another idea—a bigger idea. One that would provide for this adventure of his an ending as strange as its beginning had been. Was it sheer, rank madness—or the only sensible thing a man in his position could do? The only way that could be determined would be by putting it to the proof. The moment for putting it to the proof was now.

Well then—but his throat was dry. He swallowed, and reached out for a glass of champagne. She spoke, and he started at her voice; pulled back his hand from the glass.

"I drew the money this afternoon," she said.

"What money? I mean—how much?"

She looked at him curiously. "Why, the three thousand dollars, of course. Thirty-two hundred, rather, to avoid the even amount I'd put in. You can have it, if you like; that extra two." She smiled. "My husband's contribution to the cause."

"They didn't make any trouble about it at the bank?" he asked. "Didn't act as if they suspected anything?"

She frowned. "Don't be a fool," she admonished him, sharply. "Why should they suspect?"

There it was! Another manifestation of that astounding fact; a fact he could not—even now—quite bring his mind to accept.

A clock—somewhere—struck the half hour, and his muscles drew taut again.

"Have you got it here?" he asked.

"In the house, yes. Naturally, I haven't it—on me." With a smile and a gesture she indicated the scantiness of her corsage. "There wouldn't be space for it," she said, and added, "It's up in my room. We'll go up and get it presently. Or now, if you're in a hurry."

"*You'll* get it now. And you'll bring it down here." He tried hard to get the confident ring of a command into his voice, but could not feel that

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he had succeeded. And his eyes, which had met hers boldly enough at first, had to shift away as those black brows of hers flattened down.

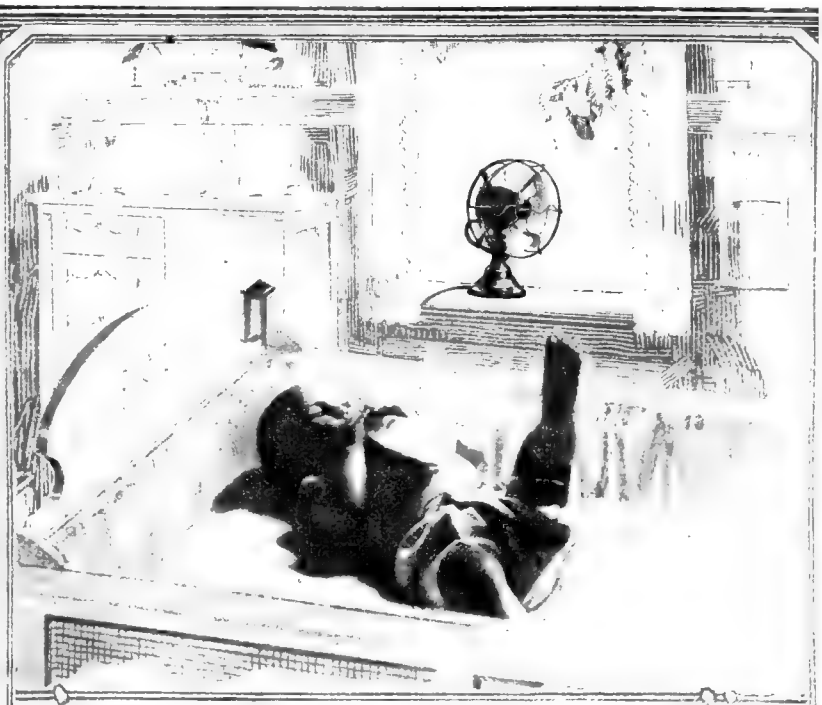
"You're afraid," she said. "You're still afraid. You're afraid Hugh will come back and find you here. Like a scene in a society play. Haven't I told you he won't come! Nor do anything if he does!" Then the note of angry impatience left her voice, but it took on a darker intensity as she went on. Her eyes found his and held them.

"Tell me if it is not true that I have kept my promises, so far. Every one of them. And more. If I have not—as you say—made good. I've done all, haven't I, that you wanted me to. More than you dreamed I would or could. Everything has been as I said it would be. Well, and now I say you are still safe here. Even though my husband knows—or guesses—everything. Unless you are a coward, you will trust me now. This is our last evening together. You are going away and never coming back. This will be our good-by. Come."

Without a look at him she rose and led the way, and without a word he followed.

Frank Gilrain (this was only one of the many names he went by, but it serves our purpose well enough) had been living by his wits for thirty years. He was a roving adventurer; he had made as many strange voyages as Sinbad; knew, like the palm of his hand, many strange corners of the world. His operations were never very bold nor imaginative. He was a rascal of the merchant or broker type—a go-between—a tipster—a hanger-on in the fringes of things; a snatcher of minor strategic advantages. The rewards he got were what would have been called commissions, had the enterprises he was engaged in been reputable. All were fish that came to his net. He had held a few minor political jobs—one of those in the superintendent's office of the prison where Anton Galicz had served out his sentence. And his graft here had been the extortion of money from the families and friends of prisoners, on the strength of his pretended ability to secure concessions and privileges for them, and even a reduction of their terms. He had had a job in one of the bureaus of the Philippine government, and had done a little business in the way of selling concessions, which he could not deliver, to dupes who would be afraid to complain. He had knocked about in the Central American countries—a filibuster in a small way—a dealer in revolutions.

He had undeniable gifts; an extraordinary memory for persons, and a very quick perception of the possibilities latent in the positions they occupied, the strategic advantages that might be derived from them. He had a remarkable capacity for digesting



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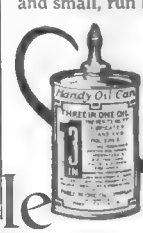

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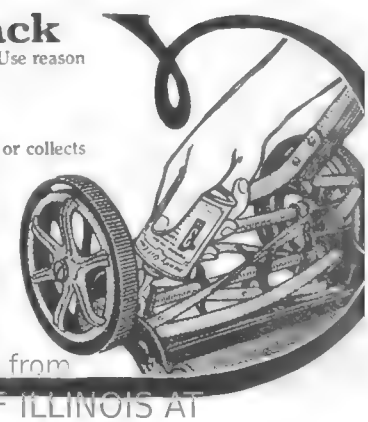

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gossip, trade talk, technical terms of all sorts. Give him a week's visit on a coffee plantation, and he could pass himself off as a coffee planter; a sea-voyage with a mining engineer, and three years later, if it served his need, he could talk like one. An amorous adventure of his had once taken him into an anarchist free-love colony, and the catch-phrases of radicalism—the idiom of it, had been his mother-tongue, one of his numerous mother-tongues—ever since. Whatever he pretended to be, he could always create the impression of being an insider; of possessing sources of confidential information. Indeed, he managed to believe, somehow, that he *was* an insider; that he really did know.

His courage was good enough—it had never really failed him—and he believed it impregnable. He had, as a matter of fact, a very high appreciation of his own gifts. And, in the light of them, had often wondered why the big thing he was always looking for, never came his way.

It never did. A few hundred dollars always seemed to be his limit. The thousand he was to have from Bertsche for this job, would be a high-water mark for him. He was always broke, always in a position where he would have to take whatever the bigger men were willing to pay.

HIS experiences of the past week had disconcerted him profoundly—stripped him of his old assurance. Nothing that had happened to him, since the night she had come to his room over the drug-store, squared with anything in his previous experience. He had got into a topsy-turvy world—a wonderland—a page out of the Arabian Nights, where effects he had always regarded as inevitable, didn't follow causes. Helena's proposal to take him home with her, openly, and keep him there; her casual assurance that he would not have to be accounted for, except as an old friend, to her husband—that was astounding enough to begin with. But it was nothing to the revelation that followed, when she outlined her project for getting Bertsche's money into his hands by a route which the sharpest-eyed watcher of the broker's affairs never would suspect.

"We'll have him make out a check for the full amount—three thousand dollars, isn't it?—to my husband—to Hugh Corbett, and mail it to me here at the house. No one would look twice at a check like that. Anyone would take for granted that it was a perfectly regular business transaction. Well, the check will come here to the house, and I'll take it to the bank and deposit it to my husband's account. And then I'll draw the amount in currency—any denominations you like, and bring it home to you. I don't see how that can go wrong."

The proposal sounded stark mad to Gilrain. It turned him giddy. Was she proposing to forge her husband's name to a check? And even if she did, wouldn't the whole transaction lie bare before his eyes?

"He'll never look," she said. "And I've the same right to draw against his account that he has. It's a joint account. My signature's just as good as his."

She had to go back and explain in detail, before she could get it into his head at all. Hugh's dividend checks came in quarterly. They were very big. His income was well over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. He took what he wanted for his laboratory, she what she wanted for the household. When the accumulation in the bank got too unreasonably big, she called his attention—when she could get it—to the fact and they decided what should be done with it in the way of charities, investments and so on. It was she who made the dispositions they had decided upon. It was she who kept all accounts, did all the banking, got statements and went over the checks. She rather enjoyed that sort of work and he hated it. Not because he was a fool about finance. He understood it well enough, but he had more interesting things to think about. Incidentally, she was an excellent bookkeeper.

The explanation did not lighten Gilrain's bewilderment; deepened it, on the contrary, tenfold. Ali Baba, having pronounced his "open sesame," could not have stared more aghast at the treasures in the unguarded cave.

"See for yourself," she had said with a laugh, and tossed him her check book.

There it was in black and white. She had not been raving. And there *she* was! A woman in that amazing position, with those amazing opportunities—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and in love with him! Utterly infatuated with him, she must be, to run even a momentary risk of losing a position like that, for him. A risk! You couldn't call it a risk! She was absolutely courting destruction, just as she had courted him.

Because that had been the way of it. It had not been on his part a pursuit and a capture. Not even his vanity could interpret the thing that way. The strangeness of the situation, his anamolous position in the household, the unfamiliar manners of this new social stratum he had got into, had intimidated him—held him back. The initiative had been hers. She had come more than half-way to meet him.

Well then, wasn't it simple enough? Obviously she was mad about him. Wasn't it reasonable to suppose that she'd come the rest of the way at his whistle? Run off with him and bring along the cash, the money represented by those figures that still danced before his eyes—a substantial part of it anyhow, say a hundred thousand dollars? It would not be a theft. In the eyes of the law she could take that as easily as her husband. And with as little question. What a life he could have in a security like that! With a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, he could tell anybody to go to hell, even the husband. There was the great idea.

Well, why didn't he carry it out? What was he afraid of? He did not know. The fear eluded formulation. But it was there. When he brought himself to the point of making that proposal to Helena, somehow his throat went dry and his hands shook—a sort of panic took possession of him. Was she really in love with him? It seemed absurd to doubt it. She'd certainly given proofs enough. Yet it was a doubt that never left off tormenting him. A misgiving that always rankled. Nor even the utmost ardors of passion could drive it away. What was her game? That was the form it took. There was something behind it all—something that the strange look in her eyes, the twitch to her smile, the intonations of her voice, perpetually betrayed, but did not reveal. She was steering her own course. It was not he who had prevailed over her. Never once deflected the course. She was doing—had done from the very first—exactly what she had meant to do. And it was something, somehow, that had no reference to him. He was a dummy—a servitor of her purpose.

THERE, formulated, is the misgiving which he, for himself, was unable to analyze; which reiterated itself with maddening monotony in the question, what was her game?

He had followed her to her room, that pretty, upstairs sitting-room of hers, with its gay chintzes, its soft pale rugs, and that long chair where she loved to stretch herself like a great lazy cat. She waited by the door and closed it after him. He turned an uneasy glance of protest toward it, and she laughed.

"Oh, I'm going to let you go," she said. "Only you've plenty of time. You weren't to meet your people till nine, you told me."

"Where's the money? Are you sure it's safe where you left it?"

She lay back luxuriously in her chair. "It's over in the top drawer of that chiffonier."

He could not interpret her nod in the direction of it as permission to go and look, and turned back, with a troubled helplessness, to her. Her look changed.

"I won't tease you any more," she said. "You shall take it if you want it, and go. Only I hoped I could make you forget it for a little while. I didn't want you in such a hurry to end it all."

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The moment was now. It could not be postponed again. The realization gripped him like a vise. He clenched his hands and steadied himself with a long breath.

"I don't want it ever to end," he said.

"Yes, but of course it must. Mustn't it?"

"Not if you'd come with me," he said.

"Run off with you!" she cried incredulously. "Now! Tonight!"

"Tonight," he said, "or tomorrow morning. You could—join me somewhere tomorrow."

So far so good. The heavens hadn't fallen yet. That mysterious look was still in her face, but it was kinder, somehow—softer. He forced himself, clumsily, to begin making love to her. The old endearments—the old caresses; half-heartedly, though, because of the fear. Neither did she respond to them as she had been wont to do; was curiously passive—reticent. It might have been the beginning of a love affair instead of the end of one.

"If it's no go," he broke out at last, "say so! Don't play cat and mouse with me!"

"I'm not," she said. "I'm thinking about it seriously. I think perhaps I'll go with you. Only I'm taken by surprise. I never dreamed of your proposing that. I must have a little time to think."

Once more he essayed the conventional lover's attitude—his pleas and protestations; what comrades they would be; what a wonderful life they would have together. He dropped down beside her and would have fondled her, but she turned from him impatiently.

"Don't try to come close now," she said. "Go away. Over there, and let me think."

After a little silence, she began to talk. Thinking aloud it was, rather—an attempt to visualize the sort of life it would be; the experiences that such a pair of adventurers would have to look forward to. That was the note of it. Adventure—daring! Sherwood Forest, not Arcady. A warfare upon the upholstered people of the world—the fat—the complacent—the secure—the respectable; like these Corbetts she had come to hate.

She had reverted to a former Helena—the stormy petrel—the adventurer. No longer on a high horse, though.

A week ago she had looked upon life as an *impasse*. But was there a little door of escape after all? She had thought to pull down the pillars of her temple like Samson among the Philistines. She had pulled them down. But was she alive after all? Could she become a new Helena once more, with a new life in front of her? Her courage had not faltered before pulling down the pillars. But was it equal to facing

How I Made My $25,000 Dream Come True

The Story of a Man Who Was Down and Out Financially and Who Now Owns a Business Worth Over $25,000

FOR many years, I struggled along and had acquired several thousand dollars. In an effort to "get rich quickly" I invested this money in a corporation which soon failed, leaving me practically penniless. I had been a school teacher, had no training along other lines and the outlook seemed black indeed. I looked forward with discouragement to the number of years it would most likely take me to again acquire a little "nest egg."

Worst of all was the fact that my work paid me only a small salary and seemed to offer relatively little opportunity for real financial advancement. I could, therefore, look forward to little else than constant struggling, constant skimping and constant scraping, unless some miracle happened — which is exactly what did happen—but it was a miracle which anyone can attract to himself.

When I felt myself slipping into the same old rut a friend of mine startled me by saying that most men are failures because they lack *decision*—because they are swayed by the will power of others instead of by their own will power. That woke me up. And I believe there are tens of thousands of men today in the very same position in which I found myself—men who have ideas—who are confident of success but who do not know just what to do—do not know just what they lack—do not know just what it is that holds them back.

In my search for some method of developing the dominant power of decisive action—will power—I read a great many books, but most of them were so difficult to comprehend and were so general in their treatment that I almost gave up in despair. Finally, however, I came across the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such great leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, and I was amazed to find that Professor Haddock had set down a series of rules and exercises through which the will, memory and concentration could be developed as easily as the muscles of the body.

The result is that today I am the owner of a business worth over $25,000, in a field which was thought to be already overcrowded.

When I think that I was only a teacher—that my training had not been along moneymaking lines, I cannot help but feel that any man who has a knowledge of business can do much better than I, if he will only develop and train his dormant powers of concentration, memory and will power.

The above is a true story of a man who read and used "Power of Will," a big 400-page handsomely bound book in which Professor Haddock's rules and exercises have been set down. It is only one story out of many that have come to the publisher which show what can be done through scientific, systematic development of will power, memory power and concentration. One man tells how "Power of Will" increased his earnings from $30 to $1,000 a week; another young man tells how it increased his earnings from $20 a week to $15,000 a year. A former newsboy tells how he got to the top in a million-dollar business, and so it goes. Every day some of the 225,000 owners of "Power of Will" write in to tell of the remarkable changes in their lives this remarkable book has made.

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It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieutenant-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others almost equally prominent.

As the first step in will training, make up your mind to act this very minute to secure "Power of Will" for free examination. You have nothing to lose by examining this book, as not a penny in advance is asked of you. There is no obligation on your part to keep it after you have seen it. But the publishers have such great confidence in it—are so well acquainted with what it has done for others, that they gadly send "Power of Will" to you on this liberal offer. Use the blank form below or mail a postal or letter to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act, this very minute, may mean the turning point in your life, as it has to so many others.

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the road—a crooked narrow little road like that? A life of flying by night and living as one could, in company with this rather likable imposter, who, strangely enough, had fallen in love with her—wanted her?

She had been thinking aloud, as I have said. But Gilrain, over by the window, had not heard half of it, nor understood half that he had heard. He did understand, however, that she was hesitating—reluctant—doubtful of her own fortitude. And he thought, naturally enough, that he understood why. Hardship—poverty. She didn't realize her opportunities. Time was slipping away. That husband of hers might, any moment now, be slipping his latch-key into the street door. Still, unaccountably, the words stuck in his throat. But he got them out; not looking at her, though. He stayed at the window, his gaze ranging over the snowy moonlit roofs.

"We wouldn't have to be poor," he said. "Nor shady. We could be respectable. Don't you see? You could take the money—as much of it as you wanted to. All of it. They couldn't touch you for that. It's yours by law, as much as it is his. He'd get a divorce, I suppose, and then we could—m-marry if you wanted to. And I'd be on the level with you. We could be real people."

He had felt from the beginning that he was talking into a vacuum. No sound came from her at all. She hadn't moved, he knew, from that long chair of hers. But he felt, with mounting panic, a sense of something behind him, gathering itself up for a spring. His words died away to a mumble and presently ceased of sheer inanition. But he did not turn until he had heard her spring from her chair. Then he whipped round and his hand involuntarily sought the pocket of his coat. But it dropped at his side as the other one did. He turned white and leaned back against the high window-sill for support.

The face of the woman who confronted him was literally terrible. Her mouth wore a sort of smile.

"You dog!" she said. And again, after a moment, in a whisper, "You dog!"

His glance wavered away from hers and sought the chiffonier where she said the money was. He must have that. Bertsche would hound him to death if he didn't get that. What a fool he had been. He'd known it would turn out like this. Known it all the while. There was a lump in his throat as if he were going to cry. What right had she to be in a rage like that? What had he done anyhow?

She had followed the direction of his look toward the chiffonier, and like a flash, was there before him, and faced him from there with her back to it.

He had followed her a step or two, but stopped when she turned. He was going to fling her out of the way and take the money and go. Of course that was what he was going to do. He was strong enough, wasn't he, to thrust a woman out of the way when she stood between him and something he wanted? He would be, as soon as he could get over his trembling fit.

She said: "I'm going to tell you something. I hate my husband because I'm in love with him. Because I never could make him hate me. You can't understand that, but you're going to listen until I'm done. He never would beat me when I deserved to be beaten. Nothing I did to him made him even take hold of me to hurt. He would just stand and think. And then go away, looking as if I were something he didn't want to—touch.

"We quarreled a week ago, and I played my last card; said the last thing to him that a man could endure to have said. And he looked at me and went away.

"Why do you suppose I picked you up and brought you here? Why, because I wanted to use you—to do the thing I couldn't do alone—to make a final smash of it that he couldn't ignore; that that precious family of his wouldn't let him ignore. I had nothing against you. I half liked you. That wasn't why I made love to you. It was because having a lover was striking a blow at him. I wanted to see how he'd look when I'd told him what I'd done.

"But when you asked me to go with you, I thought I would. It amused me that you should have fallen in love with me. That you should ask me, the way you did, to go away from all this and share your life with you—your shifting, mean, little life.

"But I wasn't what you wanted. You wanted his money. That's what you've been making those eyes about from the first. And you didn't even want me to steal it with you honestly. You talked about the law to me! Talked about being safe and respectable. I didn't suppose that anything as base as you crawled on the earth."

"Come now," he said, "where is that money?"

She turned, snatched open the drawer and rummaged in it with both hands. It was full of soft, lacey things. But there was something hard in there and heavy, and as her hand encountered it, the exploring movement was suddenly arrested and she stood most tensely still.

"You're no fitter to live than I am myself," she said.

His eye caught a gleam of polished metal. So that was what she had there! That was what she meant to do, damn her!

It was with one convulsive movement that he snatched the little revolver from his side pocket and fired it.

Then, frozen, breathless, he watched her fall. It was incredible how slowly it happened; how long it took. His eyes were on one of her hands that clutched weakly at the corner of the chiffonier. It slipped and clutched again, and at last relaxed.

He gave a sob of relief when she lay still.

He put the little revolver back in his pocket, drew in another long breath, went forward, skirting where she lay, and reached into that top drawer.

The money was there—a bundle of it. He thrust it into his breast pocket. His hand explored the drawer again. The revolver was there, too. He took it out and looked at it stupidly, as if he did not know what to do with it. Then he started, stooped, laid it on the floor near her hand, and tiptoed out of the room.

On the floor below he turned into the room that had been his, took up his bag and went on down-stairs with it. In the hall he put on his overcoat and hat. Then he went out. He had met no one.

"The White Arc" will be concluded in the July number.

PLEASE, READERS.

Owing to the generally unsettled mail and transportation conditions, the delivery of all magazines is, and will be for a considerable period, subject to inevitable delays.

The Publishers of Everybody's ask your consideration in this situation, and especially request that a little extra time be allowed before notifying us of your failure to receive your copy. That will help us greatly in adjusting cases where the magazine has actually gone astray.

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PATRIOTISM *and the* PLOW-TAIL

By

Talbot Mundy

THANKS largely to the publicity given it by Mr. Wolff's article in the January EVERYBODY'S, Norway's (Maine) 1917 effort to do at least no less than its full share of the national part in this world war is being, and is going to be, very widely imitated. I have received personally more letters about it than I can properly answer, and other members of the local committee are in the same predicament, so that this opportunity to make one answer to them all is very welcome.

In detail the problems of no two communities are quite the same, but the principle to be applied in solving them all will be found identical. As to the details of the Norway plan, Mr. Wolff gathered them all and gave the story of them clearly. But in studying our method and applauding its results, very many people appear to have overlooked its essential quality. The plan works because of a fundamental, underlying principle that was not once lost sight of by the men who steered Norway's effort to success. It is not a communistic plan, although its immediate and ultimate fruits are intended to benefit the nation and the community; nor is it individualistic, although the effort called for is strictly individual. *It is purely and simply patriotic.* And it works.

When the United States entered the war it was not any use sitting down, as most of us did, and waiting for some bureau or other to tell us what to do or to do it for us. We practically all did that in the beginning. There were very few of us indeed who did not blame the Government. And in doing so we blamed ourselves.

The same thing exactly applies now. All of the stupendous war output of the United States Government is nothing more than our individual effort, collected and directed. All that the Government can possibly do, is to use what we of our free will give it to use. Even conscription, which in this country at first sight rather looks like tyranny, is nothing more than the use by Government of what our free institutions have created—a clean, self-sacrificing manhood. Our men are willing to be drafted, and to offer up their lives in order that the rest of the world may share their liberty. In this free land, Government can only take what we provide, and it is therefore the business of each individual one of us to provide, for the Government to use, food, money, all the sinews of war (by no means forgetting good-will and courage) to the absolute limit of our ability. There are thousands—millions of ways of being helpful which Government, from its very nature, can know nothing whatever about until after they have been thought of and tested.

IT HAS been said very frequently that the more we help the farmers, the worse it will be for us; that we shall have to neglect our own work to do theirs, and that they will get the money. The answer to that is, that it will be Government's business to adjust inequities of that sort afterward. Our task now is to make sure that Government shall have something worth the trouble of adjusting. If there is any truth in the theory that the farmers will take unfair advantage of our efforts (and experience in Maine has proved that there is not), it would nevertheless be preferable to be robbed by American farmers rather than defeated by Prussians. To deal with American profiteers after the war will be troublesome but practicable, whereas to make terms with Prussian conquerors would be no man's joke.

The food problem can no more be settled at this hour along the old commercial lines than can the war by any mercenary army. In Norway the eventual success of our plan was made certain by Mr. Carroll, a member of the committee, who closed down his factory at the critical moment and set free all his men to help hoe corn. Nobody but he knows just how much that cost him, but he was working his factory night and day at that time to catch up with orders, and the sacrifice can have been no paltry one.

It is quite true, of course, that the closing down would have been useless unless every one of his men had been willing to take a hoe and sweat in the peeling sun (I brought back men from work who were suffering the tortures of the damned, but they all stuck it out for fourteen days at half the pay they had been getting in the factory); but labor, when not browbeaten, has proved itself willing in most crises in this war, and Mr. Carroll set an example that, if followed by a tenth of the country's manufacturers, would solve the farmers' great labor problem altogether.

Look at it this way: Suppose a manufacturer employs on the average sixty men. In the course of a year each of those men will average a week's lost time from causes other than serious illness. Suppose that manufacturer lets it be known that he intends to shut down his factory for fourteen days at hoeing time and stand the loss himself, and invites his men to follow his lead by sacrificing leisure and shouldering a hoe at market rates, there is neither precedent nor reason for supposing that the men will not comply, or that they will not try to catch up during the rest of the year the fourteen days lost from factory work. Supposing that out of sixty, fifty men responded (allowing for the physically unfit, and about one-twentieth of one per cent. for the unwilling); and supposing that those fifty men were only fifty per cent. efficient on a farm, that would give three hundred days' farm work from one small factory.

There would be no lack of motorists willing to drive the men at their own expense to and from work; no lack of farmers willing to use untrained help. Let the manufacturer announce his plan through the medium of the local press, telling the farmers to notify him over the phone how many men they can use and just exactly when; and let him send out a call for free transport. There will be a response that will assure for him the busiest fortnight of his life. Visionary? Not a bit of it! It was done at Norway, and it worked without a hitch. What Norway did, most other towns are in position to do better.

As a general rule the factories in smaller towns are able to supply the more efficient help because their ranks are chiefly recruited from the countryside. In Norway the shoeshop hands were found to be much better at hoeing than the regular farm hands. But all factory hands, whether from the cities or small towns, prove unexpectedly efficient for short spells of farm work because of their speed and accuracy, and their ability for highly concentrated effort. Beforehand the farmers are not always easy to convince of this; but labor they must have, and after one day's experience of factory hands they need no further argument.

The farmer is not the grasping rascal his critics make him out to be. Ninety-nine per cent. of him responds at

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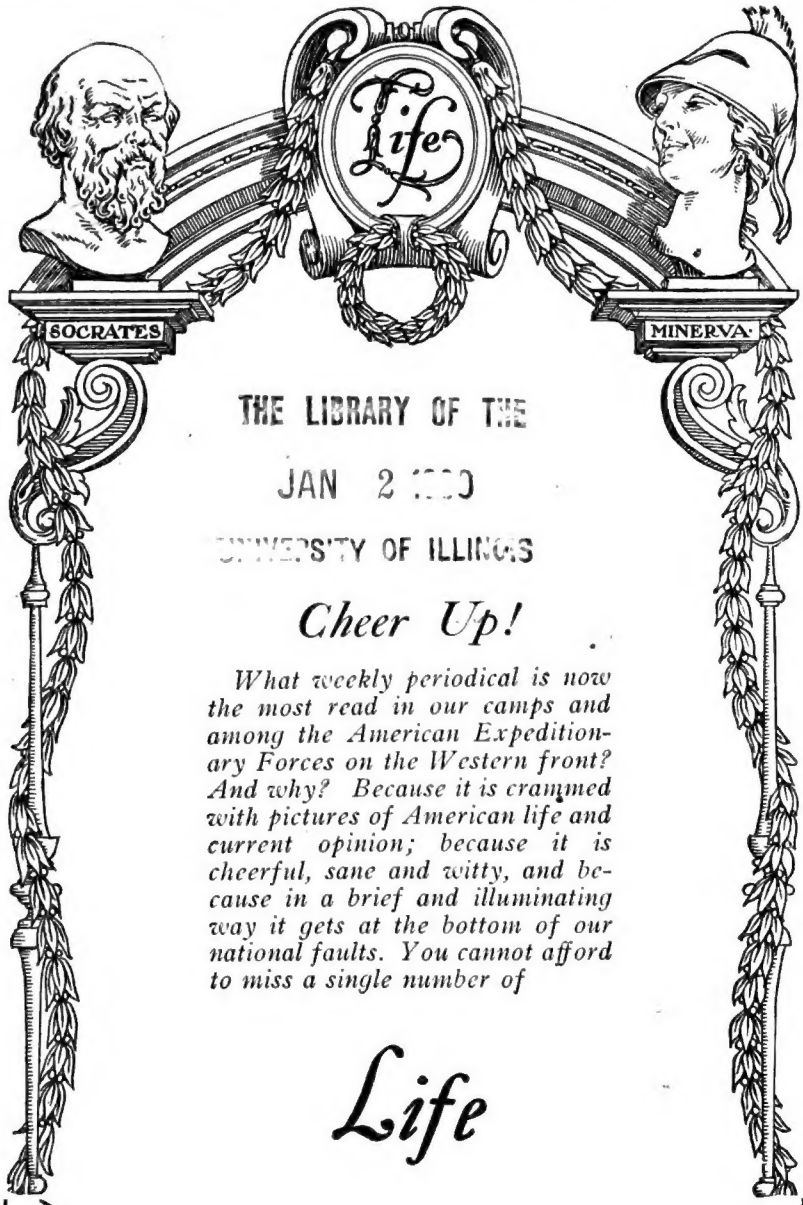

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once to generous treatment. For years he has been conscious of the enmity of townsfolk, who neither work as hard nor take such risks as he. The towns have drawn away his help, and have given him in return hard names and ridicule. But the moment he sees the city man really trying to appreciate farm problems; the moment the city man climbs from his high horse and praises ungrudgingly the farmer's gigantic, back-breaking effort to do his duty by the world, he thaws out as his own drains do in springtime.

Every least assistance given to a farmer is a stroke of work done for the United States. Given the crops, we can safely trust Hoover and the Government to put them to the best use; but each one of us individually must in some way make it easier for the farmers to raise food.

I KNOW of a farmer who had bad luck and lost a valuable team. A man I know happened to hear of it, and at once bought a fine pair of Western horses with borrowed money, on which he is cheerfully paying interest as part of his own free contribution to the cause. He lets the farmer have the team entirely free of charge, subject only to the stipulation that the horses shall be well fed, kindly used, and kept at work; and the net result is that a great number of fertile acres will be plowed and tilled that otherwise must have lain idle. At the end of the war he will sell the horses, perhaps at a loss, and perhaps to the farmer on easy terms. Or the horses may die, or become useless through accident, and then where will the profit be? Quixotic? Altruistic? Uneconomic? Unreasonable? Not in accordance with accepted theories of prudence?

Well! There will be a certain number of millions of clean, free fighting men coming back by and by from "over there," who will know nothing whatever about his little horse trade; and he will enjoy meeting those men. He will even dare shake hands with them, having done a bit while their backs were turned—not such a stout and useful bit as theirs, but the best he could hunt up for himself to do without making extra trouble or expense for the Government.

This is not Washington's war; and it is no more Wilson's or Hoover's war than yours and mine. Wilson has his hands full. So has Hoover. Let it be your business, then, and mine to see that those hands are kept full by helping, each in our individual way, some farmer to solve some problem. The farmers know how to grow the food, and they are entirely willing; but the plow-tail has a way of wearying one pair of hands, and wheels stick sometimes in the slough of hopelessness. Let us each, then, find a farmer for ourselves and help him shove!